NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

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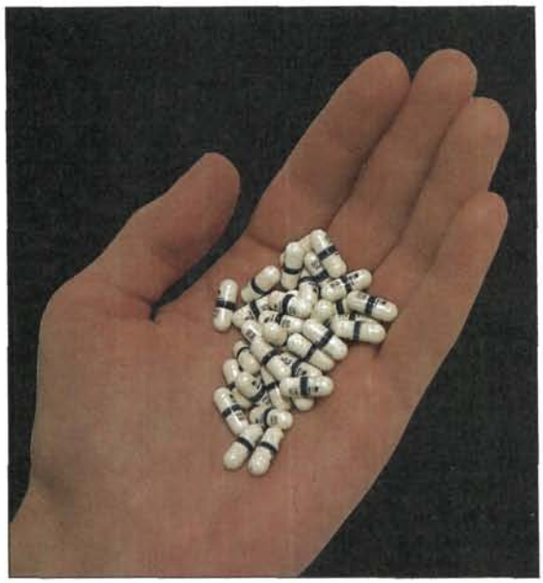
The AIDS scam



As if having Aids weren't enough . . . the big drugs companies are moving in for a killing. Duncan Campbell reports on the scramble to exploit the biggest pharmaceutical market in history: suspect drugs trials, quack remedies, overpriced drugs, toxic "cures" . . .

Bernard Crick on the KMG (Kinnock Must Go) movement

Breaking into new arias: the opera boom explained

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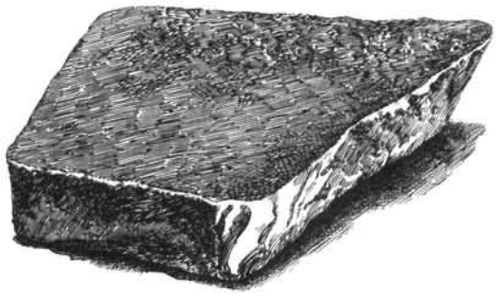

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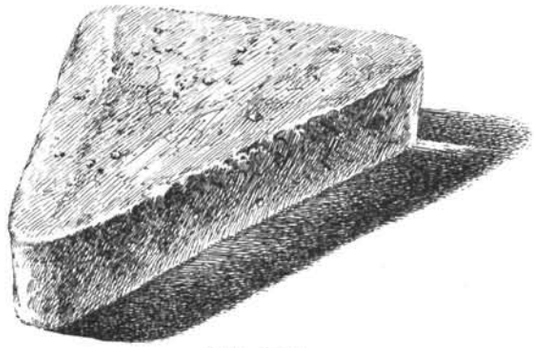

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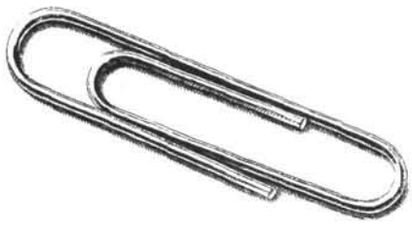

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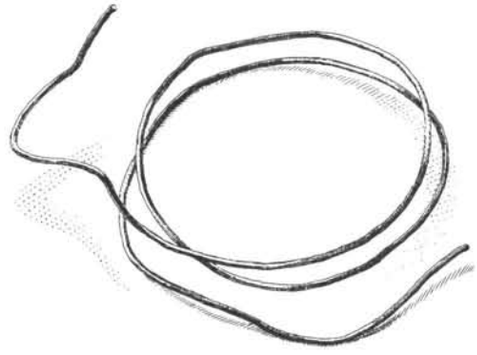

COPPER WIRE

It seems remarkably simple with all the benefit of hindsight, but at AT&T Bell Laboratories in 1947 the three men who were experimenting with the properties of semiconductors knew that they were exploring a whole new world.

The breakthrough occurred when they finally isolated the transistor effect, a discovery that was to lead to a revolution in communications and to the Nobel Prize for the three inventors.

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THE TERRENCE HIGGINS TRUST

A registered charity to inform, advise and help on AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome)

Terrence Higgins Trust, 52-54 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8JU.
Helpline: 01–242 1010 Administration: 01–831 0330 Vistel: 01–405 2463

TRUST SERVICES ARE HERE FOR ALL OF US

The Trust now coordinates a wide range of services and support groups run by and for people who have been affected by AIDS or HIV infection. We can only give brief details of the groups and services here, so if you want to know more please 'phone our Helpline and ask.

BUDDIES are available to help people with AIDS or ARC. The service covers housework, visiting in hospital, advice, information and a listening ear. Buddies are carefully trained and their work is intended to complement the statutory services rather than replace them.

THE SPECIAL FUND provides direct financial assistance to people facing hardship as a result of being diagnosed with AIDS or ARC. As with all Trust services, the Fund operates with complete confidentiality. For those applying a letter of diagnosis will be needed.

THE PWA SUPPORT GROUP is the longest established AIDS support group in the country. We now run regular information courses for those people who are newly diagnosed, and then offer long-term support in a relaxed atmosphere.

THE WOMEN'S SUPPORT GROUP is a friendly & informal group for women with HIV or AIDS which meets in central London weekly.

THE DRUG USERS' SUPPORT GROUP is for AIDS, ARC and HIV positive people who are past, maintained or active users. We meet weekly and can be contacted through Helpline.

THE LOVERS' SUPPORT GROUP is for lovers, wives & husbands of people with HIV and AIDS, and meets weekly at the Trust.

THE FAMILY SUPPORT NETWORK is for the relatives of people with HIV and AIDS, or who have died of AIDS. The network offers three services - a monthly support group, telephone contact with other members and home visits.

CHOOSING LIFE – the daytime group for people with AIDS, ARC or HIV. A social but with individual counselling available...and lunch!

FACE TO FACE COUNSELLING is available from a team of experienced counsellors. Appointments need to be made, and can be arranged for daytime or evening. Anything about AIDS and HIV that may be worrying you can be talked through.

OTHER GROUPS YOU CAN CONTACT THROUGH THE TRUST

FRONTLINERS

FRONTLINERS is an independent group of people with AIDS or ARC. We run social evenings, provide information and advice, and actively pursue issues of importance to PWA's. We can be contacted via the Helpline or at our office on 01-831-0330.

BODY POSITIVE
P.O.Box 493 London W14 OTF

BODY POSITIVE is the leading self-help group for anyone who is anti-body positive. **Body Positive** runs a wide range of groups and courses, and a telephone counselling and information line which is staffed by people who are AB+ themselves. You can call any evening between 7pm and 10pm on 01-373-9124.

UP AND DOWN the country there are AIDS Helplines, support groups and Body Positive groups...if you're not sure what is available in your area, call the Helpline and find out.

MORE SERVICES FROM THE TRUST

Advice groups run by trained volunteers at the Trust offer specialist help on an individual basis covering those issues which cause us difficulties most often. These are:

LEGAL QUESTIONS (including insurance and wills)
• EMPLOYMENT RIGHTS • HOUSING •WELFARE RIGHTS & BENEFITS • UP-TO-DATE MEDICAL INFORMATION

We are in close contact with other agencies working in these fields and can also refer you to others who are able to help.

These are just some of the areas the Trust is able to help in. We aim to provide a realistic and comprehensive service for you to use. We can live with AIDS and HIV by working together and developing the services we need. Its easy to contact us - use the Helpline to get in touch.

The Trust Helpline is here to provide up to the minute advice about all aspects of AIDS and HIV from safer sex through to the latest drug treatments. If you want to talk about anything that concerns you now - call us!

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I would like a loan/covenant form ☐

Name.....

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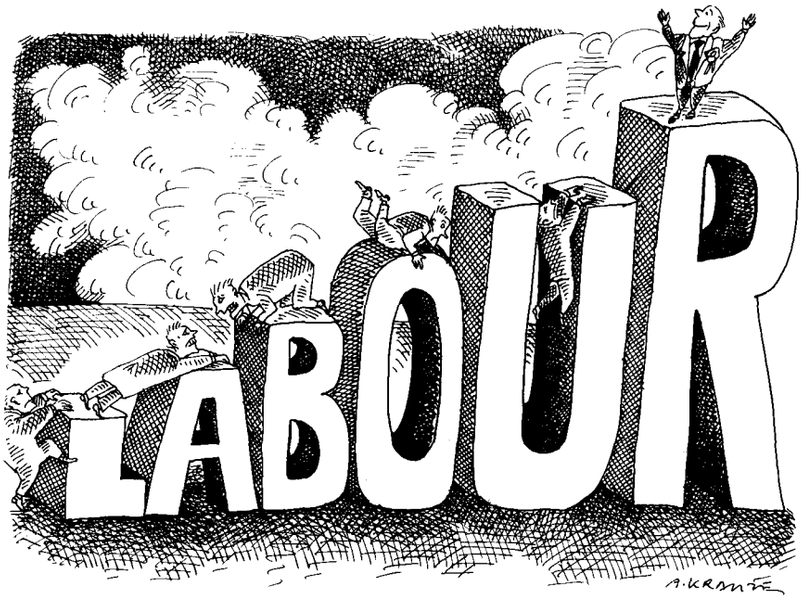
EDITORIAL

Dream ticket

Is Ray McAnally the best leader Labour will never have?



Readers who went out on both Sunday and Wednesday nights must now know that they missed the most important cultural and political event of the week — the first episode on Channel 4 of *A Very British Coup* based on the novel of the same name by Chris Mullin MP.

Although nominally a thriller, the serial really belongs on the wilder shores of science fiction. It concerns the election — by a landslide majority — of a far-left Labour government, committed to the immediate removal of all American military bases, total freedom of information and — though this may perhaps have been a joke — the abolition of second-class compartments on the railways. The title of the series implies that these halcyon days may not last too long, but, for the first episode at least, bliss it was that day to be alive.

The hero is Labour leader Harry Perkins, played with immense panache by Ray McAnally. A "third generation steelworker" from Sheffield, Perkins is the sort of man who Tony Benn wishes he was. Proletarian down to the dirt under his fingernails, Perkins would rather travel by bus than limousine, carries his belongings about in a Sheffield Wednesday sports bag, lives with his mother in a high-rise council flat, and shaves in the car on his way to meet the King (Mullin wisely set his book some way in the future). To the discomfort of the Cabinet secretary, Perkins insists on *walking* back to Downing Street from the Palace; once there, his show of disdain and disbelief at discovering that by pushing a button he can summon a butler makes a delicious little dramatic cameo.

Considering that there are now elements in the Tory party who believe the entire broadcasting establishment to be a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Communist Party, it would have been odd if a few MPs had not seen fit to condemn the series. And — fancy! — here they come, grumbling that the series is "unbalanced and deeply hostile to the Conservative Party". But the outrage has been muted, perhaps because any sensible Conservative realises that depicting the Labour party as a bunch of rabble-rousing Trots is unlikely to dent the Tory hegemony. If anybody should be complaining, it is the SLD and SDP. How can they hope to persuade the floating voters in the shires to vote for them if it looks as though by doing so they risk letting in the likes of Harry Perkins?

Hugo Young, writing in the *Guardian*, says that the Labour Party is "grossly defamed" by the series. But the party is taking its defamation remarkably well. Tony Benn is understood to have been moved to tears by the programme, and in the lachrymosal stakes it rivals the famous Neil and Glenys party political broadcast. Even members of *New Statesman and Society*'s journalistic staff have admitted to lumps in the throat.

Informal soundings suggest that the party is taking to the show even more than it did to Chris Mullin's book — extracts from which were at one time read aloud by sections of the soft left in order to demonstrate the unsoundness of the hard left's sexual politics. Glenys Kinnock herself drooled all over Perkins in the pages of *TV Times* ("perfect...canny, quick-witted, brutally honest... taking on the highest political office as calmly as if it were an extra shift at the blast furnaces").

Of course, part of the fun is that both book and programme feed off familiar paranoid fantasies of the left, which see the ruling class conspiring to thwart the will of the British people. But Harry Perkins has his own particular attractions. They lie not especially in his politics, which are *Labour's Programme '82* going on Stalinist. Rather it's a matter of seeing a Labour leader with the self-confidence to throw caution to the winds and damn the consequences; one who knows *precisely* what he believes in and doesn't mind saying it. Perkins can even outwit the tabloid press — on one occasion writing their hostile headline for them: "Perkins Saved by Kremlin Gold". (One of the few indications that this is fiction is that all the newspaper headlines are longer than any real-life sub-editor would allow.) Our Harry can brutally sell a colleague down the river ("You were used, and I'm sorry about that") and the poor man simply bites his lower lip: no late night calls to Chris Moncrieff of the Press Association here.

His only drawback is that he does not exist. But Ray McAnally does. He is, of course, an actor rather than a politician, but the American Republicans have not found that any great handicap. If it is not too late he should enter the Labour leadership contest at once. It might seem a drastic measure, but after all, who else is up to the job?

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DIARY

Sean French

On Sundays, when I go to the newsagent over the road to get some milk, I tend to look along the newspaper rack to see whose turn it is to have their life vandalised. This week, judging from the front pages of the *News of the World,* the *People* and the *Sunday Mirror,* the lot had fallen on Princess Anne and Captain Mark Philips.

I had thought that it was generally understood that, in a rather old-fashioned dignified way, the couple were preserving their marriage by largely living apart. However, this Sunday all three tabloids ran shocked lead stories claiming that Mark Philips had concealed certain "meetings" with his public relations consultant, a "blonde" divorcee. The *Sunday Times*'s regular feature, "In Today's Other Sunday Papers", also repeated the allegations, or rather the insinuations.

I'm not too bothered one way or the other about the British monarchy. My favourite ever issue of the *New Statesman,* which I keep carefully preserved, was the special anti-Jubilee number that was produced in the spring of 1977 but I'm not sure the system is worth the trouble of abolishing. However, it's not republicans like me that the Queen has to worry about.

The British monarchy has survived a revolution, a regency, a long period of reclusiveness, an abdication and a number of Labour governments. All crises were smoothed out partly because in the end the government and press were happy to play along. We're less hypocritical today. If circulation is at stake, an institution like the monarchy won't get in the way.

It's always easy to sneer at invasions of privacy when they're carried out by the despised tabloids. But what about when we, the highbrows, do it? That's different; research or biography.

There was a ghastly photograph reproduced in this week's *Observer* colour magazine. The only previous portrait I had seen of JD Salinger was that on the dustjacket of the Penguin edition of *The Catcher in the Rye.* The author looks strikingly handsome—like a donnish Al Pacino—but he insisted that later editions dispense with it. Since the late fifties Salinger has lived a reclusive existence in New England, refusing to be interviewed or photographed. He has published nothing since 1965.

This hasn't stopped people from trying. The *Observer* photograph seems to be taken from a car window and shows a wide-eyed, frightened old man who is raising his arm either in defence or to bang against the car. The man, Salinger, looks as if he is about to be the victim of a mugging or a gangland execution.

Photographers are the least of Salinger's problems. The longer that Salinger has been hidden in his New Hampshire fastness, the greater has been his fans' interest in his books and in rumours about his private life. It's not surprising, therefore, that Random House gave Ian Hamilton a $100,000 advance to write his biography. Hamilton, the author of an outstanding biography of Robert Lowell, was an excellent choice. If anyone could manage the task with integrity, he could.

What ensued is now literary history. Salinger wrote to Hamilton pleading with him not to continue with the book. When it was finished he took legal action to prevent Hamilton quoting from any of Salinger's correspondence that he had found in public archives. Hamilton's rewritten book is now appearing in America.

The extensive press coverage of the case has been largely sympathetic to Hamilton, with Salinger the subject of alternate fascination and mockery. Who is this guy and why the hell doesn't he want to be a celebrity? Hamilton sees himself as a victim of censorship. But I'm on Salinger's side.

In the introduction to the book Hamilton states that his original idea "was to see what would happen if orthodox biographical procedures were applied to a subject who actively set himself to resist, and even to forestall them." This sounds to me like a form of literary rape. The argument repeated in a number of magazines, that Salinger only made things worse for himself by resisting Hamilton's attentions is just as bad, as if the traumatic consequences of the court action for Salinger were somehow his own fault. Was it *really* unfair of Salinger to oppose the publication of private letters he had written to close friends and publishers?

Hamilton confesses that when Salinger wrote to him he faced a moral dilemma. He describes himself as "grappling feebly with the moral issues". He does himself an injustice. It would be more accurate to say that he got the issues in a stranglehold and forced them to submission.

In fact, he turned the argument around, claiming that Salinger had a responsibility to his fans: "Salinger's readers have granted him much fame and money and, if he has not altogether turned these down, he has been consistently churlish in accepting them." His concession was to limit his account of his subject to those years before 1965 when he was "in the public domain."

This is humbug. Salinger has earned large sums of money from the four books he has published. Those, like me, who admire them may wish for more and we may be curious for biographical titbits but Salinger has absolutely no responsibility to supply them. The proposition that Salinger was "in the public domain" because he published books is nonsensical.

In strictly legal terms Hamilton is safe. But in human terms his project was a cruel violation of a man whom he claimed to revere.

A sermon from a journalist on the importance of protecting privacy is about as appropriate as a flying lesson from a mole. During the time I have occupied this page I have several times been guilty of violating people's privacy, quite unwittingly, just by reporting things that have happened to me. It can be difficult for journalists, biographers and even some novelists to remember that privacy can be an issue of principle. The whole business of writing this column is something that would horrify J D Salinger, with his concern for the separateness of the private and the public realm.

I can also sympathise with the problems of the writer-reader relationship. Whether you write fiction or a column like this you establish a relationship with those who read it. But it's a limited relationship and the danger comes when people don't realise this.

After Mark Chapman had shot John Lennon, he sat on the pavement outside the Dakota, removed *The Catcher in the Rye* from his pocket and read it until the police arrived. He later told police that if they wanted to understand him they only had to read the book. Since Chapman was a fan of Lennon as well, Salinger's reclusiveness may in this case have saved his life.

ROGER WODDIS

Hodgson's choice

Under new guidelines being drawn up by the BBC's policy and planning unit headed by Patricia Hodgson, former Tory candidate, racism, especially apartheid, is not to be recognised as affecting basic moral values

Some of her best friends are tinted,
But now, on the question of race,
We see what was formerly hinted
As plain as a fist in the face.

The choice between living and dying
Confronts both the mouse and the cat.
On matters that may require lying
The virtuous Hodgson stands Pat.

Liberty means trusting Tebbit,
Not crediting Alasdair Milne.
Whatever remains as a debit,
The balance is bones in the kiln.

Sanctions would be a disaster;
We wince at the sound of the word.
Apartheid, when money is master,
Is hateful but plainly preferred.

Policy makers who quarrel
With what is revered or reviled
Will choose to believe it's quite moral
To torture an African child.

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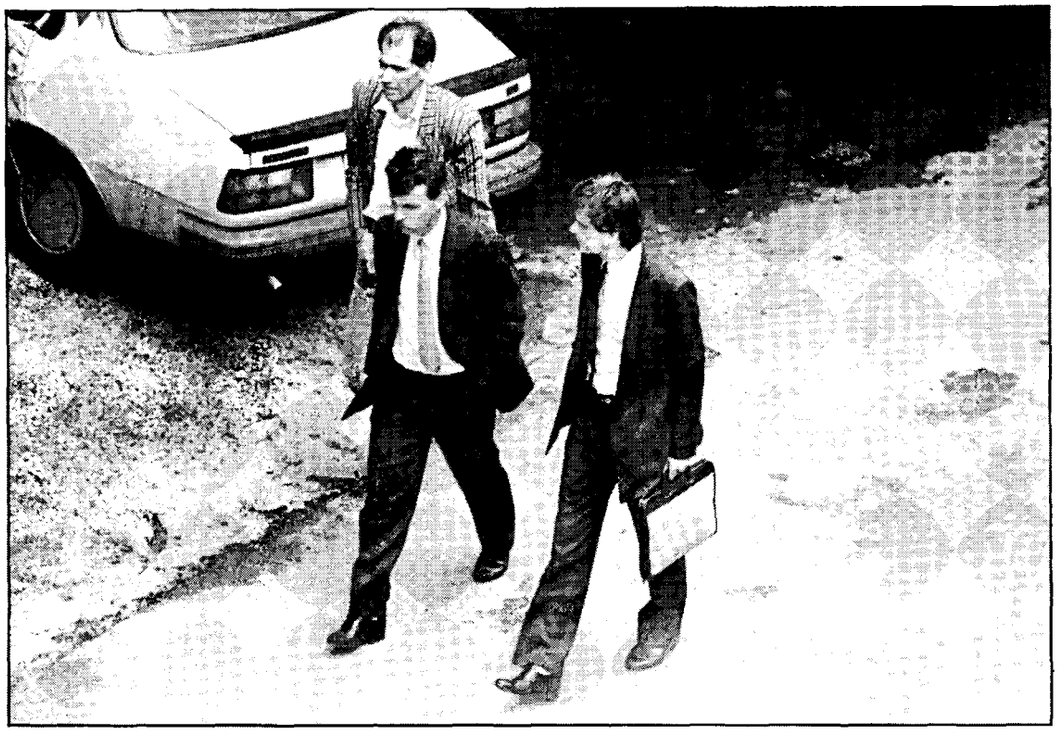

Janez Jansa (left) arrested by secret police in Ljubljana last month.

Coup Yugoslav-style

Rumours of a coup in the most tolerant republic in Yugoslavia, Slovenia, have been confirmed by three arrests in the capital, Ljubljana, over the past three weeks. Janez Jansa, David Tasic (a journalist on the popular Slovene weekly *Mladina*), and Ivan Borstner, a sergeant major in the army, are being held in military prison, charged with possessing "secret military documents", under a law which has not been applied to civilians for some 30 years.

No one knows what information the documents contain, but people interpret the arrests in two ways. Either the documents were plans for a coup, and the military are suppressing further evidence of their intentions, or the arrests mark the beginning of martial law itself.

The army's motive lies in its anger at the Slovene authorities' tolerance of critics of federal — especially military — policy. Richer and more liberal than the other republics, Slovenia is increasingly denounced by the rest of Yugoslavia. In March, the federal Military Council alleged that a "counter-revolution" was in progress in Slovenia. And it now looks certain that the army decided to settle things its own way: by arresting 500 "counter-revolutionaries". (Many people say the "secret documents" were planted, for Jansa is a leading campaigner for civilian alternatives to conscription, and known to be detested by the army.)

Evidence is provided by the leaked minutes from a secret meeting of the Yugoslav Central Committee secretariat at the end of April. These revealed Slovene party chief Milan Kucan's protests at the army holding talks behind his back with the Slovene police. The garrison commander in Ljubljana had apparently reached an agreement with Slovene Minister of the Interior Tomaz Ertl about joint police/army actions if the 500 planned arrests provoked public protest. When *Mladina* tried to publish these contingency plans in mid-May, it was censored.

The Slovene party and government are demanding an explanation for the arrests. But the army has made no response — despite an unprecendented public and media response. People are outraged at this abuse of military power and violation of their civilian rights. A Committee for the Protection of Human Rights, formed on the day of Jansa's arrest (31 May), immediately gathered 10,000 signatures, and endorsements from many Slovene institutions.

The committee aims to work up enough pressure to force the military to release the prisoners (who are denied the aid of a civil attorney), a ban on military courts, and immediate changes to the law permitting military arrest of civilians. These demands have been widely published and supported — and not only in Slovenia. Official and public pressure is making the army's silence unsustainable. As the committee says: "Further neglect of the political dimensions of this case will lead to an uncontrollable political situation."

Matthew Tindal

Dalyell to revive Westland leak

New allegations that Mrs Thatcher was behind the leaking of the letter designed to damage Michael Heseltine during the Westland affair were expected to be made in the Commons this week.

Tam Dalyell MP, who has tirelessly questioned the Prime Minister about the leak, was planning to ask her about an apparent admission by Heseltine at a lunch at St Edward's School, Oxford, that he knew the Prime Minister was indeed responsible.

Robert Fletcher, head of politics at the school, reports in the school magazine, *The Chronicle*, that Heseltine stonewalled during questions after his public address, but that he was "far more forthcoming over lunch".

"It was then he told us that the source of the 'leaked letter' which was intended to discredit Heseltine was, in fact, the Prime Minister. This single fact had eluded the Opposition, select committees and the press for months. It has been an incendiary device under the Thatcher government and now it was laid before us, curious and harmless, defused by the passage of time and public interest."

Fletcher adds: "It seems difficult to imagine now, but if an admission of her complicity had been extracted from the Prime Minister (and what a big 'if') she would probably have lost much public confidence and may even have had to resign."

This week Fletcher stood by his account of the lunch. Heseltine told *New Statesman and Society*: "The views reported are not in accordance with my own."

John Lewis

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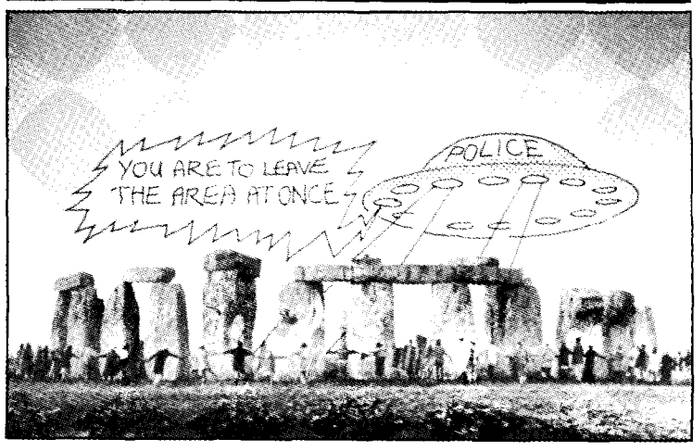

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Labour's Scottish agony

"I'm honest enough to say that devolution isn't going to win Labour the next general election in the United Kingdom," said the Labour MP for Dundee East, John McAllion, last weekend. "But neglect of devolution could lose Labour the next general election in the United Kingdom."

He was giving the opening address at a meeting in Edinburgh of Scottish Labour Action, the party's new devolutionist ginger group. One of the group's founders, Ian Smart, closed the proceedings by arguing: "If we don't beat the poll tax, we're beat."

How to win the Scottish nation its own elected assembly and how to campaign effectively against the poll tax are the two key tactical issues currently facing Labour north of the border. On neither, sadly, is there much agreement. The left generally argues that it is now time for the party to take a stand, while the right believes in waiting for a Labour victory at the next election. The fear of those associated with Scottish Labour Action, including at least nine MPs (the most senior of whom is the shadow health spokesman, Robin Cook), is that a failure to deliver on either could be electorally fatal for Labour. The Scots who have put faith in the party to protect them from Thatcherism for the last decade will begin to vote for the Scottish Nationalists. Such a diagnosis leads to radical prescriptions.

There is growing support within the party for the establishment of some kind of interim assembly, which would take MPs out of Westminster to debate Scottish issues in Scotland. As John McAllion pointed out last weekend, to be effective it would have to involve MPs from other parties, an issue on which Labour has taken a curiously chauvinist attitude in the past. Labour's Scottish annual conference in March passed a motion calling for "a regular convening in Scotland of an assembly of all its existing MPs". Yet the only move that has so far been made is to replace the Scottish select committee, which the Tories terminated, by a small investigatory committee of opposition MPs. One of them, George Galloway, suggested that an interim assembly of all MPs was necessary in order to give the new committee a body to which it could report.

Backing for a non-payment campaign against the poll tax is also increasing. Looking towards Labour's special Scottish conference in September, Scottish Labour Action is promoting a model resolution which calls for the party to "lead a mass campaign of non-payment as the most effective means of forcing a Government rethink." Significantly, the Scottish political committee of the Transport and General Workers' Union voted last week in support of such a campaign. But the odds at the moment are still against a radical non-payment position being carried at the special conference because of opposition from the party hierarchy and other unions. More likely is that a form of words will be found that does not commit the party to leading a campaign but will enable it to appear sympathetic to anyone who refuses to pay.

It is in this context that the idea recently put forward by Robin Cook is important. He has suggested that a committee of 100 prominent Scots should refuse to pay the tax. He has said that he himself would not pay it. It is just possible—with luck, judgement and good planning—to imagine such a tactic working. *Rob Edwards*

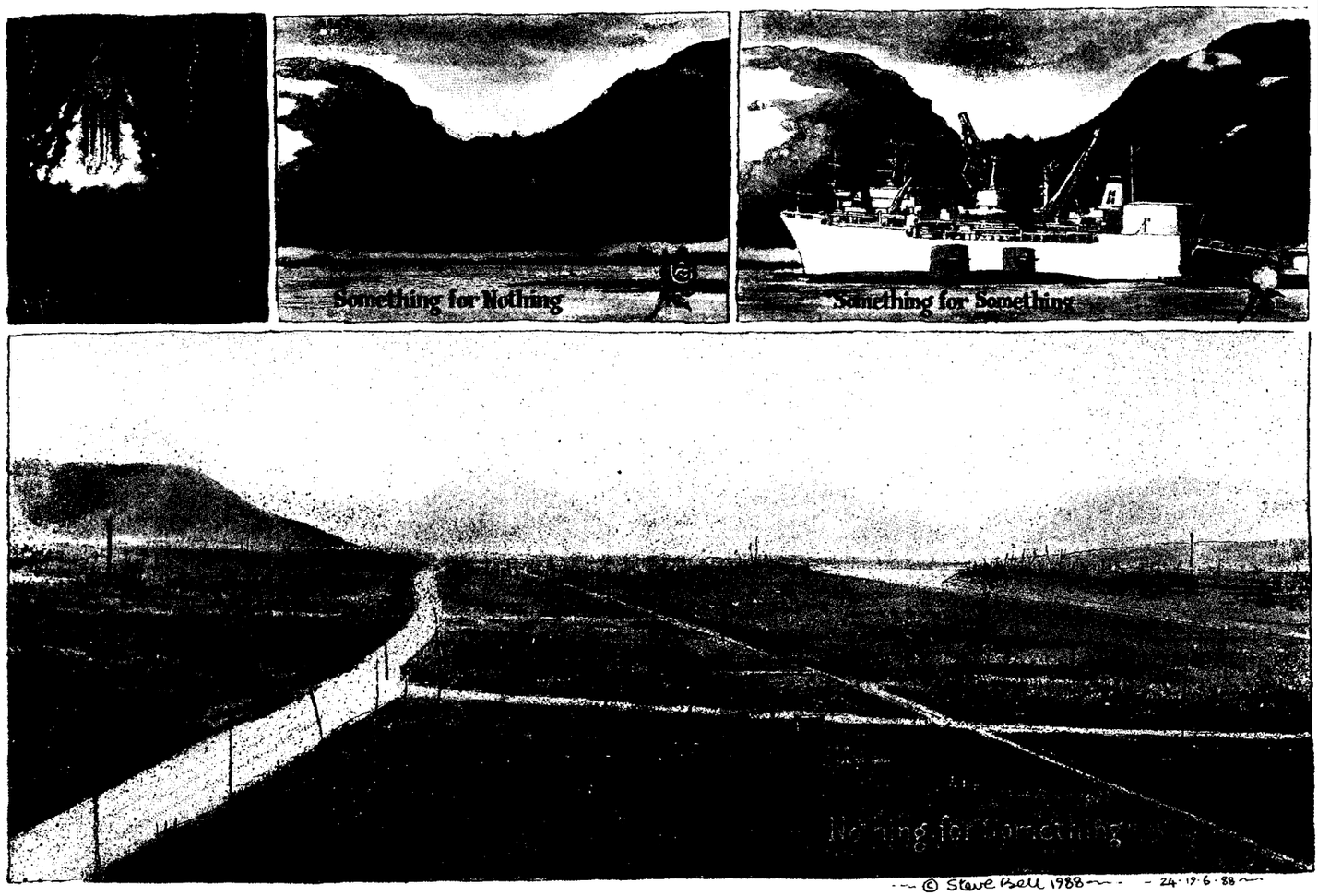
Think-tank paper off the rails

An interesting ambivalence towards the Tory god of privatisation emerges in the most recent publication from the Thatcher-Joseph think-tank, the Centre for Policy Studies.

In the opening chapter of *Reviving the Railways—a Victorian Future*, the author, researcher Andrew Gritten, concedes that in the years after nationalisation in 1947, "left to the market, the vast bulk of the railway system might have shut down. Government financial support for railways was therefore necessary in order to sustain the industrial and social structure of the time."

This unexpected admission of the past benefits of state control appears to have been an after-thought. An earlier draft of the pamphlet leaked to the public transport pressure group Transport 2000 offers a less sophisticated analysis. In it the "financially closeted" railways of that same era are deemed a "political embarrassment".

The bulk of the pamphlet, as published, is more in keeping with that earlier tone. The railways, appa-



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rently, have fallen into decline under a management, made sluggish by years of state control, unable to compete in the brave new competitive world.

Transport 2000 says that the problem with Mr Gritten's argument is that it is based on factual inaccuracies, principally that BR is in decline. "British Rail is doing a wonderful job. A lot of jobs have been lost and the trains are overcrowded, but *financially* it is doing very well."

The group points to recent figures showing that in the first year following bus de-regulation, BR boasted a passenger increase of 13 per cent in the metropolitan areas while buses have lost 6 per cent. In addition, BR's annual report for last year, due next month, is expected to show that business is booming.

Mr Gritten told *NSS* that his suggestion for a return to the old rail companies, such as the Great Western, would raise staff morale and was what many of BR's employees would prefer. He admitted he had not interviewed any but "one knows these things by intuition". No doubt the same instinct that rules that private is good, public bad.

Isabel O'Keeffe

THIS ENGLAND

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● And there's news of a new political force—the SDPP or Stop Dogs Polluting Party. Among the achievements of Bournemouth man John Redfearn during his term as party leader and president was the recruitment of a team of elderly ladies who stuck Union Jacks into dogs mess to shame owners.—*Bournmouth Streetlife* (Nick Thomas)

● A railway which crosses one of Britain's busiest motorways is not on Ordnance Survey Maps—because it is a secret. The mystery line, which is clearly visible from the M5 south of Bristol, is just one of hundreds of "blank spaces" on Britain's maps.

After a century of cartographical censorship, the Ordnance Survey now hopes to fill in some of the gaps. "We leave too much off, and it looks odd," spokesman Tony Weston admitted last week.—*The Observer* (George Moor)

● In politics, as in most forms of disputation, it is a good rule of thumb that the greater the efforts to colour truth with convenience, the more starkly the bones of a question stand revealed in black and white. When politicians seek to cajole, a democratic society can hear in its minds eye the unspoken truths they seek to camouflage. Ronald Butt in *The Times*.—(H A Guy)

PARLIAMENT

Tired members

Sarah Benton

The only thread connecting the important political news of last week to parliament was the small and craggy person of Chris Moncrieff, the Press Association's parliamentary reporter. He has become parliament's favourite confidant; always available, ever aff able, never judgmental. His role has made him irrepressibly cheerful; "I'm very well, very well indeed" he said in the lift the week before. "I've never been so busy. I daren't go out to lunch any more in case someone wants to talk to me."

Presumably now he will not dare take to his bed lest some other MP wants to make the news outside the confines of parliament. Like troubled Denzil, Neil Kinnock was not in parliament when he made his careless comments about the future path of Britain's nuclear disarmers. The policy review, which was supposed to establish the ground for new thinking on disarmament, has little connection to parliament. In general, the MPs have been the least assiduous attenders, leaving that to the advisers and para-politicians of party and union offices.

Most MPs are the first to admit that they have little time to think through big political questions, let alone read the mountain of relevant material that cascades onto their desks every day. Indeed, the more conscientious the MP, the worse the problem. With no hope of affecting government policy, the most useful thing they can do is represent their constituents with as much ardour as they can muster. And it is Labour MPs who represent the constituents with the highest number of problems that demand their personal intervention.

Members of parliament are being engulfed by demands they simply cannot fulfil. And that was one reason for the only event in last week's political news to be created by parliament itself: the all-night and next-day debate on the housing bill. By Thursday afternoon the Chamber was beginning to look like the Marie Celeste: clusters of MPs nodding soporifically amidst rows of discarded papers. At any minute one expected the trim and gleaming figure of Mrs T to bustle through to sweep the rubbish into bags and the MPs into disciplined ranks. But the party leaders are only in the Chamber for half an hour a week. They have more important places to be.

MPs later complained that the housing issues went unnoticed in the reviews, viz reports. But housing wasn't really the issue at all. It was the helplessness of MPs trying to be good parliamentarians, when all the government wants to do is bang through as much legislation as possible.

Much of this is a political farce; in hastening to unpick the tentacles of local state powers central government must generate more and more state effort. Half-digested clauses hurl off into committees, ricochet back, get sunk without trace and MPs scurry round trying to claw their individual way out of the paper dump. All this in the name of rolling back the frontiers of the state, and without one thought from the government on how the political process can be administered. No one expects it to consider how to make it more democratic. But none has even taken a lead from Sir John Hoskyns whose mission it is to make the political process efficient at least. Sir John is the one-time head of the Prime Minister's policy unit, who left in 1982 to initiate a great campaign to reform the process of government. No wonder you haven't heard of him since...

Such reform is, in theory, the business of the select committee on procedure. The select committees, as any student of the British constitution knows, are supposedly the apogee of the British genius for good government. There are lots of them; standing committees, departmental committees and special committees for one-off issues (like the one with the awesome task of deciding exactly where the camera may be placed and under what sort of lamps the MPs are to be illuminated when television arrives in the House). If your faith is flagging in parliament, one is told, be assured that the select committees are unflagging in theirs.

Last week saw another historic event: the first public meeting of the select committee on members' interests. It was a lacklustre, ill-informed and complacent business. Four academics were called as witnesses, their main fresh evidence seeming to be a survey carried out by one of their students, who wasn't called. Is there any evidence that lobbying changes policy asked MP Peter Griffiths? I don't think there'd be any difficulties in finding examples, replied Dr Rush, who was then stumped for examples when pressed by Dale Campbell-Savours with the gleam of mission in his eye. The problem with such select committees is that they have no gleam of mission. They don't know what to find out, or how to find it out if they knew what they wanted to know. It was jolly helpful having a paper said chairman Sir Geoffrey Johnson-Smith and his young colleague John Bovis as they ambled off afterwards. That just about wrapped it up.

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The amazing Aids scam

As if Aids weren't enough... the big drugs companies are moving in for financial killings in the largest new pharmaceutical market in history. Duncan Campbell reports on the scramble for profits which leaves promising treatments out in the cold and creates disturbing alignments between leading researchers and the drugs industry.

At one press conference last week at the international Aids congress in Stockholm, the hardest, most complex questions on the recondite molecular biology of viral protein structures came from the reporter from the *Wall Street Journal*.

The implications weren't missed by those she was questioning. The present world total of about 100,000 Aids cases is expected to double every year for the next five years. Many millions of people, who are well for the moment, are already infected with the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which leads on through increasingly severe disease to full-blown Aids within two to 16 years. When an effective cure for HIV disease does turn up, anyone infected will need treatment for life. That makes Aids and HIV the greatest new pharmaceutical market in history.

Meanwhile, the fears and vulnerabilities of people who are HIV-positive or have Aids are being exploited by drug companies and opportunists. Drug companies have kept the results of drugs trials confidential, have released information selectively, or have even delayed trials, in the interests of profitability. Some haven't bothered with trials at all before peddling cures or palliatives of no value.

Manufacturers who do have useful drugs for fighting Aids have raised the prices to the maximum the market of terrified people will stand. Many of these drugs are still experimental and not yet officially approved for treatment. Until they are, people with Aids — who often quickly lose their jobs — pay for drugs with what little wealth they have. Many of them, particularly in the US, have been driven into destitution.

The commercial importance of developing a *new*, and therefore *patentable*, drug which provides exclusive profits, means that existing drugs and therapies which show potential for treating Aids aren't being researched; and other promising drugs or treatments are locked up and not used until the manufacturers can get patents or exclusive licences sewn up.

Many medical researchers are demonstrably aligned through financial support with the drugs companies whose efforts they are supposed to police. At the same time, red tape and lack of research funds or staff have delayed important drug trials for months or years. As the epidemic sweeps on to take the lives of up to a million and a half Americans, Aids specialists there denounce the delays in conducting human trials as "genocidal".

The stock market sees the millions facing Aids in cash terms. Huge sums of money can be — and have been — won and lost as the market moves in response to leaks and rumours about drug trials.

One of many drugs that Aids patients can't get because of commercial interests is AL721, a cheap and natural anti-viral agent made from substances as commonplace as egg yolks. It is

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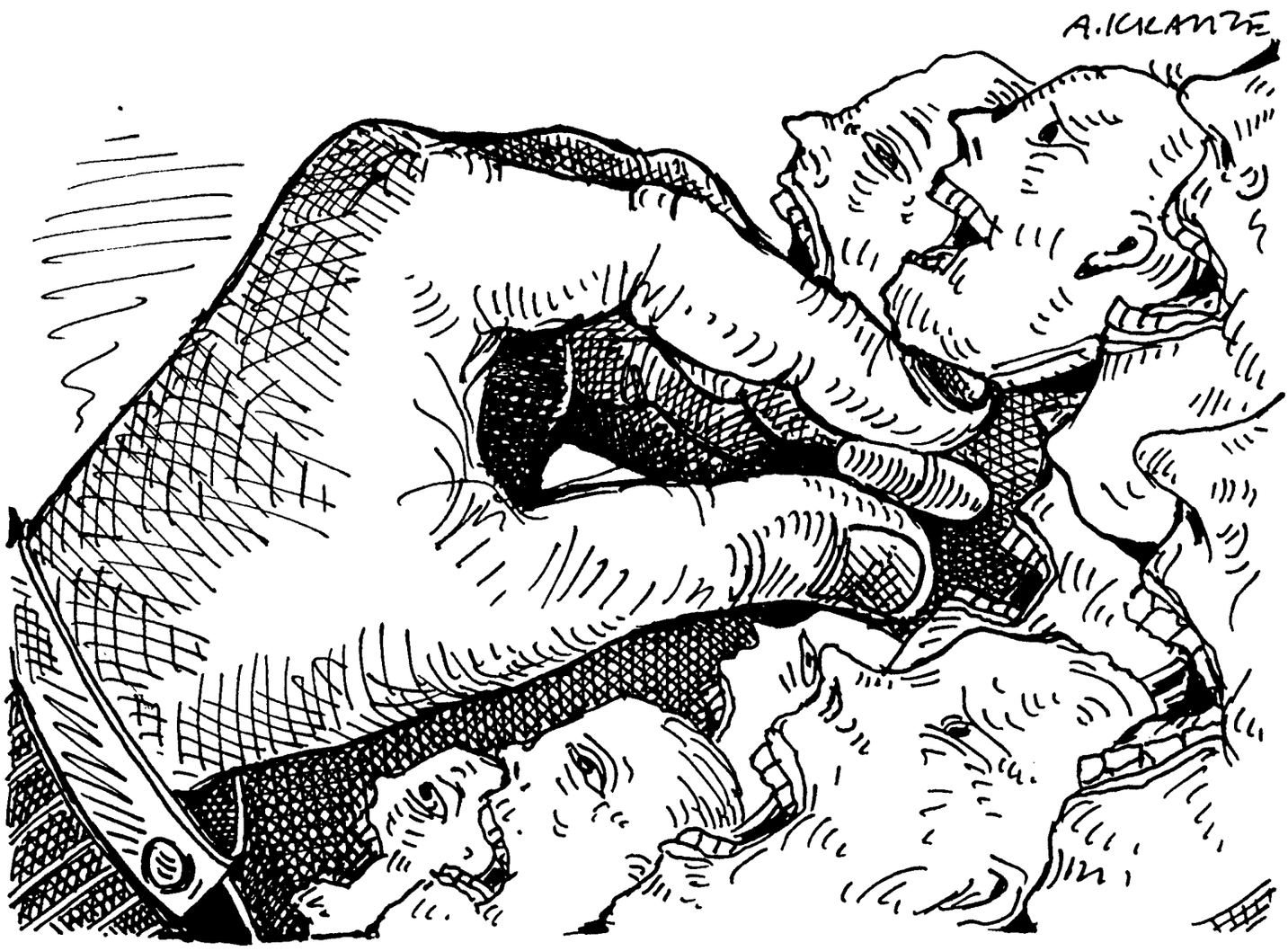

believed to spoil the Aids virus's ability to continue infecting human cells. But the Ethigen Corporation of Los Angeles, which holds the AL721 patent licence, has applied for US government approval to sell AL721 as an Aids treatment and is refusing to market it for now. But dying people can't wait while the wheels of bureaucracy turn. Since AL721 consists entirely of processed normal food substances, Ethigen could legally sell it now as a foodstuff, while waiting for its medical claims to be allowed. They have refused to do so, perhaps because it would be difficult later to charge high prices for the compound if it is approved as an anti-HIV drug.

So people with Aids and their helpers, as well as rival companies, have been busy at kitchen sinks and in labs, trying to imitate the secret mixture. Throughout the US, "buyers' clubs" and "guerilla clinics" make and distribute alternative "workalikes". In Britain, too, AL721 is probably the most popular "underground" drug among Aids and HIV-positive patients. Last summer, members of Frontliners, the self-help Aids group, threw other ethical considerations aside and flew to South Africa to procure supplies of a recommended alternative version.

AL721 might be a lifesaver — and many Aids patients in London and in the United States, believing it is just that, have been eagerly consuming the "workalikes", spread on bread or toast. But until profits are assured, Ethigen won't release the real thing, while alleging that the alternative formulas are "deficient". No clinical trials of Ethigen's formula have been done, but until they are no one can know if AL721 is any more than a harmless placebo.

Many companies have been equally tight-fisted about providing information. The early results of trials on Imuthiol, a French-made immune system booster which could help prevent the development of Aids, are said to be promising. But the company making Imuthiol, Institut Merieux of Lyon, has refused to release the results of trials held a year ago in San Francisco. Even though some of the men who took part may sicken or die, the company has refused to tell them or their doctors whether they had been receiving Imuthiol or just a placebo (on the grounds that other trials are still going on).

If a simple drug like aspirin were the answer to Aids, the drugs industry wouldn't want to know

The company has also made patients pay for their trials. To get supplies, one British man with Aids and his lover drove to France a few months ago, and had to pay cash for a six months supply, and further agree to send the manufacturers all the clinical information about the further development of his Aids illnesses.

If a simple generic drug like aspirin were to turn out to be the answer to Aids, the pharmaceutical industry wouldn't want to know, or to test it. The industry is permanently biased towards making new drugs, even if they work no better, or even worse, than existing drugs. If you can't patent and control a drug, you can't make an exclusive profit out of it.

Take the case of dextran sulphate — an unpatentable drug which has been widely used for 20 years in Japan for blood clotting problems. There is strong evidence that it can cripple the HIV virus in various ways and one researcher at Stockholm praised its "low toxicity and low cost". But dextran sulphate is cheap because it's been around for years. A special meeting of researchers called for a rapid start to international trials, but the big drugs companies do not seem to be interested.

The most effective — and money-spinning — drug so far available to fight Aids is Retrovir (formerly known as AZT). The first clinical trials of the drug in 1986 found that significantly fewer Aids patients died on Retrovir than on a placebo.

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Retrovir is made by Burroughs Wellcome Corporation, a subsidiary of British-based Wellcome PLC. A California legal group — National Gay Rights Advocates — are currently sueing the US government for alleged collusion with Burroughs Wellcome.

Burroughs Wellcome does work closely with government agencies. The most eye-catching information from detailed US government correspondence obtained under the Freedom of Information Act is about $55,000 donations made by the company to pay for extra staff for a leading US government scientist, Dr Sam Broder, of the National Cancer Institute.

But at the same time that the company was demonstrating its appreciation, it was seeking a US government licence to sell ATZ as an "orphan drug". Approval for the sale of ATZ for use in Aids cases and "orphan drug" status were granted on the same day that Wellcome's cheque was delivered. Broder denies that his work for the US government's National Institute of Health had anything to do with the FDA's procedures for approving drugs.

"Orphan drug" status can be a licence to print money, if a drug is found to work. Such licences are granted when a company wants to investigate a particularly costly or complex new drug, and one for which the ultimate market is thought to be less than 200,000 people (which will soon no longer be the case with Aids). The company is given special tax benefits and has exclusive control of the drug for seven years. With market forces pushed aside, such drugs can become very expensive. AZT, relabelled Retrovir after its first trials, is no exception. A year at the recommended dosage for Aids patients costs about £5,000. US Aids activists believe that this price is five to ten times the actual cost of manufacturing the drug. Wellcome, they allege, is attempting to make as much money as it can out of AZT before another and less toxic drug arrives on the Aids scene.

The NGRA law suit claims that Burroughs Wellcome made huge profits from Aids as a direct result of the alleged collusion with the government. They say that there was "unethical and illegal conduct resulting in serious delays of promising new Aids medications" other than AZT. A judge recently refused the US government's application to strike out the NGRA case.

Because of the high cost of the drug, there were a string of incidents last year in which British patients with Aids were refused Retrovir treatment by regional health authorities. For the moment, this problem appears to be over and everyone with Aids gets the drugs required. But top British Aids specialists are, perversely, worrried about what will happen if new trials show that Retrovir will stop anyone infected with HIV from declining towards Aids. The bill for supplying Retrovir to every "HIV positive" person in Britain would, at current prices, lie between £200 and £500 million. Would health ministers authorise the high charges for permanent Retrovir therapy?

Retrovir, and other Aids-related products such as blood tests for antibodies to the HIV virus, have sent Wellcome PLC's stock booming. Sales are growing dramatically, and with it the company's wealth.

Last year's profits for the Wellcome Foundation were £169 million, with most of that coming from Burroughs Wellcome. By August 1987, sales of Retrovir in the four months since its final US approval as an Aids drug amounted to £16 million. With over 20,000 Aids patients on the drug, the real profits on Retrovir this year may well be over £100 million. Unsurprisingly, the company's stock exchange valuation has quadrupled since work on Retrovir began.

Wellcome PLC is sensitive about its profits from Retrovir, a significant part of which has funded extensive publicity campaigns, special conferences, lectures and videos, and its frequently criticised "lavish" and aggressive marketing. Critical journalists have been unwelcome at Wellcome. One leading Aids scientific journalist in Britain who has been critical of the pricing of AZT has been left in the dark about company research and news events.

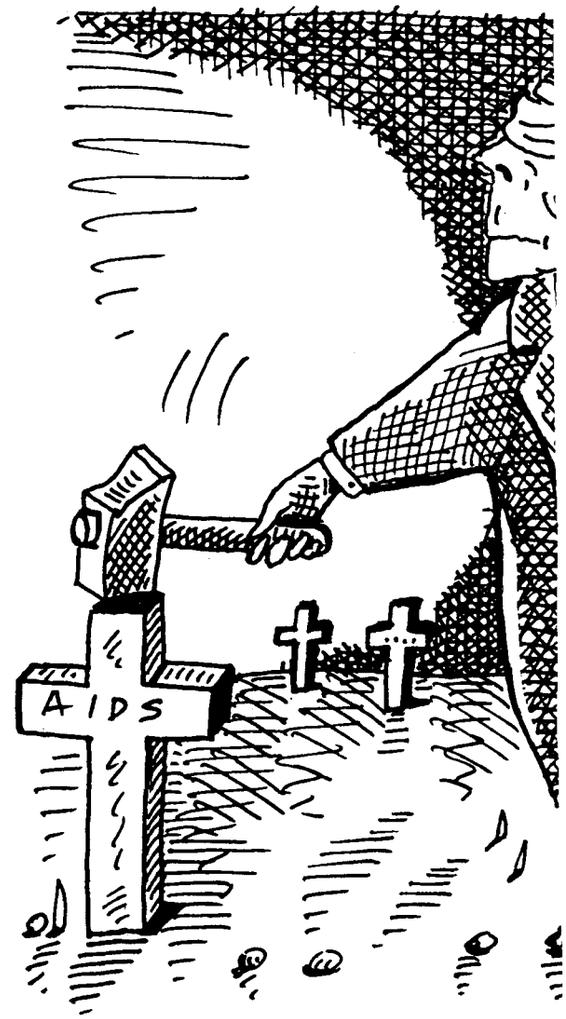
Dr Matthew Helbert, a British Aids doctor, may have affected the stock market valuation of Wellcome when, biting hard on the hand that had paid his air fare, he placed heavy emphasis on new, debilitating and sometimes deadly side-effects of Retrovir on some of his Aids patients. Some men's muscles had degenerated dramatically after long-term use of the drug. Others had rapidly developed a serious brain disease, encephalitis, soon after being taken off the drug.

Given the company's duty to keep a new drug under active surveillance, Dr Helbert asked why the company had not picked up similar cases among the thousands of people treated with Retrovir for a year or more in the United States. At first, senior Wellcome staff treated him to a ample dinner and tried to suggest that all the patients concerned were secretly treating themselves with Imuthiol or Ribavirin (a US made anti-viral drug) — which, Helbert was assured, could be "scored" by Aids patients on the streets of London as freely as cannabis or cocaine.

The suggestion is complete nonsense. When Dr Helbert's superior, British Aids expert Dr Tony Pinching, of St Mary's Hospital, London, backed up his view in a major discussion at the Stockholm conference — commenting that "serious problems of toxicity are compounded by those of dose reduction" — Wellcome chiefs became agitated. They tried to recruit an academic lynching party from among US researchers to counter Pinching's views.

Top executives made personal fortunes selling their shares before the news of poor trial results got out

Until news of this controversy got out, Wellcome shares, still buoyant on Retrovir's prospects, had been rising consistently for the three weeks before and during the conference to reach their highest-ever post-crash level of £5.59 early on Thursday. As the news from Stockholm got about, the price fell by 22p by Tuesday this week, wiping £180 million off the company's value. Wellcome said this week that they will review past patient histories to check on these newly-reported side-effects.



The next major Aids drugs battle will feature a British contender. The UK drugs giant, Fisons, and an American corporation, Lyphomed, have entered rival claims to "orphan drug" status for a new form of treatment that seems to curb one of the most lethal infections someone with Aids can get — a rare parasitic pneumonia called PCP. This may be yet another billion dollar Aids market, if the new treatment is effective.

The drug used to stop PCP, pentamidine, has long been known and is not patented. It was rarely used before Aids. In 1984 Lyphomed won an "orphan drug" licence to make and sell it for intravenous use (only) in fighting PCP. The licence expires in 1991, when Lyphomed's profits holiday would end. Then, two years ago, doctors in San Francisco found that pentamidine, if sprayed directly into the lungs, could often prevent PCP pneumonia altogether.

Fisons, spotting that early trials of inhaled pentamidine seemed very effective, applied for "orphan drug" status for the new application of the drug. This was "terrible arrogance", said Dr Bruce Montgomery, a leading San Francisco specialist now working on a major trial funded by Lyphomed. Fisons's action has set off a price escalation, in which, said Montgomery, you could say that Lyphomed had "just let the patients get screwed".

Indeed, you could. To pay for its trials, Ly-

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phomed has gradually quadrupled the price of the drug from $24 to $99 a dose— even though manufacturing costs have fallen significantly and sales have swollen in volume (they're probably now worth well over $50 million). As Lyphomed still has its exclusive licence, there is no competition, except from the manufacturers of totally different drugs. Doctors in California say that Lyphomed has probably priced its "Pentam 300" pentamidine to cost just slightly less than either of the two other drugs commonly used to treat PCP pneumonia.

Meanwhile, patients once again seem to be at the bottom of the pile. To take inhaled or "nebulised" pentamidine means using a special respirator, costing £100 to £200. The respirator is normally used at home. Aids patients in Britain and America have been told that if they want this treatment to stop them getting PCP, they will have to buy their own respirators — even if they have no money. Film producer George Cant was diagnosed with Aids last year and is now on the dole. A few months ago, doctors at St Stephens Hospital, London, told him "regretfully" that he'd have to buy or borrow a respirator as the hospital would not supply it.

DHSS sources say that this shouldn't happen, as doctors can prescribe any equipment or drugs they think a particular patient needs — and GPs are increasingly frequently being asked to prescribe drugs to transfer costs from cash-limited hospital drugs budgets. Nevertheless, George's experience was one common to a number of British Aids patients. "People with Aids are having to survive on £30 a week, like me" said Danny Hare of the Frontliners Aids group. "We simply cannot afford to buy our own respirators".

Montgomery said Lyphomed could justify its massive price increases because the company is paying $12 million for him and others to conduct the trials needed to pip Fisons at the post in the orphan drug licence race. Yes, patients not in the trials (who get the drugs free) must now pay four times as much — or go untreated. But very few aren't on health insurance, he said. He is confident that Lyphomed will come first, but whichever company wins, he said, "it's all profiteering for the next seven years".

"I'm not used to offers that are so ethically and scientifically unfounded, and unjust" —Aids doctor Donald Abrams

The most remarkable of the Aids drug hypes has been Ribavarin. Speculation that this antiviral drug might prove to be a good Aids treatment pushed up the prices of the stocks of the manufacturers, ICN Pharmaceuticals, and its subsidiaries, for more than a year. ICN held back poor trial results and organised a press conference to say that one trial had shown the drug to be effective for people with Aids even though the US Food and Drugs Administration has informed ICN that it had proved inconclusive. In fact, Ribavirin appears to have no effect at all on Aids. In one trial, more people with Aids related illnesses taking the drug died than a similar group left untreated.

Yet some of ICN's top executives made personal fortunes, totalling more than $10 million, out of selling shares in 1986 and 1987, just before the US Food and Drug administration finally refused to licence the drug. For example, they disposed of shares in one subsidiary at artificially high prices of $60 to $70 a share before the findings finally leaked out last April. The shares thereafter fell to $15 each. ICN says the sales were not insider dealing, but were required for tax purposes.

No significant new research on Ribavirin was reported at Stockholm. But it was widely hyped at last year's Aids conference in Washington. Dr Charles Mansell, a Texas researcher, presented the results from Ribavirin trials held in 1986, and was quickly challenged as to whether he had a financial interest in the company. He refused to answer, but later admitted to being a paid consultant to ICN. Two leading British experts, Dr Tony Pinching and Dr Charles Farthing, each pointed out that many of the patients selected to go into the placebo (untreated) group had developed Aids far more quickly than was typical. This looked extremely suspicious to many people in the audience.

During the discussion, an FDA official intervened to point out that when six out of seven patients who looked likely quickly to develop Aids were excluded, Ribavirin lacked "any evidence of effectiveness". Indeed, an internal FDA report three months before had found that the placebo group of patients "did better immunologically" than those taking the drug.

The FDA's refusal of a licence for Ribavirin meant that it could not legally be sold in the US for Aids treatment. Even so ICN president Milan Panic suggested to one of San Francisco's leading Aids doctors, Dr Donald Abrams, that he buy the drug from them and sell it to his patients. Abrams said he was flabbergasted: "I'm not used to ... offers that are so ethically and scientifically unfounded, and unjust."

Nevertheless, ICN is still selling Ribavirin to Aids patients. The company exports it to Mexico where drugs control is very lax and has financed an alternative Aids health project in California, Project Inform, which explains to Aids patients and their friends how to cross the border and smuggle Ribavirin back in. Project Inform, has received $72,000 from ICN. Its 18–page advice document for people with Aids and HIV infection explains exactly how and where to cross the Mexican border and from which pharmacies in Tijuana they can buy Ribavirin and other drugs which aren't licenced in the US. (Martin Delaney, of Project Inform, says that they take a "positive" view of Ribavirin, and that the one-off grant was for collecting data about patients, and had no influence on their other work.)

ICN Pharmaceuticals is now under investigation both by the FDA and the US Securities and Exchange Commission, a special report by NBC television revealed earlier this year. The FDA has asked the US Justice Department to hold a grand jury investigation into whether ICN officials are guilty of criminal misconduct.

Professor Robin Weiss, a leading British Aids researcher and director of the Institute of Cancer Research, said that a fundamental problem in getting drugs evaluated was the extent to which much of the medical profession was now thoroughly in the debt of the pharmaceutical industry. "It's rather difficult to avoid a conflict of interest," he said. "I frankly don't understand how most of my colleagues do it." Few drug trials and research are funded by the government, and many doctors had consultancies from or shareholdings in the companies whose very products they were testing.

The pharmaceutical industry's well-established response to this criticism is that were it not for them, there would be few drugs or drugs trials originated in the public sector. This isn't true, and it isn't tried. Indeed, said Professor Weiss, "People are rushing off to privatise discoveries made on public funds. And if you're doing that, it's difficult to take a dispassionate view." Many leading Aids researchers have been trying to build up private research corporations based on their work for the government. However ethical and conscientious a researcher was, it was usually difficult then to bite the hand that fed him. "There is too much money around", said Professor Weiss. "Our judgment is wholly coloured by the stock market."

Additional research by Lyn Barlow.

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Bumping the leader

KMG ("Kinnock must go") is the buzz phrase among the chattering classes. Bernard Crick argues for a new style: look before you lead.

> Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs, now bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it. And then he feels that perhaps there isn't.
>
> Alan Alexander Milne

There *is* another way, if only we could give up asking the wrong questions.

"Is the leader up to his job?" I'm not naming names for I've heard it all before—of Attlee, Gaitskell, Wilson, Callaghan...and doubtless it will be said of Benn if, by an act of God, he wins the Labour leadership. And another reason I'm not naming names is that it prevents fundamental questions about the nature of leadership being asked. Not everything has to be personalised, although they do have to sell the *Observer* and it is, after all, a fundamental pre-supposition of liberal ideology that all important events depend on the character, talents and initiatives of individuals. Some socialists may think differently.

"Does he have the right to change policy without the consent of conference?", says the executive transport workers' union (leaving aside whether it is changing policy to suggest that the *when* and the *how* of total renunciation must be a political matter).

Two quite different bats agitate so many high-minded belfries: capability and democracy. But they are not necessarily antithetical (as when one calls capability "authority" and all authority "authoritarian"). They make intricate and cross-cutting patterns. A leader can have great capacities and be either democratic or undemocratic, or can be incapable in a democratic or an autocratic way.

"Is the leader up to it and is he really democratic?" To hear some of us go on you'd think we were anarchists. Whatever the party constitution may say, it is just not plausible to think that the adaptation of policy to changing circumstances must wait on a party conference, however elected. As J S Mill long ago argued, the scale of modern states entails *representative* not *direct* democracy. Elected representatives, including leaders, have to be trusted (somewhat) and have to be given some discretion; and yet have to be periodically re-elected, thus removable.

Why should a leadership election do the Labour Party any harm, however confused the issues or hopeless the challenge, if the Labour Party had been able to establish a distinctive attitude to leadership, and to make it part of their image? What can be more democratic than the challenging of leaders and public debate about issues and, if absolutely necessary, if pots must call kettles black, about personal capability?

Why not conduct disputes in the party openly, and honestly? And, of course, with good manners. An odd phrase for a socialist? No. The greater the differences on policies or values, the more the need for restraint, conventions and courtesy in the manner of argument. (He should have talked to him before the broadcast, but then he should have told him before resigning.)

What can be more democratic than the challenging of leaders?

Shouldn't Labour set such an example? Talk about image making! The party should challenge a fundamental, but false, assumption of political commentators in even the quality media: that parties are damaged by public disputes among their members, that such is inimical to good government, so that they, the journalists, have a prime duty to report "splits" and personalities obsessively—rather than to discuss policies seriously. They personalise everything because they seem to think that policy disputes (say, between the egalitarian and the equality-of-opportunity democratic socialists in the Labour Party) are invariably only forms of product differentiation in personal struggles for high office. The belief that personalities are both more interesting and more important than ideas is a general sickness of the culture of consumer capitalism. It is to be challenged, not accepted.

How tragic that we are failing to make ideas more interesting. Think of the general disappointment at the high proportion of waffle and fudge in the party's official statement of *Aims and Values*. The back cover says it was written jointly by the leader and the deputy leader (obviously in a hurry). Perhaps the party is uniquely blessed that the two leaders happen to be the most thoughtful intellectuals it can find and the best writers for the difficult task of compressing a long tradition into a lapidary and reasoned statement. Perhaps they think it is.

This debacle and the high proportion of verbal fudge in the policy statements is a product of over-concentration of power. Or to be more precise, Labour's two party leaders (and names that are now murmured as their realistic possible successors) seem to have adopted a presidential and an excessively personalised view of power, but without the presidential apparatus. It is over 20 years since John Mackintosh at the end of a scholarly book, *The British Cabinet*, raised the question as to whether the British cabinet system was turning into a prime ministerial, possibly even a presidential, one. That he raised the question is more remembered than his negative, if tentative, answer.

Thatcher consciously tries, more resolutely than Wilson, to turn government by prime minister-in-cabinet into a presidential regime. That may yet prove her Achilles heel. It goes against the grain of a parliamentary system, relies excessively on supine and thus ineffective colleagues, on a super-charged ego and on perpetual good health. But may not the country be sick of all such leadership. The style of her leadership is to be mocked and denounced ("my ministers", indeed!), not copied. Parties and party leaders tend to mimic the behaviour of politically successful opponents. This is not always wise, nor always practical. One woman may be able to do everything, but not one man. We don't want a better Thatcher; we want no more Thatcherism.

Labour should be the model and paragon of cabinet government, of a team, of collegiate or collective authority. It should proudly exhibit a clear and public structure of policy-making committees, certainly dominated by the shadow cabinet and its national executive, but drawing on and open to advice from any level of the party, experts and interest groups. In facing Thatcher, the leader has taken too much onto himself. And he is hyper-active, especially in speech-making all over. How brilliantly he bound the wounds of his party in his first two years in office by his very presence. But while thought, as Aristotle remarked, is a form of activity, activity is not always thought. He is not, as yet, one for making policy round a table according to a timetable. Rather he enjoys making policy on his feet.

The less active deputy leader sits down more and spends more time on policy. He is better served and knows how to *use* advisers and experts, not just talk to them warmly. Too much policy falls into his hands by his better preparation. Why do I think of Christopher Robin when I try not to personalise and not to think of Roy Hattersley? Denzil Davies was not disagreeing with the new formulation of unilaterism, but with how it was made. That *how* should be Labour's strongest card. ●

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Rand Lords

Half of England's cricketers have played at least one winter in South Africa. But, Michael Peschardt reports, the game could be up.

For a game which for some is the embodiment of tranquillity and good manners, cricket has a nasty habit of being at least as explosive off the field as other more physical sports are on it. The calm is always an uneasy one. England captains may come and go, but such turmoil is as nothing compared to the potential upheavals threatened by the continuing South African connection.

The International Cricket Conference (ICC), the body which runs world cricket, is to meet shortly. It will try, for the umpteenth time, to come up with a policy on South Africa that unites all cricket-playing countries and avoids a black-white split—a split where white countries play exclusively with white, and black nations do likewise. It would mean the complete breakdown of cricket as a truly international game.

So far, despite the many alarms, the disintegration of the game has been avoided thanks to a mixture of fudge, procrastination, and careful bending of the international rules. But that tactic cannot be sustained much longer. There are fundamental differences in the positions of the two sides and neither of them has much room to manoeuvre.

The West Indies Cricket Board has asked repeatedly that, from now on, any player who continues to go to South Africa should be banned from selection for his country. They have proposed an amnesty for all those who have played there in the past, but maintain that individuals retaining links with South Africa should accept that an international ban is the price that has to be paid.

Although the other white cricketing nations have severe reservations about the West Indian plan, the main opposition to it has been organised from the Long Room at Lords. This is because English cricket is in the unique position of having become inextricably linked with South Africa. The official England team may not have toured there for 20 years, but little by little the domestic game has become dependent on a country which is meant to have been excluded from international sport.

As everyone knows, the English summer is a short-lived festival. The good to average county cricketer can expect to earn about £15,000 a year. He can also expect to be unemployed for most of the winter months. But as stumps are drawn in the autumn here, the cricket season is just beginning in the southern hemisphere. The opportunities in Australia and New Zealand are limited, but South Africa offers the warmest of welcomes to those willing to make the journey. Club sides there are only too delighted to be coached by an English player of some repute, who will also turn out for them in matches and draw in a few extra spectators. More than anything else, though, the presence of a few foreigners is an important psychological boost for the cricketing community in South Africa, simply because it makes it feel less isolated.

There are about 350 professional cricketers in Britain, and it is reckoned that half of them have spent at least one winter soaking up the South African sun, and over 70 will be heading there this autumn. It has become an accepted part of the game's routine and even the state of emergency has failed to impinge on the lifestyles of visiting cricketers and their families. For many of the cricketers' wives, the swimming pools and the friendships which they have built up over the years make it a destination they are not prepared to give up. The Cricketers Association, which is in effect the players' union in this country, has made it abundantly clear that it will fight to preserve the right of English players to go wherever they like, without incurring any punishment. Should the ICC vote in favour of an automatic ban, it would demand a counter ban on all overseas cricketers taking part in English county cricket. Players are even prepared to strike over the issue, though it probably won't ever come to that, as the counties would certainly support their own players. West Indian stars like Malcolm Marshall and Michael Holding would find themselves excluded from English cricket, which they have done so much to illuminate during their careers.

Why is it that English cricketers find it so easy to resolve the moral dilemma over whether to go to South Africa? Obviously, there are financial advantages in wintering there. But it is not because the players are racist. Most county sides are racially mixed and are models of racial harmony. Racism in its most basic form just isn't an issue amongst the vast majority of players. When pressed on the subject, one argument is always cited. Players point out, often very forcefully, that under current law any company or individual is quite at liberty to do business with South Africa. So why should cricketers be singled out? Any action against them, they say, would amount to unfair restraint of trade.

The truth is that sportsmen are not going to take the lead in any political action. They will wait for a change in government policy over economic sanctions against South Africa, and unless that happens the trek to the southern hemisphere will carry on. The men in the Long Room at Lords are hardly renowned for their love of radical action, and clearly don't want any new policy over South Africa. But even if they did, their hands are tied by the entrenched views of the entire establishment of English cricket.

The disintegration of the game has been avoided thus far, because Lords have always been able to calm the atmosphere at the regular ICC meetings. They have been able to appeal to the traditional values of the game and the need not to do anything hasty which might rock the boat of international cricket. But such appeals are beginning to sound rather hollow to many of the black delegations. The West Indian Board has already waited several years, and is under political pressure at home to secure action.

The atmosphere in world cricket has never been worse. The English and Pakistani Cricket Boards are barely on speaking terms after the umpiring rumpuses last winter. Communications betwen Lords and the Indian Board have become chaotic. The England team is due to tour the sub-continent again this winter but fixing dates has proved so far to be nearly impossible.

The truth is that sportsmen are not going to take the lead in any political action

If all that was not bad enough, there is another cloud looming on the horizon. Nobody close to cricket is in any doubt that moves are afoot to mount another rebel England tour of South Africa. Nothing definite has yet been arranged, but the man who organised the last tour is keeping in close touch with several top players. The South Africans want to tempt one man above all others. They desperately want to sign up Ian Botham, and it is unlikely that any tour will be announced until they have done everything possible to persuade him. Botham himself has always resisted offers in the past, but at this stage of his career, with other options running out, South Africa may seem more of a temptation. Even without Botham, there are plenty of other England players who would jump at the chance of another tour.

When the next rebel tour comes about, and it surely will, cricket will again be thrown into turmoil over what to do about it. The conditions could well be created in which no amount of soothing words from Lords could save the day and cricket could find itself split on racial lines, with black nations playing black and white playing white.

The game as we know it may well survive this month's ICC meeting, but given the underlying tensions, it is no wonder that those of us who treasure international cricket find little reason for optimism. ●

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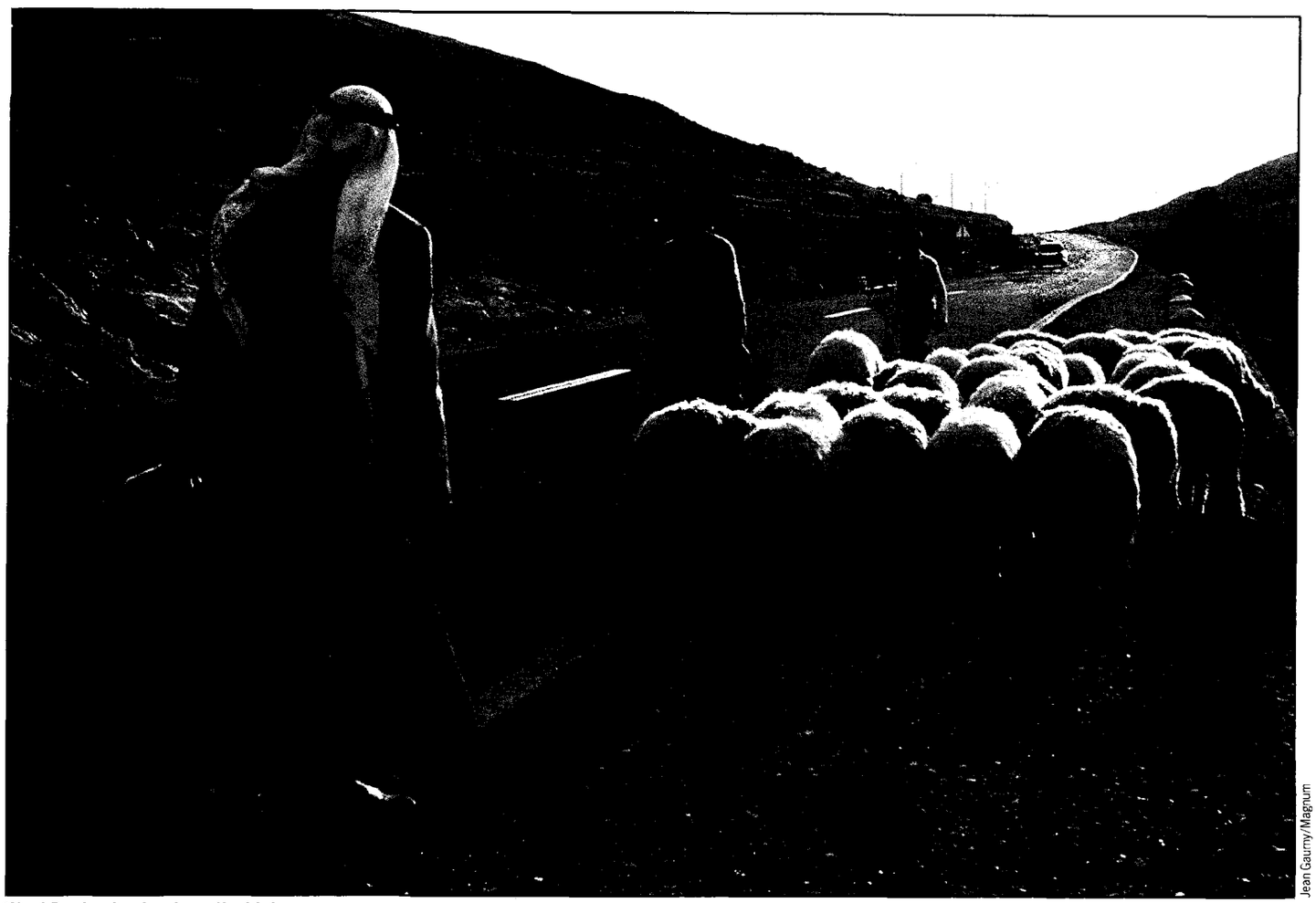
Palestine — how does your garden grow?



Jean Gaumy/Magnum

West Bank: shepherds on the highway...

The new symbols of the Palestinian uprising are the tomato seedling, the pickling jar, and the rabbit hutch. The Palestinians on the West Bank are digging for victory. University professors in Ramallah are growing vegetables in their flower beds. Villagers are replanting abandoned land and learning the arts of Heath Robinson bodging; how to irrigate crops with perforated, plastic-juice bottles, and how to turn an old fridge into a chicken incubator, using a dynamo, bits of a car battery, and plenty of silver foil.

The incubator, with its anomalous use of cast-off western affluence to back subsistence farming, is symbolic of the Palestinian move back to the land. This hybrid of consumerism and underdevelopment is typical of the Gaza Strip and the West Bank under Israeli occupation, where the government has obstructed industry and services and used the population as a market and source of cheap labour.

The Palestinian return to the land and the boycott of Israeli goods and jobs are aimed at reversing this process. The movement has given a quaint twist to the warfare: armed soldiers guard village threshing machines, troops prowl past vegetable plots measuring the size of courgettes and the pink hue on the tomatoes. When Israel cut off petrol supplies to the West Bank, hundreds of donkeys appeared on the streets of Nablus. During army sieges on villages which have blocked their roads and declared themselves "liberated", neighbours sent food-packed donkeys creeping over the hills on Flora MacDonald rescue missions.

The boycott has led to a new asceticism and brand consciousness. Most luxury products—chocolates, ice cream, clothes, furniture—are Israeli. Labels in Hebrew or English have lost their cachet. "Before the uprising it had got so bad," said one Palestinian, "that we were even buying ready made Israeli humous. That's our *national food.*"

The return to the land has been limited mainly to the towns of the central and northern parts of the West Bank. The refugee camps and the Gaza Strip have almost no land. In the villages of the West Bank where the men had left the land and wage labour had become the main source of livelihood, families (usually women) continued to do some farming. But although more land is now under cultivation, it is likely that with the curfews and crop burnings (mostly by settlers) of the uprising, the West Bank will probably produce less food than in previous years.

But the pastoral idealism of Palestinian nationalism gives this move back to the land an

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There is a new move back to the land in the occupied territories. Amanda Mitchison reports on the self-sufficiency movement.

ideological power well beyond the significance of changes on the ground. It harks back to an era when the society was organised around village elders, rather than the young wage earners of today. This atmosphere has doubtless been aided by a chronic shortage of cash, caused by unemployment, strikes, curfews and new Israeli restrictions on importing capital.

Palestinian intellectuals are not seriously proposing that the return to the land will make the West Bank self-sufficient. Many people will have to continue working across the "green line" and the vast majority of manufactured goods, and even staple foods such as sugar, flour and rice, come from Israel. Ironically, the Israeli government's neglect of services in the West Bank is now being turned to the Palestinians' advantage—many villages get their water from local wells and are not connected to the national electricity grid. As the sieges on liberated villages have shown, some of these communities can survive long periods of near isolation.

For the last two years development experts have been trying to increase agricultural output in the West Bank, but the movement has only taken off since the uprising. "Before we used to laugh at the idea of a boycott—we thought nobody could go backwards in the modern world. But when you have this level of political motivation, you no longer need to consider things from a classical economic dimension," says Samir Huleileh of the Arab Thought Forum, a left-wing research centre. Meron Benvenisti from the West Bank Data Project claims that, "The present boycott is premature and bound to fail. There is no other possibility with the present sort of economic relationship. First the Palestinians must try to modernise their food production. Then they must get an arrangement with the Israelis—and the Israelis are determined not to let this develop."

According to Benvenisti (who is considered a doomwatcher by many Palestinians) an internal Palestinian market could "potentially" be established within ten to 15 years. "In the long run the (self-sufficiency) movement will succeed — 1.7 million is a vast internal market. The problem is Israeli opposition in the form of bureaucratic obstacles and obstructions on exports."

The self-sufficiency movement, which was in the past associated with the right-wing pro-Jordanian leaders, has its detractors within the Palestinian movement. Planting the backyard began as a Communist Party initiative and is charateristic of their ethos of popular, unarmed mobilisation. It also implies a very different type of revolt — less immediate than stone throwing, but perhaps more sustainable in the long term.

Rex Features

...Camels on the railway

The movement back to the land also requires a certain sense of realism and compromise which can be at odds with the idealistic — and occasionally thought-blurring—rhetoric of the uprising. A Palestinian development worker associated with the women's committees described visiting a camp: "The leaders were against us bringing in provisions because they said it would create arguments over who got how much. They also thought that it would distract from the uprising—young men would prefer distributing food to fighting at the barricades. I asked one woman, 'What do the children in the camp need?' She replied, 'A state.' Then she went on to say, 'We will starve and we will not surrender.'"

At another camp: "There was this old woman — the typical sort of refugee woman with her embroidery under her arm. We started to explain how the project would work. She got very angry and said, 'What is the point? We are refugees. We have no land.' Then she picked up her embroidery and became engrossed in it and it calmed her. It is women who actually do the agricultural work and it is their efforts which will probably sustain it. But they still have no decision-making power within the leadership of the uprising."

The divisions within the Palestinian movement are likely to cause long-term organisational problems. In the last few years the different factions of the PLO in the occupied territories have set up a myriad of similarly named but differently affiliated trade unions, women's movements, first aid and agricultural development groups.

The uprising has also witnessed a growth of unofficial capillary organisations across these factional divides. Local committees distribute the communiques from the leadership of the uprising and spawn food distributing committees, women's committees, night watch committees (to warn of army raids) and even traffic committees (to take over the duties of Palestinian police who have resigned).

But despite this thirst for committees, there is still no organisational structure capable of coordinating an economic strategy for the self-help and horticultural activity of the self-sufficiency movement. Until this happens the Palestinians will not be able to set up a distribution and marketing network, encourage finance into the region, or develop manufacturing industry in the occupied territories.

The political future looks bleak. Israel can survive without Palestinian labour and market, and its policies in the occupied territories are becoming more entrenched. The self-sufficiency movement has a long battle ahead and to maintain its momentum the Palestinians will need a finely-balanced combination of hard-nosed realism and suspended disbelief. ●

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Carry on regardless

The British military establishment already has plans to get round the INF treaty. Paul Rogers explains how.

With the completion of the INF Treaty banning cruise, Pershing and SS-20 missiles, we could be forgiven for thinking that the British government might be moving away from a belief that we can fight a nuclear war in Europe. Not so. With the ink barely dry on the treaty, new evidence has come to light which shows the government is as committed as ever to Nato's first use of nuclear weapons.

Since January, the House of Commons all-party foreign affairs select committee has been engaged in studying "The Political Impact of the Process of Arms Control and Disarmament". As part of its evidence to the committee the Ministry of Defence has submitted its views on conventional arms control, which includes a paper entitled "Nuclear Deterrence Post-INF". This remarkable document is unequivocal in confirming the British government's view that a limited nuclear war can be fought and won:

> "The fundamental objective of maintaining the capability for selective sub-strategic use of theatre weapons is *political*—to demonstrate in advance that NATO has the capability and will to use its nuclear weapons in a deliberate politically controlled way with the objective of restoring deterrence by inducing the aggressor to make the decision to terminate his aggression and withdraw."

It is clear from this that the selective use of nuclear weapons is still considered feasible—in other words, that a nuclear war can be won. The document goes on to make clear that theatre nuclear forces (TNF) are not maintained to "compensate" for the much-vaunted massive Soviet conventional superiority:

> "The role of TNF is not to compensate for any imbalance in conventional forces. The achievement of conventional parity could have very positive consequences for the Alliance's strategy of deterrence. But it would not, of itself, obviate the need for theatre nuclear forces."

This will be news to many people. We are told constantly that Nato needs its nuclear weapons to counter superior Soviet conventional forces. As long as the conventional imbalance remains, the argument goes, we can go no further down the road to a nuclear free Europe. In reality, though, even if we could achieve a conventional balance, we would still need nuclear weapons, so wedded is Nato to a nuclear dogma.

This evidence from the Ministry of Defence shows a determination by the government to present a firm policy based on nuclear weapons, no doubt part of Nato's more general determination to paper over the cracks of dissent which are developing in the alliance. For over 40 years a nuclear orthodoxy has prevailed. For more than half of that time, Nato has maintained its nuclear first-use policy of flexible response. As that policy has evolved, it has accentuated an early use of nuclear weapons, including attacks on Soviet territory, as a means of winning a war in Europe. The INF Treaty, though, involves removal of weapons essential to this policy, and has thrown into confusion and brought out into the open a debate about first-use.

Flexible response was first formulated as Nato policy in January 1968 and has been steadily updated since. In the mid-1980s, for instance, Nato decided to target Soviet territory for first use of nuclear weapons. This was at the instigation of the West German government who have become ever more fearful that early use of nuclear weapons would involve short-range tactical weapons exploding on German soil. This change to targeting the Soviet homeland for first-use was aided by the arrival of Pershing 2 missiles able to carry out the task.

The whole strategy has been thrown into confusion by the INF treaty. When Ronald Reagan proposed the zero option, it was in the firm expectation that the Soviet would never accept it. Indeed, the whole idea was to try and neutralise CND and other European peace movements. Not only has the INF deal gone through, but European public opinion has developed an appetite for arms control. This plus the Soviet desire to get ride of shorter range missiles and possibly artillery, the so-called "third zero" and similar notions, is driving a coach and horses through Nato's first-use strategy.

The government's view is that a limited nuclear war can be fought and won.

As *New Statesman* has reported (4 December 1987), Pershing 2 could be partially replaced by Britain's Trident from the mid-1990s, but the greater danger to Nato is that many other weapons are negotiated away. The most important of these could be the Lance tactical missile and its longer-range replacement, as well as air-delivered nuclear weapons, especially the planned medium-range missile. Even within Nato, many planners are coming to accept that short-range artillery is virtually unusable; even according to their ideas of fighting limited nuclear wars, blowing up parts of your own territory may be self-defeating. But they are desperately unhappy at the prospect of losing longer-range missiles such as the Lance replacement and the air-launched missile.

To avoid this, a remarkable plan is now being formulated, replete with the most telling of ironies. The talk in Nato is now about the "Montebello 2" proposal, which would involve the unilateral disarmament of nuclear-tipped artillery shells to pre-empt European desires for a wider bilaterial arms control treaty with the Soviets. The name comes from the earlier Montebello agreement in 1983 when Nato dispensed with obsolete nuclear warheads in the guise of disarmament—although this was at a time of a 7:4 Nato advantage in nuclear warheads—and made no attempt to link it to possible Soviet reciprocation. Montebello 2 will be specifically designed to nip in the bud any possibility of Nato's being forced into a deal with Gorbachev, which would result in its losing the nuclear weapons it really wants—unilateral disarmament of unwanted nukes *to avoid* multilateral disarmament of the weapons it wants!

The end result for Nato would be the removal of nuclear artillery shells, the introduction of a longer range replacement for the Lance missile, the comprehensive modernisation of Nato air-delivered nuclear weapons and the avoidance of any more annoying arms control agreements. Since the emphasis on first-use weapons would move towards air-delivered weapons (and Britain's Trident missiles), the UK would become far more important as a base for Nato's nuclear weapons. The US is currently planning to purchase nearly 400 F-15E nuclear-capable bombers, most of which would be based in Europe and equipped with the new medium range cruise missile.

The real problem for Nato is that Soviet initiatives aimed at building on the INF Treaty will combine with changing public opinion in western Europe to make it increasingly difficult for Nato to provide the nuclear arsenal needed to maintain its policy of flexible response. central to the debate are West Germany and Britain, each with elections in the early 1990s.

In its evidence to the Foreign Affairs Committee, the British government has made abundantly clear its belief that flexible response is right, and that a limited nuclear war can be fought and won. Mrs Thatcher has repeatedly stressed the need to "modernise" Nato's nuclear weapons, in support of this policy. There is now an opportunity for an intense debate on Nato nuclear policy for the first time in a generation. Will the Labour Party take it on? ●

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Magnum

Shadow man

Alexander Cockburn takes a sceptical look at the career of Michael Dukakis.

We've reached the stage in the US electoral cycle when a potential nominee spends most of his time reassuring the relevant constituencies that if elected president, he won't adversely affect their interests. This process differs from an earlier phase, in the primaries and caucuses, when the candidate has to excite activist groups sufficiently to get them into the polling booths. So Michael Dukakis, the nominee-designate of the Democratic Party, now voyages from one podium to the next projecting an aura of optimistically mature responsibility, like an insurance executive on a swing through branch offices.

The headline in the *New York Times* that lies before me on my desk says, "Dukakis seeks to assure allies of support for Nato". Of course, no ally needs any such assurance, or believes that US commitment to the Atlantic alliance is anything other than what it has always been, so the headline is actually code for something else, namely "Dukakis assures military-industrial complex it's business as usual". Addressing the Atlantic Council, Dukakis called for a CDI (Conventional Defence Initiative) and proclaimed that, "While we negotiate, we must strengthen the alliance as well, beginning with our conventional forces". Thus Dukakis signals his acceptance of that whiskered old myth, presumed Nato deficiency in conventional might, with which to confront the Slavic hordes in their race to the Bay of Biscay.

Polls show that though people think that Dukakis is not a bad fellow and maybe better than George Bush (which isn't saying much), they are unclear about his views. Dukakis was lucky here. The press and party leaders were so keen to find someone to save the Democratic Party from Jesse Jackson that Dukakis was spared much inconvenient scrutiny about what his ideas and policies might actually be. So who is the governor of Massachusetts?

There is a book partly by Michael Dukakis and a couple of books about him. The book by him, *Creating the Future* (co-authored with Rosabeth Moss Kanter), must rank as one of the most unreadable pieces of political literature ever to creep from a printing press. Its theme is the "Massachusetts miracle", being the story of how the fiscal and industrial slum of the early seventies flowered into the success story of today.

The so-called "miracle of Massachusetts" is central to Dukakis' self-advertisement as a man to lead America towards a better future. The proposition he and his admirers advance is that the Massachusetts economy is the paradigm of what a post-industrial economy can be. A generation ago the state, along with the whole northeast, was sunk in the embers of a declining manufacturing economy, with high taxation and policies guaranteed to repel business invest-

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ment. Like most such claims to have been the architect of economic renewal, Dukakis' pretensions have less in them than meets the eye. There is no doubt that the economy of Massachusetts and of the area of which it is the hub (southern New Hampshire, northern Connecticut) "recovered" to a certain extent from the consequences of the decline of its old manufacturing base, which saw plant closures and plant flight—to the non-union south or overseas—throughout the 1960s and early 1970s. By the late 1970s union strength in Massachusetts had been severely eroded and the cost of labour substantially lowered.

But the high-tech element in the recovery of the late seventies and early eighties has been over-estimated. It's true that high technology does play an important part in the state's economy, but it is one that has nothing to do with Dukakis, rather with the presence of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which in 1946 in association with Harvard, the Federal Reserve of Boston and several insurance companies created American Research and Development Incorporated. This company became famous for financing the start-up of such successful enterprises as Digital Equipment Corporation. In the late 1950s the Bank of Boston agreed to let start-up high-tech companies use their federal contracts and grants as collateral against loans from the Bank, which had predictable results.

Now a significant fraction of this high-tech employment is engaged in producing goods and services for the military—from 1980 to 1985 Massachusetts prime military coacts rose from $3.7 billion to $7.7 billion. In sum, much of the Massachusetts miracle is, in miniature, a paradigm of what happened in the national economy: an "encouraging" business climate, cheap and cowed labour, plus state incentives aided by Pentagon dollars.

But such growth has been lopsidedly distributed at the eastern end of the state, around Boston. Also nearly all the growth in Massachusetts has been concentrated in business and legal services, finance, insurance, real estate and especially construction, what has been called "Manhattanization". So the "miracle of Massachusetts" is the miracle of Boston and a miracle which most working people will be unable to afford, in terms of rents or actual house purchases. Dukakis's other great pride and joy—a state "work-fare" scheme takes some people on welfare and puts them in very low-paying jobs, thus supposedly schooling them for self-betterment.

For insights into Dukakis' personality we must turn to the books about him. One of these, *Dukakis*, by a couple of Boston reporters called Charles Kennedy and Robert Turner, is reasonably informative. The governor emerges as your average politician seeking the presidency: driven, repressed, compulsive, anal-retentive, self-deceiving, somewhat of an iceberg, with seven-eighths of his personality submerged in psychic darkness.

On his paternal side Dukakis is Lesbian in origin, his grandparents having hailed from that delightful island. The values imbued in this son of immigrants were frigidly petit-bourgeois: passion for education, that all-important adjunct of assiduous self-betterment; manic thrift; rigorous purging of dysfunctional emotion; reverence for the self-made man; contempt for failure. The end impression is of a cloistered, somewhat Robespierrian virtue occasionally encumbered with lunges at the common touch. He did well at school, in the classroom and on the playing field and was in general the sort of offspring self-betterers dream of having. The strain took its toll on Michael's elder brother, Stelian, who had a "nervous breakdown" in his late teens and tried to do himself in with pills. "Incredibly," Turner and Kennedy rather naively write, "Michael says he does not remember whether Stelian tried to kill himself." Michael also doesn't remember whether or not Stelian was at the 1960 Democratic convention in Los Angeles working for Adlai Stevenson while he, Michael, was naturally working for the Great New Frontiersman.

Stelian was, as they say, "never quite the same" after the breakdown and bobbed along in Michael's triumphant wake, trying to keep on an even keel. One time he let it all hang out and during one of his brother's campaigns started stuffing mailboxes with leaflets suggesting that people voting for M. Dukakis should have their heads examined. Finally the poor man was knocked off his bicycle by a hit-and-run driver and, after a period in a coma, died.

So much for clues to Dukakis' personality. What about his political destiny and that of the Democratic Party? The first third of this year of the campaign for the presidency showed that the American people were ready for radical change. The second third is being spent ensuring that radical change does not make it onto the agenda and the final third will be the traditional "democratic" *coup de grace*: two candidates espousing mostly similar positions, battling it out for leadersip of the free world.

Dukakis' inevitable role as president would be attempting to make the war economy work

Jesse Jackson is now vowing to try and extend Phase One at least into Phase Two. Culturally the Jackson campaign has been an unqualified plus. It's been good for the country, good for the left and in particular mobilising and empowering for black people to have a black man taken seriously as a presidential candidate. Jackson has been uncompromising about his blackness. But institutionally the main meaning of his campaign has been to reinforce the hold of the two-party system by bringing disaffected people into the Democratic Party. Hence the contradictions. To be taken seriously, Jackson had to run as a Democrat. This contradiction resides in the power the mass media has over American culture.

Liberals, trying to like Dukakis, say hopefully that at least he is not a cold warrior. This seems to me to be far from clear. His speeches are, when the occasion calls for it, studded with alarmist phraseology about Soviet beachheads. But the bottomline on Dukakis is that it is not really relevant whether he is or he is not, at the instinctual level, a cold warrier. Since he exhibits no belief that the system is in crisis or that the war economy can only be challenged in a structural fashion, his inevitable role will be that of attempting to make the war economy work. In that context it is now quite clearly the present historic destiny of the next Democratic President to avert or finesse the threat to the war economy presented by Gorbachev's appeals for peaceful co-existence, which in fact look more and more like desperate attempts to get breathing space during which the wrenching dislocations of *perestroika* can be endured without the added burden of a huge arms budget.

Liberal Democrats are in their usual dilemma, arguing that if Bush refuses to rule out first-use of nuclear weapons and Dukakis does the same with the proviso that he might be first but he won't be an *early first*, then Dukakis is obviously the guy to put in the Oval office. This is by no means clear. Like all Democrats seeking the presidency, Dukakis has to demonstrate that he is not secretly in favour of Russians taking over Western Europe, that he's not an appeaser. Like all Democrats in the White House, Dukakis will have to go on doing that. This is why the Cold War usually gets worse under Democrats, as in the case of Truman, Kennedy, Johnson and Carter. It always happens. Under Republicans, like Eisenhower, Nixon, Ford and Reagan, relations between the US and the Soviet Union get better.

Dukakis will have to "reassure" the ruling class that he agrees with its axioms in foreign policy, as set forth earlier this summer in *Newsweek* and subsequently *Foreign Affairs* by Henry Kissinger and Cyrus Vance in their joint statement of the "bipartisan" agenda. Vance, it should be remembered, was installed by Carter as his secretary of state and then, because he was somehow regarded as "liberal", immediately balanced by the crazed Brzezinski as Carter's National Security Adviser. Kissinger-Vance bluntly advise that "future agreements" with the Soviet Union will be "difficult to conclude"; agree that research and development of SDI should continue; reject the notion of a pledge against nuclear first-use or of the denuclearisation of Europe. Both agree that "our economy and consumption have become so over-extended that the remedies will involve sacrifice and slower growth in our standards of living."

There is no evidence that Dukakis has the intellectual background or the political coalition necessary to contest such an agenda. His prime foreign policy adviser is a Madeleine Albright, a former assistant to Brzezinski. Dukakis is, in fact, surrounded by kindred cold war functionaries. His chief economic adviser is the utterly conventional Lawrence Summers who is even more orthodox than Bush's man, Martin Feldstein, who at least says that real interest rates are a problem.

Truth be told, under two-party rules you get Carter and you get Reagan. Over two or three terms there's no either/or, but both/and. ●

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Unblocking Labour

The Labour Party doesn't belong to the unions. They must stop pretending it does.

Stephen Howe

Labour's public image has recently presented a miserable selection of time-worn archetypes: the autocrat in his kitchen cabinet, the bully with his block vote, the visionless prophets in their self-created wilderness. Hostile observers have been given much excuse for claiming that, as the *The Times* editorialised, the more Labour tries to change, the more it shows its familiar strife-torn features. In particular the executive of the Transport workers' union has given new life to the old spectre of arbitrary trade union power in the party. Voters, said *The Times*, "will see that the unions are still Labour's masters and they will not be encouraged by what they see."

Even under Murdoch, and even about Labour, *Times* editorials occasionally — perhaps by accident — contain true statements. Once again, unbelievably, Labour is going into a leadership contest and major policy debate which will be decided by union block votes, many of them cast without any membership consultation. There is a long and honourable tradition of left-wing iconoclasm on this issue. Radicals within Labour's ranks, and within the unions themselves, have often been the sharpest critics of the union role. That critical voice became shamefully muted when, in the 1970s, the block vote began to work for a time in the left's favour. It needs to be raised again, for the imperative of reform is urgent. As John Lloyd argued here last week, if Labour is to pursue the democratisation of the British state — which it must do, or die — it must first itself have a structure which is rational and democratic. That is something it has never yet possessed.

The block vote once had a certain rationality about it. Its origins lay, as with so many Labour traditions, in the nonconformist churches. For them it was a rather sensible way of aggregating nationally the views of many local church assemblies, each roughly equal in size and each accustomed to reaching decisions by consensus. In Labour's earliest days, the same sort of reasoning cou' ' be applied. Early Labour conferences were herings of four or five hundred delegates epresenting up to 180 organisations, none of which accounted for more than 10 per cent of the total. No one could dream of fixing conference votes by arrangement with a few key individuals or delegations. Yet already in 1910, when the Miners' Federation affiliated with 550,000 members, the system was starting to distort. Since then, it's been downhill almost all the way.

How can Labour today possibly justify a conference structure where four big unions (the TGWU, GMB, NUPE and the engineers) each wield more votes than all the party's individual members combined? Who can support the near-monopoly control of the conference agenda by union nominees under an almost hereditary GMB fiefdom? Or the union command of 12 places on the party's national executive (filled over the past decade from just 13 organisations)? How on *earth* can the TGWU, after its humiliating chaos during the Benn-Healey contest, be bumbling blindy into the same traps once more?

The arguments for the status quo are few and feeble. Its defenders point out that the unions founded the party in the first place, a purely conservative observation which should have no place in a party planning for the future. They point to the unions' role as party paymasters. The implied claim here is that influence on policy should be dependent on financial input. Quite apart from its gross incompatibility with Labour's stated ethos, this rests on two fallacies. One is that union members' contributions match their leaders' weight in decision-making. In fact, that influence is bought cheap: "members" affiliated by their unions each pay roughly one-tenth as much to the party as do individual members. Admittedly, the individual member's money at least buys him or her the chance *sometimes* to be consulted on policy, which few affiliated members enjoy.

If this strange beast has two wings, where is the body—and where is the head?

The other nonsense is to think that unions will only give their money if it buys block votes. At least, I hope this a fallacy. If, on the other hand, British trade unions — unlike those of every other western European country — will indeed only support a party of social justice on such a basis, then so much the worse for British unions.

The last and strongest argument for the union-party association is that it enshrines an organic connection between political purpose and class identity: the historic notion of a single labour movement with linked political and industrial wings. But as Raymond Williams asked: If this strange beast has two wings, where is the body — and where is the head?

That idea of a labour movement depended on three associations: between union membership and Labour voting, between trade unionism and social deprivation, and between union aims and Labour government polices. The first of these has grown even weaker over successive elections. The second is less strong than it has ever been: very few of the poor are union members; few union members are very poor, or powerless, or politically dispossessed. The third was shattered in 1974-79. The essentially defensive aims of the union were ill-protected by the last Labour government. None of the old justifications holds any more.

The party could abolish the present structure entirely and substitute one based on individual membership alone — which could include membership through workplace brances, perhaps with a reduced-rate subscription. Or trade unions could affiliate only at local level, linking their branches to constituency parties. More minimal reforms might involve splitting the block votes so that both majority and minority views can be registered, obliging unions to poll their levy-paying members on major issues and on leadership elections, giving constituencies voting parity with unions at conference.

If even the more modest changes are to happen, the initiative must come from union leaders themselves. It is hard to imagine that John Edmunds and Rodney Bickerstaffe, for instance, do not privately recognise the discredit which the present mess brings on them, the unions and the Labour Party.

After a bruising fortnight of stumbling leadership, midnight exits, and "Kinnock must go" stories, this may not seem like a good time for an organisational shake up. Still, there's not going to be a better one before the next election. Reformers within Labour and the unions, beleaguered as they must feel, should follow Napoleon. When a battle was going badly, he declared: "My flanks are threatened; my centre is collapsing; my line of retreat is cut off: very well, I shall attack!"

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LETTERS

Congratulations

Many congratulations on the first issue *(NSS,* 10 June). In the current fad for post-modernist designer excess I'm glad that *NSS* has demonstrated that classical layout and typography still have their day.

More importantly, however, the editorial theme which had been emerging in *NS* in recent weeks and has now been given full rein ("Making *new traditions", 10 June)* — that the notion of "citizenship" is central to the revival of progressive politics in the UK — could fill the bill for the One Big Idea which Labour needs.

There are three crucial reasons why the idea of citizenship has such radical potential now. First, class is clearly no longer in and of itself adequate as a unifying banner of progress. Second, only if there is some overarching progressive principle can the various new (and old) social forces that make up the left avoid being in a constant state of friction, even antagonism. Third, and more positively, a concept of citizens as active participants in civil society, as well as the state, provides the ideal alternative to the dead Fabian hand of Old Labourism.

However, there are also more specific regional and national concerns which "citizenship" could address. The popular rejection of the label "British subject" in favour of a quite contrary idea of Scottish citizenship is an obvious case in point. But it is worth remembering in this anniversary year that, in the all-too-brief outpouring of progressive politics in Northern Ireland in 1968 the grievance under the Civil Rights banner was "second-class citizenship".

The beauty of the idea of citizenship is that it automatically leads on to a programme of structural reform of the state. Viewed from Belfast or Glasgow, the British state is a crumbling behemoth. Let's make sure that, if and when a new non-Thatcherite agenda is in place, it includes up front a specific civil liberties reform programme for Northern Ireland.

Robin Wilson
Belfast

New traditions

I see from your editorial, "Making new traditions" *(NSS,* 10 June) that you are still endeavouring to refight the battles of 1789 and 1848. Of course, Britain as a capitalist country has the peculiarities of a monarchy, a House of Lords and most particularly an unwritten constitution. But this does not make it any less of a bourgeois democracy. It is unclear from your editorial how democratic reform will, for example, help the unemployed victims of Britain's bit of the world economic crisis.

We may agree that Neil Kinnock's Labour Party is hardly the most effective or inspiring opposition in the Tory 80s. But surely you must know that citizenship was debated as long ago as the 1850s. On the one side those like W.J. Linton who were non-socialist Republicans, on the other Harney who was a red Republican. The terms of the dispute still have relevance. This is the question which your editorial fails to address. Because after all what do the rights of citizenship mean without the removal of economic exploitation? No more or less, I would suggest, than a weekly version of *The Guardian.*

Keith Flett
London N17

Miscarriages of justice

Bob Woffinden's article on the case of Patrick McLaughlin focuses on two areas for concern which repeatedly feature in miscarriages of justice: the handling of forensic evidence: and the role of the Appeal Court.

The misuse of forensic evidence is cause for concern to forensic scientists themselves, as amply documented in the Fabian pamphlet *Criminal Trials: The Search for Truth.* Amomg our proposals were the creation of an Office of the Public Defender to act on behalf of the unknown defendant and collect forensic evidence before an arrest. And we advocated much stricter procedures for collecting forensic evidence to avoid mistakes which happened in the past.

But even more important is the way forensic evidence is handled in court. The British adversarial system is not designed to deal with the complexities of forensic evidence, when the presentational skills of the witness may count for far more than the correctness of the case.

Our proposals were drawn up by Tom Sargant and Peter Hill, whose work in BBC-TV's *Rough Justice* did so much to record and rectify miscarriages of justice. Their conclusion that we have a "timid system which is full of hazards and uncertainties and appeal system which is capable of rectifying only a small proportion of . . . miscarriages of justice" is reinforced by the McLaughlin case.

John Willman
Fabian Society

Gagging the NHS

As a National Health Service consultant who has personal experience of attempted gagging I read Jeremy Laurance's article "Silencing the NHS" *(NSS,* 10 June) with great interest. In fact, doctors have a right to free speech enshrined in the Whitley Council Terms and Conditions of Service. I refer to paragraph 330 which reads: "A practitioner shall be free, without the prior consent of the employing authority to publish books, articles etc. and to deliver any lecture or speech whether on matters arising from his hospital service or not."

It is unfortunate that Mr Laurance's first two examples of attempted gagging refer to community physicians. These are doctors who do not treat patients but who are involved with the epidemology and planning of health services. In consequence their work is linked inextricably with the new breed of NHS administrators (or managers as they fancifully prefer to be known). As such it may be that community physicians sign a waiver in their contract binding them to a sort of collective responsibility with the health authority.

The specific right of free speech as referred to in paragraph 330 is essential. I would remind my colleagues and the administrators that without this right of free speech doctors cannot serve their patients.

Richard Warren FRCS
St. Stephens Hospital

Peter Schrank

The point

Sarah Benton's perceptive "What's the point" *(NSS,* 10 June) refers to "a collection of individualists (witness Ken Livingstone and Tam Dalyell)". It's not for want of trying on my part that the leadership has not been more involved on not-so complex issues such as Prime Ministerial deceit of the Commons over Westlands.

Tam Dalyell
House of Commons

Whoopee!

I like it! I like it! I'm glad to see that all the competitions have been retained, and "This England". However, and perhaps more to the point, the whole magazine looks more inviting and interesting. May I hope that there will be a scattering of poetry in future issues?

Katie Mallett
Canvey Island, Essex

Abusing children

While I agree wholeheartedly with much of the article about the Cleveland decisions on child sexual abuse (Frontlines, *NSS,* 10 June), and the difficulties involved, what everyone overlooks, in spite of the vast literature and research, is the damage to the child by his/her removal from the family home. After all, there are deep ties to the mother in most young children however much complicity, conscious or unconscious, there may have been on her part.

In this, as in adolescent problems, it is essential to work within the family home, rather than whisk children away to "safety". Again, there is much literature and research on the emotional poverty of those brought up in institutions or deprived of their mothers, however "bad". Much more attention needs to be paid to family support. Why should the child be "punished" by being removed? (Which is the only way he/she will see it.) Unfortunately, one wants that parent, however bad, cruel or problematical.

This is what needs attending to rather than the illusion of "knights in shining armour" rescuing the child from danger. The danger is as much emotional as physical, and the guilt set up in a child whose revelations cause punishment or removal of

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either themselves or their father, or uncle, or whoever, is as damaging as any of the other aspects.

With all their presumed psychological training, it is in this the social worker shows the greatest insensitivity. We need to think of family support systems of a very real kind. The child need not be whisked away in such a traumatic fashion. This is what we need to look at. I feel the article overlooked this important — the most important aspect — entirely.

Sigrid Rabiger
London NW11

Abusing parents

How nice to learn that your first-footing writer has a leaked copy of the Butler-Sloss report (Frontlines, *NSS*, 10 June) and, joy of joys, the Cleveland doctors are justified. Justified, no doubt, in breaking up families on the basis of a single improbable test. Justified in thrusting their way into hospital wards at two in the morning and waking up distraught children in order to interfere with their bottoms. Justified in believing in the Old Wives' Tale of anal dilatation — I know of one GP (not my own) who on that basis alone thinks that 40 per cent of his female patients practice coitus in recto.

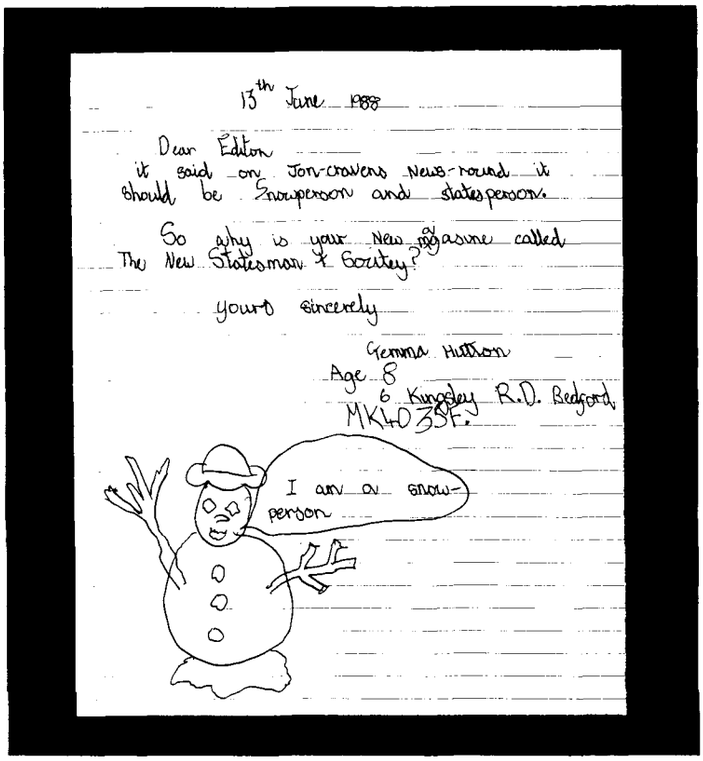
But let us be grateful to your columnist for the insight he has given us into working-class life. Not only do they keep coals in the bath — they bugger their children, too. And yet people are seriously talking about giving them the vote.

I used to read a publication that had many bad moments but at least had given the impression that the people were there to be served and worked for. On those rare occasions when it had something to say, I would buy another publication whose main purpose seemed to be to sell job advertising for social workers, and whose attitude to the people seemed to be exactly the same as that of the colon bacillus.

Now they have merged, and it's obvious which has come out on top.

Terry O'Sullivan
London N8

The author writes: If Mr O'Sullivan can bring himself to re-read my story he will find that I drew a sharp distinction between the "medicine" and the "management". I understand that the Butler Sloss report will confirm the validity of reflex anal dilatation as one sign, among many others, of sex abuse and that the two doctors got most of their diagnoses right. But it is expected to criticise severely the way cases were handled — by the doctors, social workers and others — for the sorts of reasons by Ms Rabiger.



Racism in parliament

Your report (Frontlines, *NSS*, 17 June) on "Dishonourable gentlemen" quotes the black London MP, Bernie Grant, as saying: "If I'm an elected member of parliament and get treated like that, then what chance has an ordinary black member of the public got?"

As one of the ordinary black members of the public who has entered Westminster, anxiety, uncertainty, unfamiliarity and, above all hostility, have been infused into my mind by the most constantly unwelcoming attitude and practice of those guarding the building, where the representatives of the people (including mine) are supposed to be.

However abusive the reportedly heavy number of letters received by Mr Grant following his complaint, the point is that unless the ordinary members of the public are very urgently warned about the quite possible discrediting of the idea of a parliamentary system, the time may soon come when Mrs Thatcher will be able to claim justification for further measures to curb the freedom of movement by elected MPs and their constituents.

But what about the black MPs backing Mr Grant? Why is it that you were not able to report on anything that they, together, might have been doing to ensure that Mr Grant did get the apology that he deserves?

Muhammad Haque
London E1

Sexual liberties

Our school library, like many others in the country, subscribes to your magazine for its political insights and irreverence—as a balance to other more conservative/Conservative periodicals.

I was therefore disgusted and shocked to have pointed out to me your article "Ghost riders in the sky" (*NSS*, 10 June). This pornography I expect in the tabloids but *not* in a serious periodical. The worrying aspect that it exists, I accept: but I cannot allow such reporting in an 11-18 library in a school.

D. Meek
Richmond School

Ghost riders

The article "Ghost riders in the sky" (*NSS*, 10 June) confirms the morbid association made by men between sexual conquest and victory (by killing). The dual meaning of "scoring" is demonstrated by the coital success gestures made by those who score goals or take wickets.

Michael O'Ryan
Prescot

Reasons for leaving

Andrew Garfield (Frontlines, *NSS*, 10 June) said that David Martin (Leader of the British Labour Euro MPs at the time of the article, but since defeated by Barry Seal) ousted me as leader barely a year ago.

This is not the case. After being leader for two years, the second year re-elected unopposed, I decided for a number of reasons not to stand for re-election.

Alf Lomas, MEP
Stratford

Subverting death

In his review of *Tumbledown* (*NS*, 3 June), W. Stephen Gilbert quotes approvingly the contention of Charles Wood that soldiering smacks of murder and that most dramatists are subversive (Aeschylus? Shakespeare? Chekhov?).

Mr Gilbert's own wish to subvert or overturn what is perceived to be reality is itself burdened by unreality. He describes the Falklands War as "the invasion of the Malvinas by Thatcher's troops": omitted is the fact that the British government offered to cede titular sovereignty of the islands to the UN in order to avoid war, an offer rejected by Argentina.

He states that Ian Curteis, whose *Falklands Play* was commissioned by the BBC Director General, Alasdair Milne, and then cancelled, "has pursued a lucrative career as an all-purpose lobbyist for reactionary media causes in the Tory press ever since." In fact, Mr Curteis has confined his "lobbying" almost entirely to the subject of why his play was cancelled, mainly in the Letters columns of the press, which is unpaid.

M R Meadmore
London W12

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STAND

Versions of paradise

Ann Oakley

When Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* first appeared on the British stage in 1955, audiences and critics had a hard time considering it as anything more than merely absurd. A philosophical doctrine to the French — the Theatre of the Absurd enacted a particular epistemology of the universe — was regarded by the British as nothing more (or less) than abstract empiricism. The two tramps Estragon and Vladimir, with their predicament of perpetual waiting, were simply a couple of unfortunate fools. It was, and is, much more disquieting to realise that this very inability to translate intention into action affects all of us from time to time.

Not Mrs T, however. I wonder if Mrs T has seen *Waiting for Godot*? It isn't difficult to imagine some of her reactions to its unemployed heroes. A little bit more moral responsibility there (not, of course, to mention a job or two) would help.

Fairly near the beginning of the play, Vladimir reflects on that idiosyncracy of history, whereby one person's account of it is usually not the same as another's. Referring to the four Evangelists' different descriptions of the crucifixion, Vladimir puzzles about where the truth really lies. What really happened to the thieves who were crucified with Jesus? Estragon eventually replies, "They don't agree, and that's all there is to it."

Estragon is right, of course. One man's truth is another man's lies. (I'll leave women out of it for the time being.) *This* philosophical doctrine — of relative truth — is part of both the literary and the sociological imagination, but much less often inhabits the political world, where it would seem that the necessary commitment to orthodoxy (of whatever kind) inclines people to favour one truth above others, one solution, one version of paradise, above the rest.

This rigidity is one of the factors that lies behind the amazing representation of Christianity in Mrs T's recent speech to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Christianity is about the spirit, not about the body. So long as one believes in spiritual redemption, the fate of the body is irrelevant — all bodies can become Estragons and Vladimirs, corrosively believing in the never-to-materialise-paradise in which Godot will one day come. Unhappily for all tramps and others, according to Mrs T, Godot's in heaven, not on earth.

One paradise can be used as an excuse for another. The main difference between paradises espoused by religion and those generated by political orthodoxies is that they are inclined to fall either side of the mind-body divide. Politics appears to be more about the fate of the body, and left-wing politics is more about this than the politics of the right — and not only because it's more interested in health care for all by the year 2000. Is this because there's more religion in the Conservative party? Not all socialists are atheists, however. Take R. H. Tawney whom I remember from my childhood as a most acerbic scented gentleman, blowing coltsfoot tobacco and words of wisdom over everyone. God was important to Tawney. He believed that people need the moral order provided by Christianity for social reasons. In his Commonplace Book he complained: "Most modern prophets, Utopists, sociologists . . . never tell us *why* we regard the present social order with disapproval . . . They do not offer us any certainty that when we have cured poverty we shall be better pleased with ourselves."

To some of us it seems obvious that social equity brings moral contentment. I suspect it was obvious to Tawney, too, it was just that his Protestant upbringing made him think there must be more to life than this—not in order, like Mrs T, to justify making life as minimal as possible for the majority—but because, if God is true, then paradise ought to be part of the human condition on earth as well as afterwards.

If God is true, then paradise ought to be part of the human condition on earth

Despite our newly sophisticated awareness of cultural and other relativisms, we still, like Tawney, hold other people's paradises up to the light and find holes in them. We want the right answer *now*. In this connection, I received an extraordinary postcard recently from the USSR. It came from a person called Professor M. G. Voronkov, Director of the Institute of Organic Chemistry (Siberian Division). The postcard asks for a reprint of my article entitled "A Role for Aluminium, Silicon and Iron in the Genesis of Selenide". Clearly, there must be another A. Oakley around whose preoccupations are more superficially scientific than mine. The postcard request worried me nonetheless, as I find the spectre of this person in the Siberian Division of this Institute of Organic Chemistry thinking I'm going to provide him with some biochemical answers to an existential problem quite anxiety-creating. Does he [?] really think I'm the answer to his problems? Who told him I was? Perhaps I've really written a paper on metallic contributions to old age, but I've forgotten, distracted by more recent preoccupations such as attending parties to celebrate the end of one magazine and the birth of another.

While I'm on that topic, may I say that I do wish the new venture well, but I cherish paradise lost somewhat, as I was brought up on the utopias of *New Society* with, and without, the capital letters. Paul Barker, one-time editor of *New Society*, published my first critique of the old order back in 1970, before I got properly stuck into all this feminist and other nonsense — it's all his fault, really. More recently, the strains of issuing a "Personal View" have been telling, and I can't say I'm much happier with Stand (nor, I'll say it once and never again, with the essential sexism of the magazine's title).

In his *Pluto's Republic*, Peter Medawar makes the pertinent observation that, until people realised the world might be more or less eternal, all utopias were contemporary societies. They weren't located in the future, because no-one believed there would be one. Time was running out, and the need for utopia in the present all the more urgent. All such utopias were in this sense political, rather than religious, being concerned with the human condition now. Then Science arrived with a capital S, and the consequent excavations of human inventiveness both created and depended on the notion that all things were possible.

They aren't any longer. Newton wouldn't get his theory of gravity accepted in a scientific journal today—so unimaginative and impossible has science become that no paper based on a single, uncontrolled observation would ever make it through what is euphemistically called the peer review process. Some things get better, others don't. Progress isn't inevitable. Paradises change. And most of us continue to pursue the one true solution, while clinging to the contradictory desire to see all possible solutions poised on the horizon, filling the sky with promisory light as in *Waiting for Godot*.

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NHS

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The Power of the Watch

Neighbourhood watch schemes, writes Judy Hirst, raise serious problems about policing and the ideology of "community".

Do neighbourhood watch schemes cut crime? According to many US criminologists, the answer is a resounding no. Delegates to a 1986 Home Office conference on Communities and Crime Reduction sat open-jawed as North American academics told them: neighbourhood watch — forget it! "Watch-type programmes have been oversold" according to Chicago Professor of Criminal Justice, Dennis Rosenbaum. His findings show that crime levels, and fear about crime, can even *increase* in areas where watches are introduced.

The news has produced a "we told you so" response from right and left alike. The hang 'em and flog 'em brigade say it goes to show that namby pamby community policing methods don't work and that central government should pay the Force what it needs to get on with the job. For radical criminologists the findings prove what they have long suspected: neighbourhood watch is at best a white elephant, and at worst a stalking horse for reactionary Tory ideas about policing.

The Home Office took two years to publish the proceedings of its conference. Neither did it rush to advertise the results of a 1985-6 home-grown inquiry, led by Cambridge University crime expert, Dr Trevor Bennett. "If neighbourhood watch is having an effect, it's on the residents not the criminals," said Dr Bennett.

The Association of Chief Police Officers was warned in early 1987 about the schemes' poor results at a confidential seminar at Bramshill police college. Meanwhile, a March 1988 Home Office survey into neighbourhood watches in England and Wales sidestepped the issue of their impact on crime levels altogether.

The lack of evidence on this front is recognised by the larger insurance companies who do not offer special deals to watch members. As Legal and General's marketing manager, Gerald Eaton, says: "We've seen no data which shows why we should."

But can nearly half a decade of watch schemes be dismissed so lightly? There are now over 50,000 schemes running, involving three million households. Although membership of a scheme often amounts to little more than putting a sticker in your window, the police have scored a considerable PR success. Scotland Yard's Crime Prevention Branch is unperturbed at the research. Chief Inspector John Russell sees the watches as consciousness raising exercises: people take their thoughts with them, he says, from the home into the wider community.

This is also what interests the Home Office, according to its Head of Research, Mary Tuck. Neighbourhood watch is about "participatory democracy" — a "bubble up" as opposed to "top down" concept. "We offer the menus for crime prevention," she stresses, "but it's up to the community to decide."

All this talk about "community" could easily be dismissed as *ad hoc* justification — an attempt to deflect attention from the schemes' evident failure to bring down crime. But that would be a mistake.

To see why we, have to go right back to September 1983 when the watch schemes were officially launched here by Sir Kenneth Newman, the Met's Commissioner. He was quite explicit about the real aims of the experiment. Drawing on his extensive experience of counter-insurgency work in Northern Ireland, Newman saw the schemes as an important means of low-level intelligence gathering; as he put it, they were to be the "eyes and ears" of the police. Alongside other features of multi-agency or corporate policing — such as increased cooperation between police, local authorities and the voluntary sector — neighbourhood watches were designed to address the new policing problems thrown up by the inner-city riots of the early eighties.

British law enforcement agencies reacted to the unprecedented breakdown in social cohesion and consensus with a mixture of "reactive" and "proactive" techniques. Alongside the new militarised, hard-line public order policing, an ideological offensive was launched. It was an attempt to win the hearts and minds of the decent, law-abiding "community",

the better to isolate black youth and other anti-police elements.

The way multi-agency community policing works on the ground can be seen in Newham, the home of the London Association of Neighbourhood Watches (LAW). The Manpower Services Commission pays for offices, and two full-time workers to run the schemes; the probation service supplies community offenders to do the decorating; the local press provides a free "watch" column every week; local businesspeople, the council, MPs — and of course the police — all lend their support.

In a borough where police-community tension is running high, overall crime levels are soaring, and the rate of racist attacks is the highest in London, the police need all the friends they can get. "We do the work the police don't have time for," says LAW's chair, Alan Blows, a former small businessman and son of a docks copper. This includes a lot a community work with the elderly and "helping the police calm things down". When three Tamils died in an arson attack, the watch committee organised door-to-door leafletting on behalf of the police.

But the scheme's attitudes towards the issues of race and crime seem ambivalent. According to the Newham Monitoring Project, the watch's sense of public responsibility did not extend to another black family whose appeals for help after a firebombing were ignored by the watch. Newham's watch organisers insist they are "colour blind", but in practice their activities reinforce the prejudices on which racism feeds. Echoing the offical police line that many supposedly racist attacks are "inter–

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tribal", local watch co-ordinators accuse anti-racist groups of stirring up trouble. Watch newsletters prey on fears about violent crime, whilst singing the praises of the local force. "We don't mind being called grasses and spies," says Alan Blows, "if it stops an old lady getting mugged."

As early as 1984, NACRO's Safe Neighbourhoods Unit argued that there was a danger that watch schemes could *exacerbate* ethnic and other conflicts in the inner cities. Many of these doubts have now been confirmed. Evidence has come to light of National Front involvement in neighbourhood watch schemes, for example, in Hackney; the council's police committee also claims that watches are used to gather intelligence for drugs raids on black clubs.

In Wolverhampton local crime prevention officers asked neighbourhood watches to look out for "sightings of coloureds and their vehicle numbers"; similar practices have been recommended by police in middle-class areas like Dulwich and Hampstead Garden Suburb. In Edinburgh the neighbourhood watch movement has spawned a sinister group called "The Night Watch", whose "Yeomen" patrol the streets in white smocks and helmets.

The news that far-right elements are using the watches to peddle their views has posed a dilemma for many left-wing local authorities, since it raises difficult questions about the "community" that neighbourhood watches are meant to embody. Some authorities have responded by demanding better screening of watch participants, alongside improved lines of communication with the police. Others are scathing about this "new realism", and have rejected "police-led" watches in favour of ones set up by local communities.

Derek Sawyer, chair of the Association of London Authorities' police committee, has recently claimed that the left has won the arguments over consultation, arguing that the *glasnost* between local authorities and the police has begun. But it is by no means clear that community policing is historically a response to the campaign for greater police accountability. Apart from Kenneth Newman's "eyes and ears" speech, the police and government have always been several steps *ahead* of radical police committees. "Community reconstruction" has been a buzz-word at the Home Office for years.

Instead of challenging official rhetoric about "community" — which the real experience of neighbourhood watch shows to be so bogus — police committees have limited themselves to asking whether there is proper representation of blacks, single parents and gays.

By doing so they haven't asked whether neighbourhood watch might have nothing to do with police accountability at all. They have taken at face value the stated aim of defeating the opportunist burglar. But there is a more sinister interpretation. The government has already succeeded in portraying most social problems — unemployment, housing, education — as private concerns, resolvable by the individual. Now it looks as if it will succeed in doing the same for crime.

Peter Schrank

"We don't mind being called spies and grasses," says Alan Blows, "if it stops an old lady getting mugged"

The strangest privatisation of all

Vicky Hutchings reports on the dismemberment of the electricity industry

There has been no previous privatisation like it — the strange tale of the electricity industry, which has seen Friends of the Earth in the pro-privatisation camp, the anti-nuclear National Union of Mineworkers forging links with the pro-nuclear Electricians' Union in the anti-privatisation camp, and screams of rage from the radical right because the government isn't allowing the free market to destroy the nuclear industry.

The most ironic part of it all is that the break up the industry isn't particularly a top priority for the government, which would be quite happy to transfer the whole outfit into private hands, grab the money and run, while making the right noises about creating a suitable environment for future competition. That's what they did with Telecom and British Gas, but this time they are having to go further—breaking up the Central Electricity Generating Board into two new companies (Big G and Little G) in the vague hope they will compete with each other and damp down criticism from the right. But this leaves the problem of the nuclear industry which is inherently difficult to fit into any free-market scenario. It is the break-up of the pro-nuclear CEGB under Sir Walter Marshall and the exposure of nuclear power to the market that has proved so seductive and confusing to the left.

Although the CEGB recently announced schemes to build three new coal-fired power stations there has been no jubilation in the NUM. One station, at West Burton, is right in the centre of UDM (Union of Democratic Mineworkers) territory, while the other two (at Fawley, Southampton and Kingsnorth, Kent) are on the coast, at prime sites for imports. The new stations, which are planned to come on stream a few years after privatisation, will allow the new industry to use cheaper coal from abroad and from non-NUM pits, and shut down some of the other, more "uneconomic" pits.

The government's two White Papers on privatisation, aside from providing some entertainment value ("The government is determined that public confidence in the nuclear programme should be maintained...an exceptional safety record..."), go hardly any way to answering some vital questions. How will the added costs of subsidising the nuclear industry be met? How will the industry be regulated? And why has no attempt has been made to detach generation from distribution in Scotland? The government's plans allow consumers and investors in either the North or South of Scotland Electricity Boards to do no more than "compare" electricity prices and "draw the obvious conclusions". Having drawn those conclusions there is nothing more they can do.

The mechanism whereby the 12 area boards in England and Wales, supposedly freed from government intervention, will be forced to buy nuclear will be "the statutory obligation on the distribution companies to contract for a specified minimum proportion of non-fossil-fuelled generating capacity". It is generally thought that this will end up at about 20 per cent and be mostly nuclear, though theoretically some could come from alternative "renewable" sources. Nowhere is it explained whether, as some suspect, the cost of maintaining nuclear generating capacity will be imposed solely on the domestic consumer in order to keep industry happy. And neither is it explained why, in order to "safeguard" supply, expensive nuclear energy should be preferable to expensive coal.

The government hopes that only light regulation of the new, privatised industry will be necessary. But one free market champion, Dr Dieter Helm of the London Business School, is pessimistic. He says that in the first place, the industry is not being broken up enough, since the area boards will own the grid—rather than having it hived off. This, he says, will create a possible conflict of interest when some boards start to generate their own electricity. Second, protection of the nuclear industry will distort the market and force prices up. And, third, the government's formula for fixing electricity prices (Retail Price Index minus *x*) will, in effect, differ little from the "rate of return" regula-

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tion used in the USA whereby prices are fixed to allow a "just and reasonable" return on capital. How, he asks, will *x* be fixed? The government will find, he says, that the apparent simplicity of its proposed formula is largely illusory, and will be forced in the long run towards the kind of detailed approach to monopoly regulation found in the USA. But in a study of American utilities the Electrical Power Engineers' Association asked both the utilities and the regulating bodies (the Public Service Commissions) it met what they thought of the British plan to create large-scale competition in generation—their unanimous answer was that it was "an interesting theory, which is precisely what it should remain".

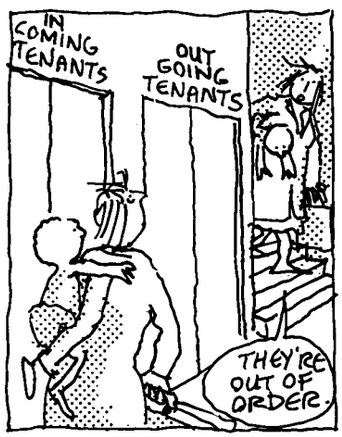
Lately there has been a lot of interest in how things are done in America—where 78 per cent of electrical generating capacity is produced by investor-owned monopolies. Last year, the Association for the Conservation of Energy also went to America and came up with an interesting fact: the greater the regulation, the more successful the utility, and the cheaper the electricity. Strong regulation has killed off numerous potential disasters before they got off the drawing board—and before the financial results got passed on to the unlucky investors and consumers. Utilities in 29 states are now required by law to present detailed plans to the regulators showing projected demand and that all options, including conservation, have been pursued to achieve least-cost planning and protect consumers and investors alike. Public hearings provide the final check and allow the public access and input to the decision making. No new nuclear power stations have been ordered in the USA since 1978.

American consumers, unlike their UK counterparts, have a tradition of high-profile and vociferous input into the system, and are protected by a strong regulatory framework which exists in part to look after their interests as well as the producers. Here, the Electricity Consumers' Council is calling for similar protection to be given to electricity consumers. In the year following the British Gas privatisation, disconnections rose by an unprecedented 35 per cent. The ECC is concerned that the 90,000 disconnections for non-payment of electricity bills last year should not similarly escalate.

There is a lot wrong with what we now have—a state-owned monopoly, headed by a megalomaniac empire builder, which is destroying the forests and lakes of Scandinavia with acid rain, is making the Irish Sea unacceptably radioactive, and doesn't even provide a decent standard of customer service. After privatisation the choice before us seems to be a more (good) or less (bad) regulated version of what we have already. The only difference is that the money will be going into private hands rather than the state's. ●

Avoidable voids

The government has been blaming homelessness on local councils who keep their property empty. Jolyon Jenkins looks at the figures.



Nigel Paige

One of Thatcherism's central tenets—Whatever Goes Wrong It's All Your Fault—is being extended to the problem of homelessness, to judge by recent ministerial and backbench statements. Over the last month the government has become increasingly keen on linking the number of homeless families with the number of empty council properties.

There is an uncomfortable correlation between the figures. There are 20,000 empty properties (or "voids") in London, and 19,000 homeless families in temporary accommodation (about half of them in bed and breakfasts). England has 109,000 voids and 110,000 homeless families. In an Opposition housing debate on 23 May, William Waldegrave made great play of these parallels. If Southwark council could reduce the time it took to re-let its properties from 24 weeks to the national average (13.6), he said, it could house all its 1,800 families now in bed and breakfasts.

The argument draws several standard responses. One is to argue that the private sector has 570,000 empties—4.1 per cent of all its properties—compared with just 2.5 per cent of local authority stock. (Housing associations, often held up by the government as models of good management, have 2.7 per cent unoccupied.) Central government keeps an astonishing 6.9 per cent of its property empty. Another response is to argue that while the proportion of council voids has remained virtually constant since 1979, homelessness has doubled—so it can hardly be a matter of cause and effect. A third is to point out that the homelessness figures refer only to families, and ignore the single homeless who have no legal entitlement to housing. National figures are hard to come by, but the London Housing Unit estimated last year that there were 64,500 homeless single people in the capital alone (sleeping rough, squatting, in short-life property, in hostels, in night-shelters and in bed and breakfast hotels). Many of the council properties listed as empty actually house London's estimated 30,000 squatters.

There is still a case for some councils—mostly Labour ones—to answer. The main reason why some councils take a long time to turn round their empty properties is that re-letting a property can involve several different departments (for example: allocations, accounts, repairs, building works, caretakers and environmental health) which are mostly managed from the town hall rather than on site. Experience shows that it speeds things up dramatically if you give most of these functions to local estate-based management. When this was done to a number of hard-to-let estates across the country by the Priority Estates Project (PEP) turnaround time was cut from 14 weeks to 4.5 weeks—far better than the national average of 13.6 weeks. The proportion of voids fell from 4.9 per cent to 2.5 per cent—the national average.

Waldegrave has homed in on the virtues of good management, and likes to cite a 1986 report by the Audit Commission, *Managing the Crisis in Council Housing*, which calculated that a national reduction in turnaround time of 2.5 weeks would free an extra 20,000 properties. But this seems unlikely. First, the Commission seems to have assumed a linear relationship between turnaround time and the percentage of voids, whereas the experience of PEP is that you need to cut turnaround by a large percentage to get even a small percentage improvement in total occupancy. (Even though PEP cut turnaround time to a third of the national average, they could not better the national average for occupancy.) Second, an average *national* cut of 2.5 weeks would be harder than it sounds, given that some councils take less than that time to relet their properties anyway. And third, even if you could arrange a 2.5 week national reduction, you would get diminishing returns with each successive cut because it always takes *some* time to relet a property: homelessness would be reduced, but not by much.

Although local management is undoubtedly a good thing and still too rare, there are other factors involved — especially councils' inability to pay for major repairs. (The Audit Commission report estimated that 85 per cent of council dwellings needed repairs and improvements costing an average of £5,000 each—£19 billion in total.) Last week Nicholas Ridley announced that selected local authorities would be allowed to spend a further £21.1 million of their own money to bring empty council housing back into use. This is 0.1 per cent of the Audit Commission's estimate of what was needed. But even here, local authorities are not blameless. Although they are free to spend on repairs all the money they get from property sales, not all do so.

Blaming homelessness *entirely* on Labour councils is manifestly unfair. But the government has another card ready to play: it appears to be planning to redefine homelessness as "rooflessness"—a modest proposal which would eradicate homelessness among families at a stroke. Instead of it being all the fault of councils, it would become the fault of the families themselves. Anybody's fault, in fact, but the government's. ●

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CRE plodders make progress — slowly

There is no real drama to be found in the annual report published by the Commission for Racial Equality this week — the tenth since the creation of the CRE and the 1976 Race Relations Act — only the same inexorable story of persistent racial inequalities in almost every walk of life. As the report says: "Racial discrimination is widespread and deep-rooted".

But although it feels like a very old ritualistic song that will be played once a year for decades to come, neither the issues tackled by the CRE nor the environment in which they work have been static or predictable. been static or predictable.

The new chairman of the CRE, Michael Day (a former probation officer), recognised this when, presenting the report, he spoke of the importance of the Commission's work in an "increasingly competitive society".

He was also concerned that the government crusade to regenerate the inner cities — a "commitment to be welcomed" — would exacerbate rather than ameliorate the living and working conditions of ethnic minorities living in those areas.

The urban redevelopment programme was responsible for greater disadvantage for ethnic minorities, he said, and warned that this could lead to the kind of street trouble of the past. He added that without a commitment to change these realities, "We do not deserve to avoid trouble in the future.

That is, unless serious and active steps were taken to ensure that the rights of these groups were being protected, not just by CRE, but by everyone involved — particularly central government. The Commission, Day announced, was going to continue to be "tenacious", in pushing for greater commitment to produce outcomes — the theme of the 1986 annual report.

In some ways the report undersells the CRE's achievements this year, particularly the way in which it has triggered off anxieties in areas which tended to produce indifference or complacency. "Domestic" investigations like the one into St George's Medical School, London, which was shown to be discriminating against ethnic minority students, have resulted in discussions on the need to examine practices within further and higher education as a whole. The housing bill, which was causing such concern about the potential for increased racial discrimination, is to have an amendment to allow for a statutory code of practice. The excellent reports, *Living in Terror and Learning in Terror* — disturbing studies of harassment in housing and education — are having an enormous effect on policy and practice.

But the general impression the Commission gives is one of plodding along — a strategy that Day believes has its uses. But he accepts that what is occasionally needed is a more assertive, self-assured body fighting for social justice against many odds. *Yasmin Alibhai*

Government plans to curb drinking

Concern over violent English football hooligans in Germany has pushed a little-known ministerial committee co-ordinating policy on drinking to the centre of the political stage.

With pressure on the FA to take draconian measures against drunk fans (who are claimed to be involved in 90 per cent of violent incidents), Whitehall can scarcely avoid taking action of its own. But the government is resisting the suggestion that it should reverse its liberalisation of drinking laws and impose big tax increases on alcohol. Instead, the committee, chaired by John Wakeham is considering a battery of lesser measures, including:

- A code of practice to discourage drinking at work — with civil servants giving a lead by cutting down on lunchtime drinking.
- Introduction of a sliding tax scale related directly to the strength of alcohol being sold, so that the diluted Spritzer (wine and soda) works out cheaper than a wine by itself.
- A new look at drink advertisers' codes to check on humorous advertisements which get away with almost anything because they are funny.
- Health warnings on bottles, cans and wine boxes drawing attention to the strength of the alcohol in the containers.
- Advice to the BBC and IBA to avoid implying that drinking is a part of life for everyone.

Wakeham is moving cautiously on advertising. Brewers and drink firms are trying to convince him that advertising is less about increasing the total consumption than about getting customers to switch brands. They say the advertising actually urges switching to the lighter beers.

David Owen has called for the Medicines Act to be applied to alcohol, and a committee set up to advise on the health risks of drink. Wakeham says he is ready to look at the idea, but is not convinced. *John Lewis*

Needle exchange schemes working

Drug abusers who use "needle exchange" schemes switch to safer behaviour and don't increase their drug intake. The news is likely put pressure on the government to set up more such schemes to counter the spread of Aids.

The government has always found it hard to swallow the idea that drug users should be supplied with sterile injecting equipment and condoms because of the old argument that it amounts to "courting immoral behaviour".

But last year it agreed to set up 15 pilot needle exchange schemes throughout the country, after Glasgow GP Roy Robertson reported that half the heroin addicts on his list were HIV positive.

At last week's Aids conference in Stockholm, Gerry Stimson, a sociologist from Goldsmith's College, London, reported that addicts who used one clinic had cut down on needle sharing. "When we asked drug users shortly after they joined about their drug use behaviour in the past four years, 35 per cent said they had either lent or borrowed equipment. Three months later only 25 per cent were doing so."

Ernst Buning, from the Amsterdam needle exchange, told the conference that drug users reported no increase in drug use once they had started obtaining sterile equipment from the exchange.

Kate de Selincourt

WELFARE WATCH

Community care grants are running far below their proper levels

Betty G has been on income support since her husband left her in January. Although the home was tied to his job, she was allowed to stay until last month when she was offered a council house. She applied for a community care grant (CCG) from the social fund to pay for removal expenses, a cooker and other essential items.

According for the social fund manual, a CCG can be awarded for removal and furniture following the breakdown of a marriage, but only if the couple and their children had been together immediately before the application — or, if there are no chil dren, the relationship ended rec ently. Mrs G was expecting her first child when her husband left, and the social und officer decided that, as four months had elapsed since then, his departure was no longer "recent". He therefore turned down the application for a grant and offered a loan instead. So far, Mrs G has not accepted it, but in the end she may have no alternative.

Miriam is a single parent with a child of 18 months. Since the child was born she has lived in bed-and-breakfast accommodation. Recently she acquired the tenancy of a council flat, but had no furniture. Like Betty G, she applied for CCG.

The manual says that CCGs can be awarded to families needing to move house in certain circumstances: for instance if the home is structurally unsafe, insanitary, or "particularly overcrowded". Miriam's "home" was structurally sound and only slightly overcrowded. So, like Betty, she was offered a loan which she reluctantly accepted, though it means that £8 a week will be knocked off her benefit for the next ten months to repay it.

Figures placed in the House of Commons library last week confirm that SFOs are spending only a fraction of the money allocated to them for CCGs (there are separate budgets for loans). to reach the target set by the manual — "to approach the year's budget as closely as possible without exceeding it" — roughly 8 per cent of the annual budget would need to spent each month.

Only a handful of offices came anywhere near this in May. Most spent less than 2 per cent of their annual budget. Three London offices — Orpington, Sutton and Woodgrange Park — had not awarded a single CCG by the end of May. In Scotland, the Parkland (Glasgow) office, with a budget of over 400,000 for the year, spent only 1,190 in May, turning down 22 out of 27 applications.

Even when spending was near the 8 per cent target, the *number* of grants was tiny compared with the number of single payments that DHSS offices were making before April. Swansea, for example, spent 7,925 on 43 CCGs, an average of 417 each, while Barnet almost reached its target for the month with only two awards totalling 3,230.

It is obvious from such figures that CCG budgets are too low. Unless take-up improves dramatically, they are likely to be a good deal lower next year. *Tony Lynes*

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DATABASE

Foreign takeovers

When Lord Young announced that Nestle's £2.1 billion takeover bid for Rowntree would not be referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission (MMC), commentators on all sides expressed concern that this meant British companies would now be open to takeovers by foreign competitors that were themselves bid-proof.

But despite the rhetoric, takeover bids in general seem to be no less regulated than in the past. The number of referrals to the MMC by the Department of Trade and its predecessors over the past two decades (home and foreign) has actually increased. Even in today's supposedly free-market non-interventionist climate there has been no real change in the proportion of mergers which the MMC has either prevented or approved.

About one in every seven workers (13.6 per cent) in UK manufacturing industry was employed in firms owned by foreign multinationals in 1985. This proportion was almost exactly the same as in 1978, when 13.5 per cent of the workforce worked for foreign companies. In 1985 the largest shares of British workers employed by foreign companies were held by the United States, which employed 61.4 per cent of them, and Canada, with 9.2 per cent. The largest employer from the European Community was the Netherlands, with a 4.4 per cent share.

Japanese investment in Britain has grown rapidly since 1985. The number of Japanese companies with manufacturing plants in the UK is now 82, compared with 31 in 1985.

But, according to the July issue of *Labour Research*, the workforce of the 30 largest foreign multinationals operating in Britain has declined far more since 1979 than the general drop in their worldwide workforce.

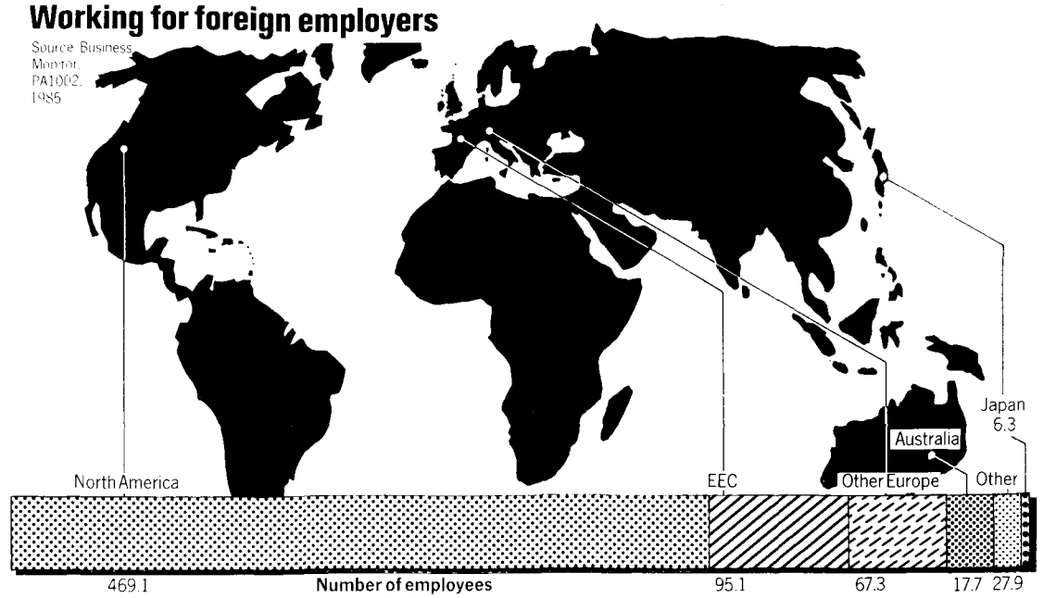
The value of investment in Britain by foreign multinationals was £38 billion at the end of 1984. In the same period, British multinational investment abroad amounted to £79 billion. One third of British overseas investment went to the US while US companies were the main source of foreign investment in Britain, responsible for about half the total.

From 1984-85, net investment by foreign multinational companies in UK manufacturing industry was about £1 billion. In the non-manufacturing sector in 1985 and 1986 it was about £3 billion.

Shelley Jofre

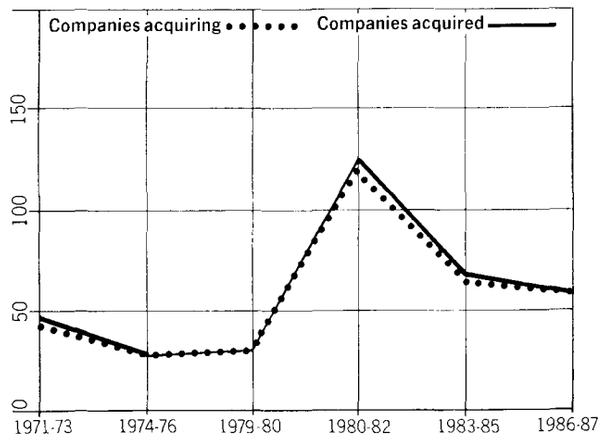
Working for foreign employers

Source: Business Monitor, PA1002, 1985



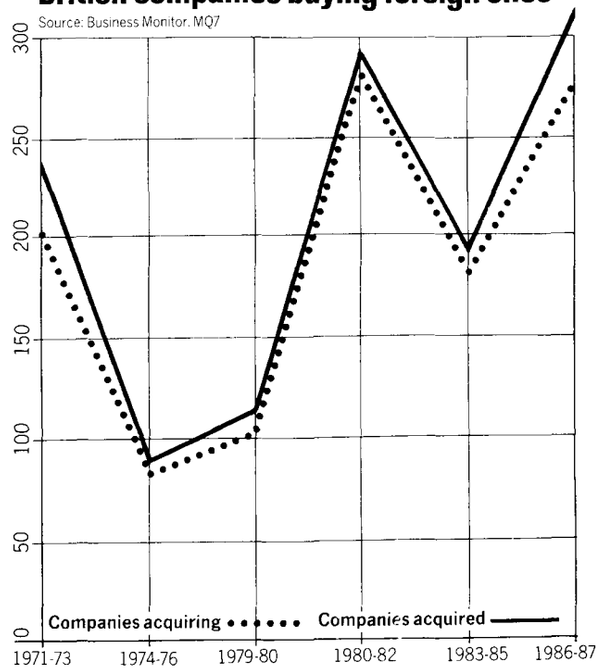
Foreign companies buying British ones

Source: Business Monitor, MQ7



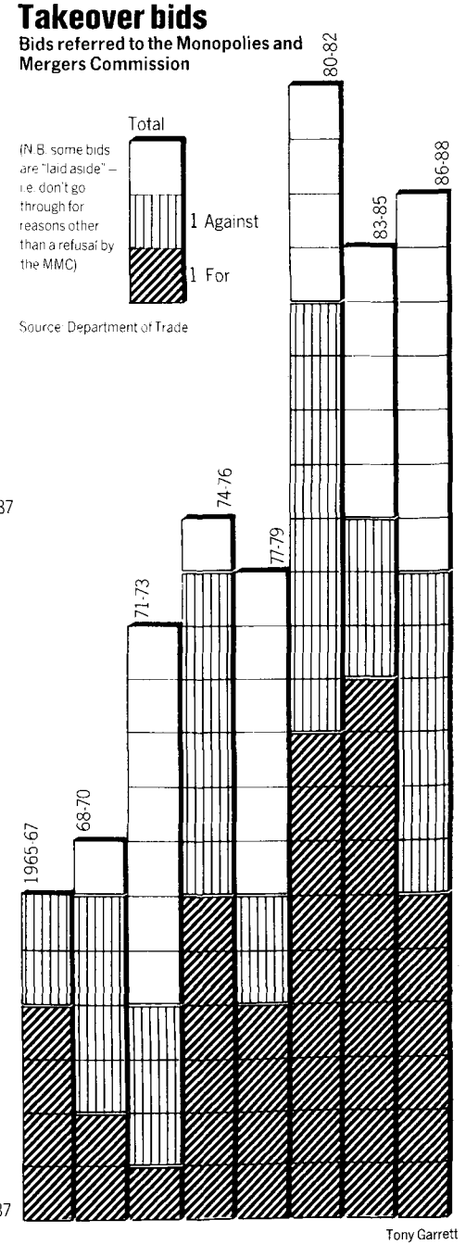
British companies buying foreign ones

Source: Business Monitor, MQ7



Takeover bids

Bids referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission



Source: Department of Trade

Tony Garrett

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INITIATIVES

Computers for psychiatric patients

A pilot project has been challenging prejudices about the jobs former psychiatric patients can do, reports Shelley Jofre

Cliff Harper

Even professionals often assume that ex-psychiatric patients are fit only for basket weaving and assembly line work. Many patients at the Speedwell Day Hospital in Deptford, London, used not to get jobs when their treatment was over —potential employers would say there were no jobs available locally. A team from Guy's hospital and Birkbeck College set up a project at the hospital in January 1986 to do something about this. Dr Angela Summerfield, one of the project directors, pointed out that in 1986 there were 12,000 job vacancies in Britain in information technology.

The trainees for the pilot course, all had a history of mental illness and unemployment. About half were from ethnic minorities and about half had been diagnosed as schizophrenic. Marijke van Beesten, the research officer who runs the project, outlines the type of skills which the trainees learn: "We are teaching them applications which industry really needs. We teach basic wordprocessing, how to use spreadsheets and databases, and try to give them very good keyboard skills." Individual needs are taken into account, so that those who want can advance to programming and graphics. For those who want secretarial work, word processing training will be more intensive.

"This isn't occupational therapy where people are kept busy in the loose hope that this will help them"

Over the 18 months that the pilot scheme was run, 23 patients were enrolled in groups of five to eight and of these, 17 completed the Speedwell part of the course. Trainees then went on to train at a local Information Technology Centre for a further six months. The 60 per cent employment rate of those completing the course was far greater than even the 15 per cent re-employment target estimated by the MSC.

As well as providing patients with skills which will make them attractive to employers, the course also helps to increase their confidence and self-esteem. Maurice Lipsedge, consultant psychiatrist at Guy's and the other project director, says that paid work is in itself very therapeutic: "This isn't occupational therapy where people are kept busy for no financial reward in the sort of loose hope that this will help them."

Chris, whom the staff describe as their best "success story", started work with the Wellcome Foundation last autumn as a computer operator and has already had a pay rise and an extended contract. He says that the basic task in computer training is familiarisation. "Once people get over the initial fear, then most of them take off." Chris feels that the most important skill he had gained from the course was the ability to communicate, "because you *have* to talk whereas before you could do without it".

The trainees are taught social and job-related skills towards the end of the course, including help in areas such as interviews and CVs. Support groups are provided for those in work, to alleviate the stress caused by starting a new job. Brian McGhee, a postgraduate from Ulster currently on placement at the hospital, has been compiling an advice package for the clients who are going on to work. He says: "I can see the value of this course is that it has a real solid base. I think the main thing is self-esteem. Working with computers, even only as a VDU operator, has a lot of prestige attached to it."

Contact: Marijke van Beesten, Speedwell Day Hospital. 01-692 3674

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"Why did Mrs Gatting have to do it? Instead of reciting all that "Stand by Mike" stuff, why couldn't she have just starkly said: "He's going to have to answer a question or two, believe you me?"

Don't get me wrong: I'm all for loyal and forgiving wives but recently the market has become chronicaly over-stocked with them. One get the feeling that there's reservoir of women just itching for their distinguished spouses to get into embarrassing scrapes so that they can leap into their *Vogue* afternoon suits and inform the world that if there's one thing they're good at it's the giving of unquestioning trust.

The wan smile that goes with such statements, though difficult to decode exactly, makes it clear that certain marriage beds are going to be low on the nuptial rights for the next month or two.

When Mary Archer recently went character witness for Jeffrey she performed her role so impressively, that an over-susceptible elderly judge cruelly condemned her to a life free of armpit odours, garlic breath and falling dandruff by describing her as "fragrant"

In criminal clientland, of course, the "stand by him" wife knows her role to perfection. Indeed, where an erring husband is sent down, one of the primary reasons for prison visits is to prove eternal loyalty. So twice every month through the prison gates she click-clacks her high-heeled way, wearing a sharp scnet and a low cut blouse that instantly induces rutting rituals in the ranks of the duty prison officers.

Thereafter the exchanges of devotion that take place in the visiting rooms are as touching as they are unrealistic. Promises, endless promises are made all very much along the same line: "Next time it will all be different, you wait and see."

Just occasionally the promises are accompanied by poems. One armed robber in Wormwood Scrubs showed me some promises he was planning on sending his waiting wife. One started: "When I feel blue I feel you will be true and not do what you shouldn't do." Of course, once released, he went back to treating her with a blend of contempt and indifference. "Remember all the things you wrote and said when you were inside," I once reminded him.

He replied: "What you write and say in prison is what you write and say in prison and that's all there is to it!"

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Researching in schools

In the latest in the Society Today series of interviews with sociological researchers, Pat McNeill talks to Peter Woods of the Open University.

Nigel Paige

Pat McNeill: You have published a great deal of work based on your research in schools, often using the technique of non-participant observation. What does this involve?

Peter Woods: It is important not to exaggerate the difference between participant observation and non-participant observation. As a participant observer, you undertake a role within a group or institution. In the case of a school, for example, you might do some teaching so that you can understand better the mental processes, perspectives and problems faced by a person occupying that role. In non-participant observation, you observe a situation from a detached position which doesn't intrude nor take over any of the roles of the people interacting in that situation. A term often used is a "fly on the wall". The problem with this model is that observers are not flies and, with schools in particular, the observer inevitably influences the interaction to some degree. The non-participant observer doesn't deliberately undertake a role, but may be forced into one. For example, I have recently been researching in primary schools observing a class of seven year olds. It is impossible to sit in a class of seven year olds and not be drawn into their interaction. Young children will respond to you as a teacher, as an adult, as a parent. They are very forthcoming, totally uninhibited, they like having someone else there. They drag you in. It would be counter-productive to the research to resist this. The only way of doing it would be to look through a spyhole, and that's ethically dubious.

"Young children are very forthcoming, totally uninhibited, They like having someone else there. They drag you in."

PM: But aren't teachers uncomfortable about having an outsider in their classroom?

PW: Yes, and that is entirely understandable. But the effect depends on how you go about it. You have to develop a code of ethics and a feeling of mutual trust at an early stage. You have to remove the sense of threat you bring to the situation, the sort of threat that might be felt from inspectors or advisers. You have to reassure them about the purposes of your research, the means you will employ and the uses to which the research will be put. I've never come across a teacher who didn't respond to something which they felt was genuinely in the interests of education. You must convince them of that, and of your credentials as an educational researcher, and provide them with the guarantee of confidentiality.

PM: How does the presence of the researcher affect the children?

PW: That varies by age. I've already referred to what happens with younger children, and how they involve you in their interaction. Older students, by the time they are fourteen or fifteen, don't intrude in the same way as seven year olds when you are observing a classroom, but in other settings they will talk to you about their perspectives and ideas. Occasionally in the classroom they may draw your attention to some aspect of the interaction that illustrates a point they have made outside. All of this is interesting and usable material.

PM: So it is possible, with experience, to become confident that the account you are giving is a valid one.

PW: You hope so. This is where the qualitative method scores very highly. You are trying to understand what is going on in this particular piece of interaction, what are the underlying rules of behaviour in it. These may not be the same as the manifest rules. They may have been developed over a long period, through subtle forms of negotiation that people are not able to articulate but which an observer can extrapolate from the situation. One of the virtues of observation is that it takes place over a long period of time, which enables you to develop a good relationship with people. It's very difficult for someone to sustain a front for so long, so they relax and are themselves, and you can observe the full range of activities and experiences that go on within that group. You use a range of techniques to get at this. You observe at different times of the day; you talk to them in different situations, at the school, in the playground, in their home, in yours, in the pub. You look at documentation. You attend staff meetings. You begin to perceive themes in what is happening, and you focus on these areas. You seek to support or discard them, using comparative data from your other observations.

PM: Isn't this research just rediscovering what pupils and teachers already know about what is happening in schools?

PW: Some of it may be, inevitably, since the method seeks to represent their knowledge, perspectives and cultures as faithfully as possible. But the research may also present material of which they are only partly conscious, or not conscious at all, or know only in hazy terms. Because they are so involved in the action they cannot have such a detached view of the whole institution as a non-participant observer, nor can they spend the time collecting material from many different sources, which, when analysed, might cast new light on teaching and learning situations. But they nonetheless recognise it when it is shown to them.

PM: So you would hope that, when you show your accounts to teachers and pupils, they would say "Oh yes. I recognise that."

PW: That's right. They know it, but maybe they haven't been able to articulate it before. So you present them with a form of words, and they may say "That's it; that's right."

PM: And what if they say "That's not quite right."

PW: Or even "That's totally wrong!" It depends what their motives are, what it is they are talking about, and what other observations and evidence you have about them and about others. But it's all part of the data and it goes into your analysis. Respondent validation, as it's called, is useful but it can have dangers. If you take it to its extremes, you end up with teachers presenting the final conclusions of the research. What has happened then is that the researcher has gone native. There's a polarity between two requirements: observers need to empathise and to associate intimately with the thoughts and actions of the people they are researching, and at the same time they must distance themselves so that they can perceive things more objectively, and perhaps more critically. That's an abiding problem and you have to keep the two in balance. Your degree of involvement and detachment varies from day to day and from week to week. It's not a fixed position.

P. Woods, *Inside Schools: Ethnography in Educational Research.* (RKP 1986)

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ESSAY BY DAVID SELBOURNE

Terrible dreams

This wall-poster of Alexander Dubcek, defaced by gunfire, stands as a potent image for the annihilation of the human spirit under Communist rule in Czechoslovakia. David Selbourne has been talking to the walking wounded. "Even knowledge itself was destroyed," he was told.

Forty years ago saw the "definitive defeat of the Czech bourgeoisie and the victory of the Czech proletariat", as the official history calls it. It was a "victory" which brought the Czech Communist Party to power, and, in the name of socialism, swept the great cultural metropolis of Prague into the eastern bloc and out of what had hitherto been central Europe.

The "usual events" then followed upon this political "liberation", in 1948, of the Czech working class: the arrests of the leaders of the democratic parties, the systematic wrecking of their headquarters, the flight of tens of thousands from the country, and selective political assassinations, by

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revolver, hanging and by the more traditional Czech method of defenestration. The intransigent Jan Masaryk, who found himself the (non-Communist) foreign minister in the first Communist Government, "fell" from a third floor window of the Czernin Palace, a mere fortnight after the 25 February takeover. He was found spreadeagled in the courtyard, barefoot and half-naked.

Or, if you prefer the Party historians, "all attempts by reactionaries to reverse the democratic developments were definitively thwarted, and working people assumed full power". There then followed the long and fearsome process of Stalinisation in the 1950s and 1960s, under the drunken Clement Gottwald and then Antonin Novotny. Late sixties de-Stalinisation was no more than a brief interregnum; Soviet armour put paid to Alexander Dubcek, and re-Stalinisation—or "normalisation", to use the chilling Orwellian term—resumed the task of crushing Czech spirits.

The 1969-70 purges, in which the present First Secretary of the Czech Communist Party, Milos Jakes, played an enthusiastic part, forced 500,000 people, Dubcek included, out of the Party; 280,000 people, including some 900 academics, lost their jobs. As in 1948, there was an exodus of tens of thousands from the country. The children of the purged and sacked were denied access to further education; philosophers became—and to this day still are—caretakers; historians and scientists were turned into nightwatchmen and stokers; evangelical theologians became restaurant cleaners. Two decades on, they are still on their knees and spiritually in extremis.

It was truly a brave new proletarian world which was fashioned for the Czechs in these four decades of "socialist" construction: a world where visiting delegations of Iraqi trade unionists in baggy brown suits are greeted like conquering heroes; where the prescient Kafka is still banned from the bookshops; and where most of the faces of "ex-Communists"—the term for the purged—are pallid with the long, grey years of waiting for a restoration of truth and reason.

Vaclav Slavik is in his late sixties and an archetypal "ex-Communist". Stalinist head of the "ideological section" of the Central Committee's secretariat from 1953-61, he had made a sufficient somersault by 1968 to have joined Dubcek's inner circle of reformists; "socialism-is-unthinkable-without-democracy" was (and still is) their slogan. He was expelled from the Party in 1970, and became a bulldozer driver; and has remained ever since close to Dubcek.

Among other things, Slavik reveals that Dubcek's "interview" with the Italian Communist Party daily *l'Unit'a*, published in January, never took place. Instead, it was constructed from written questions answered in writing; an interval of weeks passed during which the questions were considered; and "Dubcek's answers" were composed with the assistance of his friends and political advisers. In this "interview", the committee of Dubcekites impenitently defended the democratising revival process of 1968, attacked those in Czechoslovakia who merely "profess" support for *perestroika*, and implicitly claimed that the Prague Spring was Gorbachevism before Gorbachev.

Slavik also makes clear that he considers the 1968 reformers to have been the true heirs of Bukharin, an inheritance now assumed by Gorbachev. To Slavik, Bukharin's current rehabilitation in the Soviet Union is perhaps the most important single development of *perestroika*. "For me", says Slavik, "Bukharin was the man who had the deepest understanding of the necessity for combining certain features of private ownership with cooperative self-management in a socialist economy. I said to Alexander not long ago, 'Look, these ideas of ours are the same as Bukharin's'. He replied, 'I know. Why not?'"

And what does Dubcek want today? "Alexander", Slavik answered, "has no further political aspirations in the standard meaning of the word. He knows the price, and is a normal, decent person. He does not want his own reinstatement in power, for instance, but the reinstatement of his values, so that his country, where so many dream of emigration, can be saved from catastrophe".

What are these values? "They are the values of Europe. Today, in his conversation, Alexander refuses to use the terminology 'east' and 'west'. We share a common culture in Europe, not only an artistic culture but a political culture, a culture of basic political rights. People in this country, and in the rest of central Europe, know what European values represent. Both the US and the USSR under Gorbachev have begun to understand this."

The commissar of the 1950s has come a long way in his ideological journey; even if his dreams are those of a bulldozer driver who helped to build the Prague Metro, and who is as far from "rehabilitation" as ever. (In the street outside, the two plainclothes policemen are watching and waiting.) "How would you describe yourself now, politically?" I asked. "I would describe myself as a follower of Antonio Gramsci," he answered.

But even this degree of "revisionism", startling as it is, is not enough for a new generation of Czech radicals: part of that "non-Communist opposition" which grows by the day and the hour throughout central Europe. For them, an ultimate term of abuse is "Bolshevik"; "Communist" means "villain", and Bukharin is an entire irrelevance; while "ex-Communists" like Slavik, and Dubcek too, are regarded variously as "out-of-date", "amateurish" or "primitive socialists". Indeed, for some, and probably a rapidly growing number, the mere mention of "socialism" is an instant ideological turn-off, as it is in Britain.

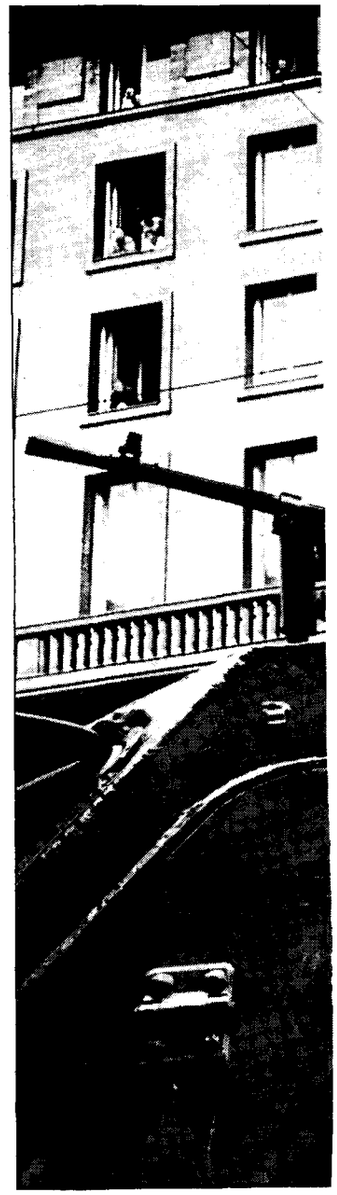
"They are tough, some of the 'ex-Communists'," said Jan Urban—a Charter 77 activist who has recently been to Moscow to see Sakharov—"because they have been through a lot. But they are nearly all very orthodox in their thinking by our standards, talking always in the old Party way, with their dead collective language."

"And why", Urban asks angrily, "did Dubcek speak up only after 20 years of silence? Why did he say nothing for 20 years about our political prisoners? For 11 years, Charter has been speaking on these matters, and he has been silent. Now he weeps that he and his family have been under close surveillance"—one of Dubcek's disclosures in his *Unit'a* "interview"—"but there were hundreds in a worse position, our political prisoners, and tens of thousands who had to leave the country.

"He had the opportunity to use his moral authority throughout this period. But he never even sent private messages to the families of former colleagues who had been arrested. His sentimental feelings about himself are not enough to change the country. He jumped on the bandwagon here only when conditions became a little freer. Many of us feel that he has behaved like a coward."

The first issue of *Lidove Noviny*—the new alternative Prague monthly which has been coming out, unlicensed but uncensored, since January—contained articles on "Avoiding Illusion", on the Yeltsin affair, on ecology, on Charter 77, on Sakharov and on a Prague human

'This isn't the Thousand Year Reich. It has devastated Czechoslovakia, but it will not last'



1968: Heavy tanks cruised through the streets in the centre of Prague; people shouted from their windows and from the sidewalks against the Soviet intervention

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Josef Koudelka/Magnum

rights demonstration. It also contained a short piece by Milan Simecka. His book *The Restoration of Order* (Verso) is an Orwellian masterwork in a ruined intellectual landscape; its account of the "normalisation" of Czechoslovakia between 1969 and 1976 an epitaph to the failures of "real socialism" the world over.

"*Lidove Noviny*", says Peter Pithart, one of its editors, "is the first real paper we have had in Czechoslovakia for 20 years. It is an attempt to get out from the walls of our ghetto and speak to a wider audience." What ghetto? "The ghetto of dissidence itself, in which for 20 years we have all been isolated. We helped to build up these walls ourselves," he adds surprisingly, "not just the secret police; so it has been even more difficult for us to speak to people who have not been dissidents, who have not had our experience.

"We have the mentality of a sect, a sect of opposition to the sect in power. So it is difficult for us now *not* to write about police repression and such matters, when for 20 years it has been our main experience, and our main topic of conversation."

Vanek Silhan temporarily succeeded Alexander Dubcek, after the latter's abduction to Moscow by the Soviet army in August 1968. At the secret Congress of Vysocany—which Brezhnev called the "Vysocany Riot"—nearly 1,300 delegates entrusted Silhan with "the management of the Praesidium's business during the absence of First Secretary Alexander Dubcek".

Before 1968, Silhan was a professor of economics; after 1969, a building worker. Today, he is yet another "ex-Communist" whose positions combine free thought, and the heresies which free thought produces, with formal socialist commitment expressed in the grimmest kind of "party language". It is a bewildering and often incoherent mixture.

On the one hand, the world of socialist production is a world of "nonsense production", says Silhan. On the other, socialism's achievements include the "liquidation of parasitism" and "the directing of capital away from private interest."

Then, in a heretical U-turn which characterises the (insoluble) dilemma of the "socialist project", he tells me that "the biggest problem in Czechoslovakia is caused by the monopoly of power in one party. Some of the 1968 comrades", he adds for good measure, "have changed their views entirely." How? "They do not believe in the possibility of any kind of reform in the system." And what do you believe? "It is impossible that a society, any society, could become incapable of producing new kinds of social and political institutions." Such as? "There are other methods of public ownership than the nationalisation of the means of production."

Obviously, the socialist agony is universal; you could feed this straight into the Labour Party's review process. "I am not recommending English pragmatism," he continues, preempting my next question, "but you cannot pressure a whole people with dogmas. Real life is more complex than theories." Why then

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bother with socialism at all, since in 70 years no society has abolished wage labour at all or commodity relations, and never will? Does it have a point any longer? "I criticise what socialism has done, not what it is." But wouldn't Czechoslovakia have done better since 1948 without it?

He eyed me, hesitating for a moment, and then cast every taboo aside. "We lost much more than we gained, this I will tell you frankly, by growing up after 1948 in the shadow of theories of class, and the legitimacy we gave to class hatreds. We lost the cooperation of millions of our population. It was barely possible even to live through the struggles for survival and power which it unleashed in our society, when people who had lived side by side with each other for decades were set against each other. People of low cultural level came to feel hatred on the basis of a class psychosis, which the Party encouraged, about property ownership and cultural achievement.

"But your societies were also to blame for the disasters which we suffered. The negative examples of what capitalism does to its peoples, its historic and present excesses, forced upon socialists, and still forces upon them, a black and white attitude to the world, which deformed our development. It has prevented us for 40 years from getting to the rationality of things. It gave us our totalitarian attitude to power. It even destroyed knowledge itself."

"My guards have been removed from outside the house," he said. In the glass-fronted bookcase behind him, propped against the books, are post-reproductions of Michelangelo's *David* and Botticelli's *Three Graces*.

Jiri Hajek, once Dubcek's foreign minister and yet another "ex-Communist" purged during the "normalisation", is 75 now; a wizened, bird-like man, with grey-sandy hair and pebble glasses; a slippered pantaloon, almost, living out his days in a distant Prague suburb. Unlike Dubcek, he signed the human rights Charter document in 1977, and was one of Charter's first spokesmen.

"The present Czech leadership," he declares in his studious English, "cannot get out of its own shadow. They are trying to muddle through, but with a certain hope"—as he puts it—"that Gorbachev is a mere episode in the Soviet Union."

On the bookshelves behind are volumes of Apollinaire, Paul Valery and Lessing; even a book of City Lights beat poetry from San Francisco. (Can they be his?)

And how serious are the reformers themselves, I ask Hajek. "Democratisation is a word the fake-reformists have begun to use a great deal recently," he answers. "But for them it means only a more spontaneous execution by the people of duties and orders. They only want people to work harder, but under the same bureaucratic leadership of the Party." Hajek, who was once professor of politics at Prague's Charles University, is now into his stride, finger-tips pressed together. "You see, they know that if a popular democratic movement was aroused here it would not respect the Party." Why not? "Because it is not respectable.

"This is also the problem in the Soviet Union. That is why Gorbachev is trying to bring about democratisation under the control of the Party, even if that is itself a contradiction."

Why is it a contradiction? "Because democracy is a matter of the sovereignty of the people, not the sovereignty of the Party." (He, too, has thrown political caution to the winds.) "That was our problem in 1968 also. But then the tanks came, so that the question of *how* democratisation was to be carried out disappeared, so to say, without being answered... In 1968, they were shocked by everything that was happening; this above all was rejected as a heresy, this understanding which I had that a Communist Party should be considered as having only a transitional role. This problem will arise for Gorbachev also, if he succeeds. If he does not, his successors will nevertheless have to face it also."

There was a silence. "In my youth, I was social democratic," he suddenly added, as if answering an unspoken question. "That is my background."

Between Zohor and Bratislava, the train—on its way from East Berlin to Sofia—runs directly along the Czech-Austrian border; at one point, the barbed wire is only a stone's throw away. There is a vivacious young actress (in black boots, black leather skirt and glossy lipstick) opposite me, who is going to Bratislava for rehearsals. She speaks fluent English, American-accented.

"Does anyone ever mention Vaclav Havel's name in the theatre?" I asked her. "No," she answered. "Have you heard of him?" "Oh yes, he is famous." There was a brief pause. "One can imagine," I continued, "how hard it must be for a dramatist whose work is forbidden in his own country." She shrugged her shoulders and looked out of the window.

He lives in a grey, spartan flat beside Bratislava railway station. "Dubcek's house," he says, "is over there, 300 metres away. Sometimes he sits at this kitchen table talking to me, where you are sitting." From 1954, when he was 24, Milan Simecka—then a party member—taught political science at Comenius University; in March 1970, he was expelled from the university and became a van driver, and, later, a building worker. Simecka was detained without trial in 1981-2; his son, denied higher education, is a stoker. He is 58 now, prematurely retired, and suffering from glaucoma.

"The future seemed fantastic when I was 16, 18, just after the war was over. What dreams"—"terrible dreams," he called them later in our conversation—"we've all had for our country! There were so many of us who joined the Party. We thought that Communism was the right thing, that it had a relevance to us. We were all friends, we were all poor, we were all students." Did you really believe in this Communist future? "I don't know now if I exactly believed in it. Let us say that I half-believed that the socialist countries would be the models of a new society.

"After the death of Stalin, things became gradually clearer for me. By then I was already reading Orwell. From him I was slowly beginning to know that the most important thing in the world is the right to say 'Two plus two equals four', that the basis of everything is intellectual freedom. So at that time, from the moral point of view, I could already see, even though I was a Party member, that it *might* be better to get out of Communism entirely. But in the late 1950s and early 1960s, I continued to urge my students to join the Party. 'Please become members', I would tell them. I persuaded the best of them to be active." Why? "Because with part of myself I still thought that it was the only way to reform society. I also had a secret dream that the Communist Party could be reformed also.

"After the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, it became obvious that this was not the way. And after the 'normalisation' there were no reformers left in the Party. It was clear that the only alternative was dissent and opposition. If I had kept silent, I could have remained in the faculty even in 1970 during the purges, but in this case I simply could not do it.

"Afterwards, it was very hard. I had been a professor, and I found myself a van-driver, living in this ghetto. Not long after I had started my new work, my boss said to me very roughly, 'Go to the laundry, Simecka, and get my suit'. I said to myself, 'What has happened to me? Yesterday, I was a professor, and today I am driving this old van to the laundry'. But we were thousands and thousands in a similar situation. I lived without hope from 1971 to 1977, until I began to write my book (*The Restoration of Order*), here in the kitchen during the night, after my day's work was over. While I was writing, I regained for the first time a sense of freedom. I could even imagine during those hours, when nothing was stirring, that my life was normal.

"I learned a great deal in those years of manual labour. I changed also. The sound of my voice, even the way I sit, became different. I learned not only how materialistic are the desires of most working people, but also how many of them, and not only the dissident intellectuals, hate the regime and the Party. Some of my fellow workers would say to me things like, 'We have our jobs, we have our apartments, we have our families, and we shit on them and their Party'. A few of them even believe they are independent, and, apart from the right to travel, think they have freedom also.

"Others have a different attitude. They would say to me, 'You must be a lunatic to have lost your job as a professor. You had the best life of anybody, with your books and your writing. It is not you, but we who are in prison'. It was a kind of working class jealousy, or envy. But the new generation is quite different. Many of these young people, in the Soviet Union also, are potentially more dangerous than we were."

Why? "Because they are normal people. We were deformed by our experiences. We were deformed by our education. We were deformed by our reading. We were deformed by what we believed. But for them Marxism—all this ideology—is absolute nonsense. Things for them are much clearer. And this is not the Thousand Year Reich. It has devastated Czechoslovakia, but it will not last for ever. One year more, two years, three years, let us see."

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Alasdair and Sheila Milne, on the day he was announced as Controller, BBC Scotland, in 1968, the start of an "idyll" in his broadcasting life

Not one of us

DG: MEMOIRS OF A BRITISH BROADCASTER
Alasdair Milne
Hodder & Stoughton £12.95

Jeremy Isaacs

Alasdair Milne prefaces this lively, unrancorous account of his life as a broadcaster with the excitements and satisfaction of the day he achieved an ambition, and was appointed director-general of the BBC. The book ends with his dismissal from that post.

Intelligent, decisive, brisk, even a shade arrogant in manner, completely lacking in pomposity, Milne had always seemed cut out for the top of the Corporation's tree. Yet when his moment came, all turned to ashes. In the end, he never saw what hit him. What went wrong?

It was in Hugh Greene's time, in the late fifties and early sixties, that Alasdair Milne came to prominence, on *Tonight* and then in overall editorial charge of *That Was The Week That Was*. Freedom was in the air; it was the broadcaster's heyday. Yet Greene, judging to a nicety the balancing act that keeps a director-general (the servant of the board of governors) in touch with his chairman, knew exactly when to call a halt. *TWTWTW* savaged politicians and provoked ministers as no other popular series had done. Greene ended it, rather than lose one governor from the board.

The idyll in Milne's broadcasting life was in his "beloved Scotland". There, as controller, he enthusiastically deepened his commitment to a community in which he felt at home. He raised no banner of revolt against London's domination (as a successor did), but might in time have achieved more, in the independent use of resources, to give Scotland the broadcasting she deserves. Certainly, in another political dispensation, this was his place. But ambition and duty summoned him to London.

Times were changing; would the BBC change with them? The BBC in the late seventies was no longer the sole national instrument of broadcasting it had once been. ITV was well established, Channel Four on the way, satellites round the corner, new media proliferating. The boom in BBC financing caused by the expansion of colour TV licences was over. To make the licence fee go round, the BBC would need to cut costs. To sustain the licence fee the BBC would need a secure relationship with government. Management skills would be hard tested: the Corporation had nearly 30,000 employees; there were two television and four national radio channels, and local radio. The director-general was editor-in-chief of all this output, and was to manage the whole caboodle to boot. The right strategies would need to be deployed, the right system in place, or something would surely give.

But strategy was not at issue when Milne was appointed. At his interview, the patrician chairman, George Howard, sat Milne beside him and "chatted amiably". No one was reading the political or financial map.

The government, to take one example, wanted a major British presence in Direct Broadcast Satellite and its technology; but unlike its European competitors, the government refused to provide a penny of investment to make this possible. The BBC, still thinking of itself as *the* national broadcaster, proposed to play at first the sole, later a leading, role in financing this expansion of activity, by dint of a huge increase in its borrowing powers, though hope of return on capital, if any, would be long postponed. The arrival of a chartered accountant as chairman, Stuart Young, put a stop to that. Even so, as a consequence of the contractual muddle into which these bad intentions led, the BBC has now paid out £10 million in settlement. No one in charge of the clattering train—management or governors—comes well out of this.

And it was to a post-Falklands BBC that Alasdair Milne succeeded. Hostility to the Corporation on government back benches peaked over the Falklands, as the broadcasters sought to sustain honesty and objectivity in report and comment, in a divided Britain, with passions running high. And the government pressing the broadcasters (Mrs Thatcher's is the most demanding administration in this respect since the paranoid days of Harold Wilson's kitchen cabinet) was hostile to public institutions, critical

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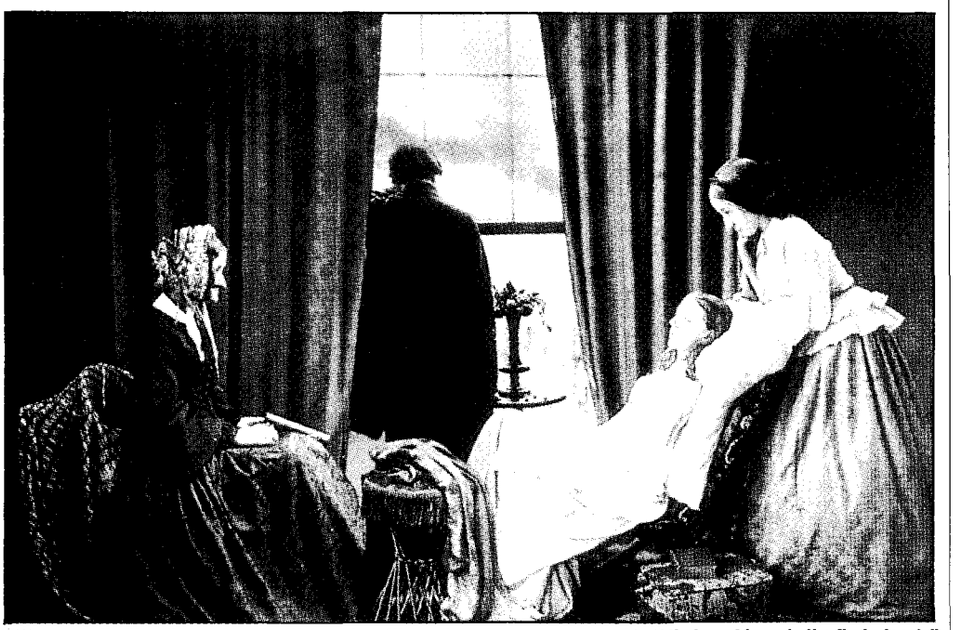
of monopolies, urgent for competition, bent on change. It waited for evidence of new thinking at the BBC. When none came, to force some retrenchment, it indexed the licence fee. (Luckily its dottier idea of forcing the BBC to take advertising was brushed aside by the Peacock committee, which had been set up to see if that would work.)

Politically, the pressure continued. The Home Secretary, Leon Brittan, wrote to demand that a documentary on extremism in Northern Ireland, *Real Lives*, should not be shown; the governors agreed. Later Milne succeeded in reversing this decision, an act which must have stuck in some already hostile craws.

Two Conservative back-benchers believed themselves libelled by an edition of *Panorama*, and sued. Milne had satisfied himself of the research behind the allegations, but the BBC failed either to justify or to settle cheaply. And from BBC Scotland, of all places, came *Secret Society*, a series of investigations by Duncan Campbell into security matters which not only flew straight at the government's most private parts, but particularly upset the BBC's vice-chairman, Joel Barnett, because of Campbell's dealings with his friend, Robert Sheldon, chairman of the Public Accounts Committee. Of all this and more, Milne appeared to know too little, too late.

It was too much for Barnett and a new chairman, Duke Hussey. Hussey was warmly commended by William Rees-Mogg, who as a governor had been most implacably critical of BBC management in general, and of *Real Lives* in particular. Did someone have a word in Hussey's ear before he was appointed? We may never know, but we do know that within weeks of the new chairman's taking office, Hussey and Barnett, wondering how to stop what they perceived as a run of disasters waiting to happen, determined that Milne should go.

When Milne was appointed director-general, the Prime Minister is supposed to have asked: "Is he one of us?" He was not, of course. Nor, in a Britain which valued independence in broadcasting, should he have been. Nor, in a self-critical but united BBC, need he have been. But it was not such a BBC. Abruptly but not dishonourably, the DG fell.



"Fading away" by Henry Peach Robinson

"Women quite literally went mad with boredom (it was boredom which caused half their problems in the first place)."

Tyrants and bullies

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
Margaret Forster
Chatto & Windus £14.95

Carole Angier

This is the most exciting sort of biography to read, or to write: the myth-dispelling biography, which overturns an old story, and does so most convincingly.

There are two main mythological figures here: Edward Moulton-Barrett, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's father, and Elizabeth herself. Their roles are simple, as mythical roles must be: oppressor and oppressed, tyrant and victim. Margaret Forster sets out to show that the truth is more complicated than this mythical fiction.

First she suggests that Edward Barrett was not the monster and despot he has been made out to be. She sketches his youthful exuberance (in building the Barretts' eccentric minareted home, Hope End), his tenderness and approachability as a young father. But this half of her campaign is only a limited success. It is clear that at best, when his wife was alive and his family young, Edward was a benevolent despot; with age, religion and isolation he becomes here as tyrannical a devourer of his children as myth has made him. None of them was to marry, and when they did he disinherited them; his favourite, Elizabeth, he never forgave. Margaret Forster won't change anyone's mind about Edward Barrett; she merely confirms his awfulness.

With the other mythological figure, however, she is completely successful. The legendary Elizabeth Barrett Browning is oppression incarnate: weak, ill and lonely from childhood, until she is miraculously rescued by Prince Charming, Robert Browning. Forster shows that this is almost all wrong, from its smallest detail to its largest meaning.

Elizabeth was the happy, healthy bossy eldest of 11 children until she was 15 years old; she never fell from a horse or had TB; she was the adored, admired favourite of her parents from the beginning. When she did become an invalid it was not so easy to say who suffered and who benefited. Elizabeth didn't choose to become ill, and her sufferings were real. But Margaret Forster makes it very clear that she used her illness. She exploited it—and every other aspect of her imprisonment—to get what she wanted: distinction, leisure, the chance to pursue fame and immortality.

The myth depends on inequality: the all-powerful father, the utterly powerless daughter. That was true in practical terms only. The real truth was far more interesting: two giants fought, equal in determination and deviousness; and in the end the tougher and more ruthless won. Elizabeth Barrett Browning got her fame and immortality—and freedom and a husband too.

Along the way Margaret Forster offers much interesting discussion and investigation. Victorian medicine emerges as the villain of the piece, quite as ignorantly cruel as Mr Barrett. Cupping, leeches, setons, the dreadful spine crib—Elizabeth suffered them all, quite uselessly. In general, medicine seems to have been a respectable way of keeping women down, and not just for Edward Barrett. "From the onset of menstruation, middle class women were encouraged to regard themselves as delicate creatures who must take great care of themselves," Margaret Forster writes. The prescription for all female illness was total inactivity—which produced the weakness it was designed to cure. "Women quite literally went mad with boredom (and it was boredom which had caused half their problems in the first place)."

What *were* Elizabeth's illnesses? About the first one, at the age of 15, the mystery remains. The symptoms sound like anxiety, and Margaret Forster suggests periods of anorexia; as she also suggests that Mr Barrett looked 20 years younger than he was, which was 20 years older than Elizabeth, she makes us wonder whether their love for each other might not be at the root of Elizabeth's troubles in more ways than one.

As to the later, lifelong illness, Forster suggests chronic bronchitis, made lethal by a combination of "cures"—not just inactivity but opium, to which Elizabeth became permanently addicted—and Elizabeth's own hyperintensity and depression.

She also rewrites the myths of Elizabeth's later life, as wife and mother. It's not true, we

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hear, that she wanted a girl and tried to turn her son, Pen, into one; she merely fought against sex stereotypes 100 years before her time. Robert's ideas were different; but he did not—Margaret Forster insists—"seize his son and brutally cut off his curls" in rebellion or revenge the moment Elizabeth was dead. (No evidence here, though, and I wasn't entirely persuaded. Elizabeth's desire to keep Pen "neuter" until he was 12 sounds pretty sick to me.)

Altogether, then, this reversal of a myth is just as dramatic as the myth itself, and—because it's truer—much more interesting. But there is one problem. I never much liked the Elizabeth Barrett Browning of legend: she was such a wimp, and (except in the moment of flight) really rather dull. It's easier to pity the real woman: to see how crippled she was by insecurity, illness, the long battle with her father. But, alas, it's no easier to like her.

Margaret Forster tries very hard to find her good points and praise them—her sensitivity, her care for the oppressed, her selflessness towards Robert in the last years. And she bravely and fully explores all the bad ones. Elizabeth reduced herself to a quivering wreck by her imaginative empathy with others, but faced with a real suffering person she could rarely produce a kind word. She preached and pontificated a theoretical republicanism, but treated her own most loyal servants with autocratic lack of compassion. She spoiled her dog and her son ludicrously; anything *she* identified with was perfect, and to be perfectly loved. She wouldn't let Robert help or nurse anyone but her; she had to come first, always. At the end, with her sister Arabel and her niece Mary, she became as great a bully and tyrant as her father.

At least she knew it, Forster says. But is that good enough? No. I came away from this biography disliking its subject, and guessing that Margaret Forster dislikes her too. *Does* she like her? Does she even like her poetry, a new edition of which—*Selected Poems*, Chatto & Windus £12.95—she edits? She misreads one poem (*A Man's Requirements*), possibly two. I have an uncomfortable feeling that the answer may be no.

After the Bang

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME
Stephen W Hawking
Bantam Press, £14.95

Patrick Coyne

There are only two problems in physics—the very small (sub-nuclear interactions) and the very large (cosmology). Everything in between is, at least in principle, completely known. (Which does *not* mean determined—physics long ago abandoned the old standbys of causality, continuity and determinacy.) The ambition of every theoretical physicist is to combine the two in an equation whose writ runs from the instant of Creation to the last syllable of recorded time—and, if possible, beyond.

These notions, often described by curious, anatomical acronyms like GUT (Grand Unified Theory) or TOE (Theory Of Everything), contain concepts and consequences so bizarre and paradoxical as to make Lewis Carroll seem prosaic. The presence of matter distorts space in four, or ten or even 26 dimensions, bodies can collapse under their own gravitational attraction and cut themselves off from the rest of the universe, time itself may be real, complex or imaginary. Nothing is impossible—literally—since according to quantum theory there is no such thing as a perfect vacuum. Instead, apparently empty space is a maelstrom of "virtual" particles, coming into existence and extinguishing themselves in infinitessimal instants of time, yet producing real, observable effects.

My own favourite among the smorgasbord of options open to the discerning theoretician is the Inflation hypothesis, the notion that the universe sprang into existence from random fluctuations in the void, courtesy of Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy and some fancy footwork among the relativistic equations. If true, it would be the ultimate refutation of Thatcherism. The entire universe is a free lunch. The number of scientists engaged on this, the ultimate quest, is tiny, a few hundred worldwide, perhaps only a few dozen of real consequence, and the deeper, more profound their insights, the less those ideas seem to find resonances in the world outside.

By a tragic irony Hawking himself seems, metaphorically, to illustrate this process. Crippled since early adulthood by a motor neuron disease, wheelchair-bound, unable to write, barely intelligible in speech, he has nevertheless over the last 20 years thrown out a brilliant stream of ideas which have radically altered our view of reality. He has established himself as the most brilliant British scientist of his generation and occupies the professorial chair once held by Newton.

His area is the interaction of those twin, mutually inconsistent, pretenders to the throne of theoretical physics, general relativity and quantum mechanics. Relativity precludes a static universe, it must be either contracting or expanding and seemingly must have had a beginning—the Big Bang. Hawking and others push physics to its limits, exploring the first microseconds after the Bang in an effort to find out what makes the universe the place it is.

They play with dimensions and toy with the nature of time, attempting to tease out of their equations solutions which will explain the nature of the fundamental forces of the universe—gravity, electromagnetism, strong and weak nuclear forces, as well as explain its evolution. The goal, which eluded Einstein, of a unified theory seems tantalisingly close yet still the most fundamental question remains. Is this the only possible universe or do we inhabit one of a number of universes, one distinguished simply by its being careless enough to throw up sentient beings who could examine its origins?

An important question, yet does anyone really care? Not, it seems philosophers, most of whom, as Hawking points out, are engaged in some form of Wittgensteinian cop-out—"The sole remaining task for philosophy is the analysis of language." Hawking cares. Read this book to find out what drives him to explore the origins of the universe. "If we find the answer to that," he writes, "it would be the ultimate triumph of human reason—for then we would know the mind of God."

Fabulous flotsam

MOTHER LONDON
Michael Moorcock
Secker & Warburg £9.95

Iain Sinclair

James Joyce claimed that the sea-town of Dublin, once destroyed, could rise again out of the pages of *Ulysses*. Michael Moorcock, with transcendent modesty, brings to life the ravished and abused confederation of villages that make up his *Mother London* from the unregarded stock of some prelapsarian Portobello junk-pit.

He decorates its groves and dales with glittering toys and tricks, *Magnets* and *Gems*, *Strands* of detonated old boys' fiction, fire-damaged ephemera. He honours the underground rivers, forgotten music halls, parks, pubs and mythic fathers. This is a book that has been assembling itself for years, while Moorcock readied himself to discover it. It is the achievement of a master craftsman at the height of his powers: made possible by the length and diversity of his career, the training in compression, serial-composition, jump-cuts—and sheer elbows-on-the-table, hook-'em-hard narrative drive.

Mother London is an unhurried epic that calmly, and at conversational pitch, manipulates the stream of time between the twinned traumas of Blitz and Blight; from the stern alchemy of fire-storms to the corrupt transformation of the city as a fatally tainted heritage riverscape. The conscience of ruin invades our galloping entropy with mantic and urgent voices-in-the-head: "must stop this going back to I was happy why can't I accept the present." What was once heroic and human is now savage and self-serving. The threat is ourselves, our loss of nerve. These pilgrims are disenfranchised and, superbly, crazy like foxes.

It is, of course, a millennial version of where-did-we-go-wrong, but also, and primarily, it celebrates the journey, relishing the pricks of the flesh, the pains and joys of those who are condemned to live up to their own obsessions. They will not blaspheme against the self-mutilating impulses that are their only guide. So this tale of many voices is built up from the overlapping biographies of a group of perpetual outpatients who wander the limits of the city like exiles from Blake's *Jerusalem*, tossed from Jack Straw's Castle to Bedlam, from Kensal Rise to Bethnal Green, lighting up "every Minute Particular of Albion degraded".

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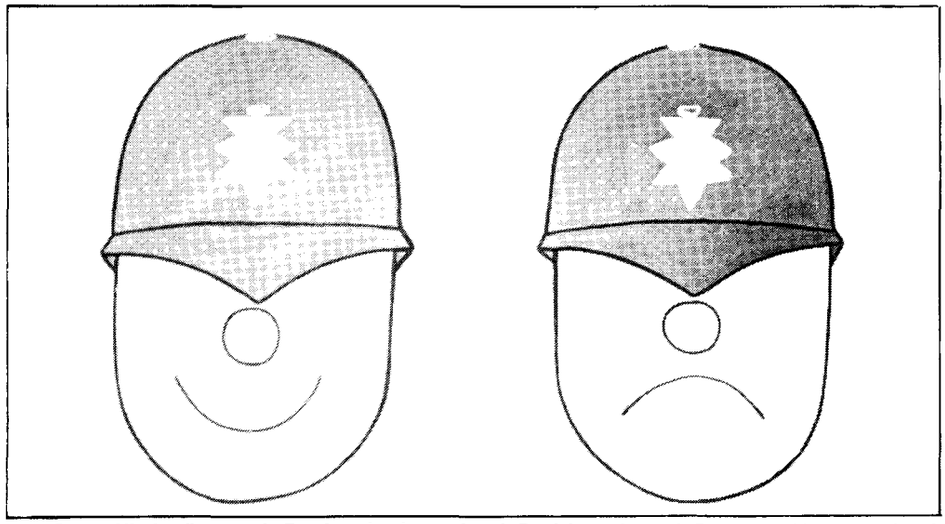

"Two Faces of the Law" as seen by Tam Joseph, who was born in Dominica and came to England in 1965, is reproduced in a paperback called "Storms of the Heart: an anthology of black arts and culture", edited by Kwesi Owusu and published next week by Camden Press at £12.95

They are the lesser gods of Moorcock's *Mahabharata*, coupling, betraying, discovering and, endlessly, talking. They are richly and sensuously named, Joseph Kiss, Mary Gasalee, David Mummery—who seems, in part, an avatar of the author, "calling himself an urban anthropologist . . . lives by writing memorials to legendary London". They feed on epiphanous seizures that occurred during the fire-raids. They have alternately raged and sleepwalked through the dying fall of the years that followed.

Mary Gasalee walked, unharmed, from the inferno of her bombed home, with her infant daughter in her arms, only to pass through the welfare state in cyclic dreams of Gamages and a visionary Holborn Viaduct, guided and comforted by the presence of familiar afternoon stars, Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor and Merle Oberon, whose name is as rich and strange as her own. Now the city of the apocalypse is invaded by angelic and demonic entities that touch and smile. Mary does not age, becoming a sister to her daughter, and when she wakes—the lover of both Kiss and the virgin Mummery.

The sympathetic strength of the women, and the delirious wanderings of the men, give the book a warmth that cannot disguise the knowledge that the city, Mother London herself, is doomed. The characters are somehow posthumous, glad ghosts.

They have a neurotic sensitivity to the colours, tastes and smells of their own small patch of earth. Their abilities as mediums for the voices of the unborn and the dead only bring them pain. They are breakfasting in the flight path of an already-launched rocket. All history is compressed into the breath of a single moment of time.

Beyond them, at the fringe, are the travellers, the immigrants, the criminals whose collective pasts are now denied and invalidated. Beneath them is a network of abandoned railway tunnels and dead rivers in which survive an underclass of mute tribesmen; a metaphor perhaps for the genre fiction that Moorcock once practised with such distinction, before making his assault on mainstream literature.

He has the energy of a Golden Age author, whose belief in the validity of fiction as an agent of transformation is breathtaking in its optimism. If any of the debased literary prizes want to make a claim on credibility they had better put *Mother London* at the head of the list for 1988.

The light fandango

UNDERGROUND: THE LONDON ALTERNATIVE PRESS 1966–74
Nigel Fountain
Comedia/Routledge £7.95

John Lloyd

When I was a child, my mother used to sing half-remembered bits of the songs of her adolescence and young womanhood. Her two favourites—like thousands of other women of her age, young during the second war—were *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* and *Paper Doll*:

When I come home at night she will be waiting
She'll be the sweetest girl in all the world
Oh, I'd rather have a paper doll to call my own
Than a hundred flirty girls like you

My equivalents were Dylan and Procul Harem:

We skip the light fandango
Threw cartwheels across the floor
I was feeling kind of seasick
The crowd cried out for more

Who can fail to be a little affected by the first? Who knows what the second is about? With all our better education, our contempt for the homes and the society which raised us, we had exchanged sentimentalism which meant something for sentimentalism which meant nothing—unless, as Nigel Fountain says in his perceptive reportage, "one was very stoned."

Well, one often was, and very, very pleasant that was, too—but it did not excuse the rubbish we read and wrote in the subject of Fountain's work, the "underground" press. I put it in inverted commas where Fountain doesn't because to steal the word from its till-then received usage as clandestine is to over-dignify an activity which really attracted remarkably little police or judicial attention, compared to the much more summary treatment meted out, then as now, the excesses of working class kids who go on the razzle.

The main papers—*IT*, *Oz*, *Frendz*, *Ink*, with *Time Out*, *7 Days*, *Idiot International*, *Styng*, *Gandalf's Garden*, playing either much more or much less successful parts slightly to one side—attracted a raucous, squabbling and very largely ignorant bunch. Their glories were occasional but considerable: insights mixed with reportage, which helped break a rigid mould then still constricting journalism.

Fine flashes came from Richard Neville (of course), from David Widgery (never able to decide whether his libertarianism meant more to him than his socialism, and existing creatively in the tension), Miles, Jim Haynes (the progenitor), Mick Farren, Germaine Greer (probably the best), Neil Lyndon, Duncan Campbell (the other), John Fordham, Jerome Burne, Alain Marcusson, Dick Pountain, David Robbins, Alison Fell, Charles Shaar Murray, Alex Cockburn, Nigel Fountain himself, and so on. But—apart from *Time Out*, guided by Tony Elliott's neurotic, brilliant stubbornness, and the magazine empire of the original Loadsamoney, Felix Dennis—nothing much remains.

It did not produce a successful entrepreneur (Felix again apart) of the scale of the *Rolling Stone*'s Jann Wenner; nor writers like Hunter S. Thompson (I don't like him myself but they say he has scale); or *really cosmic* conmen like Timothy Leary. In the end, British culture was too sensible to let it go too far.

Of course, there was great loss in that. The closer social control which made most of the (British) participants in the underground press feel, obscurely but increasingly, that they were making idiots of themselves *also* prevented them from going through the idiot-inhibition barrier to create and leave to posterity really fine lunacy. Reading Fountain's account, and remembering how we in the "underground" operated, I'm conscious of a memory not so much of embarrassment over excess as of regret that we didn't get into idiocy more wholeheartedly.

Part of the inhibition, of course, was the "revolutionary" left (they deserve inverted commas even more than "underground"). The revolutionaries, by and large, had the relationship to the underground press of a leech to a vein. Few had Widgery's wit or, ultimately, his respect for the separateness of the worlds: instead, they sought to conflate "struggle" with fun and in doing so degraded both. As Fountain's chronicle shows, the underground press got less fun-filled and more revolutionary: in doing so, it got sillier and sillier.

One thing which did become clear—and Fountain makes a very large point of this, perhaps too large for his narrative—was that it was

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Paperbacks

Russian classics

Alan Brien

Lenin's *What Is To Be Done?* (Penguin Classics £3.95) is nowhere to go for an easy read today. In 1902, it caused a sensation in the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party, and split the left of Europe. In 1988, I doubt whether a chapter would be publishable in the most specialised organ of any marxist group. In other words, it has become, as Robert Service confirms in his comprehensive 66-page introduction, "a 20th century political classic"—ie, seen more often on the shelf than in the hand.

Partly we are distanced by the detail—and Lenin loved details—of forgotten heresies, vanished opponents, outdated texts, now blurred distinctions of terminology. Then there is the famous rough-house, street-fighting style of the leninist polemic, quotes within quotes, exclamation marks like rubber truncheons, italics and footnotes, foreign phrases and Russian proverbs, nicknames and personifications, heavy irony and broad sarcasm.

What Is To Be Done? was a booklet written at a particular time to meet a specific need. Never since, understandably, has it exactly fitted period and place, though, amazingly, it continually updates itself somewhere. In the third world, it is in the clash of nationalism and socialism. In 1968, it was the failed cohesion of French students and workers against the state.

Another Russian classic appears in the Cresset Library, that admirable collection that exists to give neglected yet enduring works a second chance in paperback. Peter Kropotkin's *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* (£6.95) joins the like of John Ellis's *The Social History of the Machine Gun* and Edmund Burke's *Irish Affairs*.

Originally published (in English) in 1899, this entertaining and candid autobiography of the great anarchist remains compulsively readable. There are fantastic characters—the millionaire gourmet prince who ate away a fortune; thrilling adventures—the escape from the Peter and Paul prison, Petersburg's Bastille; amusing ironies on the run, as when he gets a job in London on *Nature* under an assumed name and is asked to review his own books. Almost born in the royal lap, brought up as one of the Tsar's pages, he discovered in Siberia that all other creatures lived there, not by the survival of the selfish but by "mutual aid".

Lenin thought Kropotkin a worthy bore. He regarded Lenin as an honourable tyrant. Returning to Russia in July 1917, he remained there until his death in 1921, still preaching tolerance, honesty, courtesy and freedom.

Whether Lenin ever read another Russian of genius, Vsevolod Garshin, whose collection of 16 short stories, *From the Reminiscences of Private Ivanov*, is just out from Angel Classics (£5.95), I do not know. They would have done him nothing but good.

Regarded by European critics and Russian scholars as the most original and powerful new writer between Dostoevsky and Chekhov, he is almost unknown to English readers, except perhaps for the much anthologised "Four Days", the naked and painful thoughts of a soldier left to die on the battlefield. But even this emerges fresh and glittering in Peter Henry's new translation, full of simple, disturbing phrases we would almost rather not have read, as when he wakes to find the enemy corpse beside him undergoing a transformation—"His face was gone, it had slid off the bones." The rest of the collection, too, is full of revelations.

Two classics of another kind come from Duckworth—though I wish they would not call their soft-cover range "Paperduck"—a small publishing firm that has done more to humanise and illuminate life in the ancient world than anybody since Cicero.

Mary Lefkowitz's *Women in Greek Myth* (£7.95) is a combative survey of the limited roles permitted to women, even in what Jung called "the dream-thinking of the people". Much of her space and energy is enjoyably expended on shooting down authors, usually feminists, who attempt to invade her territory without the requisite linguistic and historical scholarship. Among many unexpected and provocative suggestions are that women were much freer, physically and mentally, under the Greeks than under the Jews or the Christians; and that what frightened men about that constantly threatening creature, the independent female, was not so much her sexuality as her intelligence.

Freud and the Humanities (£9.95) is a collection of seven Chichele lectures delivered at All Souls during 1984. Almost all are eminently accessible to the common reader and I particularly enjoyed Professor Lloyd-Jones's warning off of Freudians with bright ideas from unresearched conclusions about classic works, very much along the lines of Professor Lefkowitz's admonitions.

The example from Freud himself is a clincher—the myth of Prometheus indicates, apparently, that "to gain control over fire man had to renounce the homosexually-tinged desire to put it out with a stream of urine".

I continually pick up, and I'm afraid quickly put down again, novels from America which claim that the author has become something like "the supreme chronicler of the Me Generation". The last was Ann Beattie's *Where You'll Find Me* (Pavanne £3.99), where the blurb used those exact words. On the evidence of this, the Me Generation live in a somnambulistic world where they automatically eat, drink, sleep, shop and occasionally meditate in a vague way to no particular effect.

Whether Janice Eidus, born 1951, is also part of this generation I do not know, but her *Faithful Rebecca* (Serpent's Tail £5.95) comes across as a young woman almost as individual, unexpected and totally convincing as Holden Caulfield in *Catcher in the Rye*. This is an adventure story—a narcissistic heroine in pursuit of a child kidnapped by her best friend who is founding an Amazonian community—which manages to pack in vivid detail while melting at the fringes into surrealism. Funny, clever, sexy, tender and tough, a real find.

CHALLENGER

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For further details, and a conference programme, contact Stephanie Maggin at:

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Telephone: 01-387-2331

NB: The latest edition of *Contemporary Record* is just published. Details from ICBH.

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phallocentric fun. He makes it terribly plain that the sexy bit of it—always the best bit for the men and, I suppose, for at least some of the women—did indeed clear the way for the popularisation of pornography. The relentless concentration on equating good times with "balling chicks" helped stimulate a cultural revulsion in some women, which really *has* had an effect, though it's been a mixed one.

My favourite moment, which Fountain retells, is when Alison Fell turned on an unfortunate man in the old *Ink* office for writing on the wall, in great innocence, a remarkably sexist remark, and gave him hell. I enjoy it, in retrospect, in two ways: first, because it was a vivid demonstration, better than a hundred bad books, of a woman not taking it any more: second, it was done in the way of the women who were around me as I grew up, fisherwomen who ran a matriarchal society in the constant absence of men at sea, and who gave hell to anyone. In short, it was stepping forward with the tools of the past, making the step comprehensible (at least, in that instance, to me).

In attempting to claw out a space which claimed to owe nothing to the past (though it was enmired in it) and could have only tangential relationships to a future, the underground press failed totally, most of all to be comprehensible. But nothing has been so vibrant since.

On the couch

ONE TO ONE: EXPERIENCES OF PSYCHOTHERAPY
Rosemary Dinnage
Viking £12.95
CONSUMING PSYCHOTHERAPY
Ann France
Free Association Books
£9.95 paperback/£27.50 hardback

Marie Maguire

Does psychotherapy work? And how does it actually feel to be a patient? There is a vast literature of individual case histories, written mainly from the analyst's point of view. Remarkably little has been written about the experience from the other side. In completely different ways, Rosemary Dinnage and Ann France set out to break this silence.

One to One consists of 20 interviews with people who are or have been in psychotherapy. In her introduction, Rosemary Dinnage asks some vital questions. What, for instance, makes therapy succeed? A remarkable variety of therapeutic styles is described. Success seems most crucially related to the depth and quality of the therapeutic relationship.

"He (or she) liked me!" was the astonished discovery of several patients, who linked it to the beginning of liking themselves. They felt contained, emotionally held, safe enough to re-experience pain and rage about past betrayals and deprivations. Some mentioned forgiveness of those who'd damaged them. They survived previously intolerable extremities of need and negativity, and so, clearly, did the therapist. Psychological foundations were built; a few talked of acquiring a sort of internal helper who stayed around for life. "There's a mysterious element in there," one man said. "What catalyses all those elements into healing someone, I don't know."

When things went wrong, there were similar common threads. The interviewees had felt unsafe, undermined, and that their difficulties went too deep for their therapists to handle.

Dinnage's book is elegant, highly readable, but tantalisingly lightweight. The only comment or analysis is in a fascinating but all-too-brief introduction. There are some unusual case histories. These include the moving testimony of a hard-up widow who began therapy at 70, a gay Irishman who gave up thoughts of the priesthood, a woman whose analyst decided she must be married off since she came from an eastern background. Other accounts are rather too similar and they began to blur together in my mind.

Consuming Psychotherapy is a more ambitious project, an original, but sometimes uneasy blend of autobiography and psychotherapeutic theory. Ann France describes her own experience as a "consumer", analysing some of the problems she encountered in the light of the professional literature. She began writing while still in therapy, and her passionate involvement in the process provides the book's greatest strengths and weaknesses.

The pivotal issue is the way in which her own psychotherapy nearly ended in disaster. Her account of this is riveting. She tells us how, with the therapist, she began to re-enact the difficulties she'd had in intimate relationships since childhood. This, as she points out, is an essential aspect of the process. Theoretically, with the therapist's help, the client will be able, for the first time, to understand and change whatever self-destructive relationship patterns she has become enmeshed in. This did not happen.

As Ann France describes it, her therapist became over-involved in her client's problems, did not understand them, and could not provide the consistency, detachment and insight that would have enabled her to change. This re-enactment of childhood betrayals and abandonments plunged Ann France into a long and even deeper depression, which, she feels, might otherwise have been avoided. The same conclusion can be drawn from the interviews in *One to One*. No matter how clever, warm or likeable the therapist appears to be, psychotherapy won't work, may even be damaging, if he or she can't create a relationship where the client feels emotionally "held" in a deep and fundamentally consistent way.

What is disappointing about France's book is that she does not face up squarely to this issue. Despite her moving account of how she dealt with the experience, she isn't able to analyse the therapist's failure and the client's potentially desperate predicament with the depth and objectivity it requires. Instead, she gets lost in a mass of fascinating detail about other aspects of the therapeutic relationship.

In relation to these accounts of psychotherapy, the question of truth and reliability arises. How objective can someone in psychotherapy be about the relationship? The therapist may well tell a different story. Nonetheless, Ann France strongly believes it is time for clients to "stand up for themselves".

On the other hand, because of the nature of their work psychotherapists may also feel particularly vulnerable to misunderstanding and public attack. It will be interesting to see whether writings by clients have a significant impact on professional practice and organisation. If it leads to an increase in the level of debate and public communication this can only be beneficial. Hopefully, then, these two books may be the vanguard of a new wave of writing from the other side of the couch.

L.A. love

LOS ANGELES WITHOUT A MAP
Richard Rayner
Secker & Warburg £10.95

Justine Picardie

The further I got through reading this tale of love and lunacy in Los Angeles, the more I worried about whether or not it was true. It is certainly presented with the sheen of truth: Richard Rayner, English journalist and dedicated film fan, meets Barbara, Californian beach blonde, and falls in love with her after a few hours on a Greek island. Back in London, he abandons his girlfriend with unceremonious haste, and goes to Los Angeles for the first time, in search of his new love and the Californian dream.

Once there he finds Barbara working as a bunny girl in the Playboy Club and, by dint of great effort, lures her away from her screenwriter boyfriend. Barbara and Richard get married in Las Vegas, split up, and then . . . the plot gets too exhausting to explain.

The backdrop to all this—and an essential character in the story—is Los Angeles itself, and all that is strange within it. And in that depiction at least, there is some truth: "the palm trees with hairstyles like Rod Stewart", the extravagant sunsets, the freeways, the billboards and the mad bad bus drivers that Rayner encounters on his travels around the city.

But as the plot grows ever more implausible, I weary of it all. Of course, it does not necessarily matter whether a story is true or not: the telling of a good tale can be enough. And yet, I want something more in Rayner's telling — some acknowledgment, perhaps, of the limits of this novel in containing the vast sprawling jumble of Los Angeles and those who live there.

Maybe the novel's failure to address the question of truth is, in the end, almost inevitable—because the gap between fantasy and reality in Los Angeles itself is so blurred. Any plot, however bizarre, can be turned into a real-life movie there, with walking, talking characters—and Rayner, with all the enthusiasm of a devout Hollywood fan, has produced his own glossy celluloid novel about a city that looks like a film set. And a very entertaining one it is, too.

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Zoë Dominic

Filling the fantasy gap: English National Opera's "Carmen" refreshing the parts other forms of music and drama can't reach?

Opera

Breaking into new arias

Ed Vulliamy on the opera boom—why is it happening now and just who are the new audience?

Suddenly, somehow, it is hard to move without encountering operatic music of one kind or another. We haven't quite reached the point of having *Madame Butterfly* piped across branches of Wendy Burger, but it feels as though that could happen any time now.

The Earl's Court arena, usual host to the Royal Tournament and various ideal home and car bonanzas, is currently providing a home for Verdi's *Aida*. There is opera on television (at peak-time) and big screen versions of Verdi, Bizet and Mozart are all doing reasonably well at the box office. When the hero of *The Killing Fields* gets back to New York from Cambodia for a bit of R & R, the first thing he does is slap on *Turandot* as a soundtrack to Pol Pot's ravages. In the theatre, there is *Cafe Puccini* and *After Aida*; you can even listen to live arias at a wine bar in Chelsea...Opera, long regarded as a stuffy art for the rich and conservative, is becoming fashionable and even popular.

It is because the British have no tradition of indigenous opera that they have tended to preserve it for the rich; the nearest equivalent we have to the European operatic tradition is the importance of Handel's *Messiah* to the choirs of working-class Britain. Now, oddly perhaps, that is changing.

At one level, the revival of interest in opera is just a re-affirmation of the 18th-century enthusiasm of Handel's time for opera as indulgent light entertainment for the young rich. In this sense, the intellectual function has not changed since the days when the audience at Covent Garden was wealthy, of the establishment and middle aged; all that is different is that it is now wealthier (because of massive price increases), of the establishment and younger. In this young circle, opera becomes an unsurprising extension of the May Ball or Henley Regatta, a recreation for the raucous and pampered currently favoured by the political climate.

And so audiences are treated to things like the group of thoroughly drunk yuppies who burst into a chorus of "Here we go, Here we go" at Glyndebourne, as Orfeo took up his lyre and began his journey to the underworld in search of Eurydice. A similarly inebriated posse unfurled a banner from a box at the Royal Opera House in anticipation of the appearance of the German soprano Helga Dernesch in Strauss's *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*: "Let's hear it from the fat girl", it read.

The new late-80s young rich crowd needs romantic, fairly easy opera, which is usually Italian—Verdi and Puccini with inoffensive plots and strong on melody you can sing in a Badedas bath. It is good popular opera, expanding across a fashionable, though not necessarily popular field. The key being that a particular group of people wants to look back in time, not forward.

But opera now also functions as a new mass marketplace thanks to the compact disc, the expansion of the opera star cult into recorded music and film, and the idea that we should celebrate any dissemination of high art. To this end, we have ludicrous films like *Aria*, television commercials that confuse some of the loveliest operatic music with the imagery of condom or perfume advertising and the labo-

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rious efforts of Malcolm McLaren to incorporate a scanty grasp of opera into gimmicky rock albums, which do no more for opera than they do for rock.

All this may be symptomatic of an "opera boom", but it is not the substance of the real revival that is taking place. In fact, the yuppie factor and the *Aria* factor are travesties of the new creativity within contemporary British opera.

It is hard to establish exactly where the refreshed taste for opera began. Chronologically, the interest dates from Peter Schaeffer's *Amadeus* (play and film) which, whatever their merits or shortfalls, opened the eyes of millions.

Then came a blooming of good opera outside Covent Garden at the London Coliseum and among the regional companies. Quite quickly, the quality gap between the lavish productions at the Royal Opera, and the humbler ones by the English National, the Welsh National, the Scottish Opera and Opera North, closed—many would say it evaporated. Intellectually, the regional companies began to steal the initiative as too many Covent Garden new productions became unimaginative, or flopped not only through the company's fault, but often because its rich audience was not interested in, for instance, a superb *Flying Dutchman* in a heavy industrial setting, or Stockhausen's remarkable *Donnerstag Aus Licht*. The jewel at Covent Garden for two seasons running now has been a Yuri Lyubimov production of Janacek's brilliant *Jenufa*, and this year, the prohibitively high prices at the opera house had to be specially reduced to get people to come along. Far safer to wheel out Dame Joan Sutherland (again) for a bit of Donizetti, thereby reliably packing the house (and crush bar) with socialites.

Meanwhile, the ENO and the regional companies working within tight budgets, but charging far lower seat prices have blown a fresh breeze across this supposedly fusty art. A Welsh National *Otello* offered a respectable rival to Covent Garden's most prestigious production in years. An ambitious *Trojans* by Berlioz, mounted jointly by the Welsh National and Opera North, was one of the operatic highpoints of the decade. There has been a punk *Cosi Fan Tutte*, a *Don Giovanni* to the sounds of a flushing lavatory and Gluck's *Greek Tragedies* set among African tribes. Sometimes it gets silly; sometimes it's marvellous.

A renaissance, then, but for whom? The audience is getting younger, and, for want of a better word, trendier. It is safe only to look for signs, not movements. It's interesting to note, for instance, that the recent degree show at one of London's big art schools should have displayed quite so much interest in Wagner's Ring Cycle; that *Aria* should be a popular movie among young people; that opera should repeatedly make it to peak-time on TV; that serious films of *Otello*, *Don Giovanni*, *Macbeth* and *Carmen* should be successful on the cinema screen, and also plays about opera on the fringe stages of Edinburgh and London; that the crowds who sat out in the Covent Garden

Blowing a fresh breeze across a fusty art: English National Opera's Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk.

Piazza to watch a live video of Placido Domingo singing in *La Boheme* in the pouring rain should include opera buffs, yes, but not a few young people in their black leathers and brightly coloured hair.

One explanation for the opera revival might be that fantasy is a creative and necessary ingredient in cultural life, and that it is in short supply. Opera is filling the fantasy gap. For the yuppies, it is a fantasy about an aristocratic lifestyle in times past. For cinemagoers, it affords a welcome antidote to Robocops, Donald Woods, Sammy or Rosie.

Most importantly, the intellectual and fantastic end of rock music has been squeezed out and not replaced. Roger Waters, formerly of Pink Floyd, said recently of the 1960s that "suddenly groups were coming from art schools, not from Butlins". For better or worse, there now seems to be a return to a variation on Butlins (or at least to saying that you come from a variation on Butlins). Psychedelia has given way to the realism of hip-hop, leaving the banalities of "heavy metal" lore as the only fantasy around. The rock music that most young people listen to has ceased to try and describe the human imagination in the way that Roger Waters's Floyd did.

And into that intellectual gap, it seems, is creeping a taste for the emotional power in Verdi or Puccini and the refined passion in Mozart; and, more latterly, an appreciation of the rich symbolism and myth in Wagner and the dark psychological threads through Janacek.

Opera is a likely liquid for the quenching of this intellectual thirst: on the one hand, it is dramatically fantastic, even absurd, sung instead of spoken and defiant of the laws of space and time. The fact that it is becoming more popular in this country during these times may in the end say more about this country in these times than about opera, for the ethos of great opera is nothing if not apocalyptic.

Cinema

The party's over

Suzanne Moore on a bad week for preppies and punks.

Having an infinite amount of money to spend on drink and drugs in New York nightclubs isn't exactly my idea of hell, and despite its best efforts **Brights Lights, Big City** (Leicester Square Theatre) failed to convince me that it was. Based on the novel of the same name by Jay McInerney and directed by James Bridges, it tells the story of Jamie Conway, an aspiring young writer who works as a fact-checker on a prestigious magazine not a million miles removed from the *New Yorker*.

Unable to come to terms with the death of his mother or the break-up of his marriage to the pretty but vacant Amanda, Jamie spends an awful lot of time rushing in and out of toilets hoovering up vast amounts of "Bolivian marching powder" and drinking vodka. This, we are told, is the worst week of his life.

Leading him astray is the wickedly hedonistic Tad Allagash, played with lounge lizard verve by Kiefer Sutherland, who unlike Jamie at least appears to enjoy himself. For all this partying is doing Jamie no good. Constantly late for work, he screws up an important assignment and gets the sack. This makes him even more miserable and then comes the final blow—he gets a nosebleed! But all is not lost for he has met Tad's cousin, a wholesome sort of a girl and what Americans would call "a real person". She helps him to start coping with his problems and we know that he has recognised the error of his ways when he swops his trendy sunglasses for a loaf of bread.

Such heavy-handed symbolism is just one of the things that is wrong, or rather not quite right about this film. It doesn't have its finger on the pulse of New York nightlife so much as in its ear. Everything seems a little dated, from the matt black and chrome decor of the bar to the pasteurised punters of the nightclub. Michael J Fox looks preppy rather than yuppy, never appearing rough or rumpled enough for the part of a desperate man. Besides which he just looks far too *little* half the time.

The bright lights of the title are all jarring neon and reflections in subway windows, in stark contrast to the scenes in which he remembers his family home. These appear to be bathed in the sort of soft glowing light normally reserved for commercials selling products which contain unsaturated fats.

But by far the most irritating part of this silly movie is that what at first appears to be a swipe at the self-destructive, struggling artist/writer myth turns out, in fact, to be a reaffirmation of this worst of literary cliches. You can guess what happens to the female characters in such a

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Looking preppy rather than yuppy: Michael J. Fox as Jamie Conway

scenario—they become either treacherous *femmes fatales* (such as Jamie's wife) who drag you down, or surrogate mothers who pull you back up when the going gets tough. Never for a moment do you doubt that Jamie *isn't* going to pull himself together: nor that while real pain may have ruptured the complacency of his affluent lifestyle, for his obnoxious friends the party still goes on.

The best party scene for a long time must be in Richard Lowenstein's brilliant **Dogs in Space** (Gate). With one deceptively lazy, meandering shot Lowenstein's camera picks up on awkward conversations, fumbling chat-up lines, drunken arguments and stoned political debates in a way that would do Altman proud.

Most of it lives in a ramshackle rubbish-tip of a house in Melbourne in the late seventies. In a narrative that is as rambling and chaotic as the house itself, we get to know the odd assortment of brain-dead punks, left-over hippies, would-be pop stars, hangers-on and maniacs that converge around the early punk scene. As they go about their business queuing for Bowie tickets, scoring drugs, rehearsing songs, trashing TV sets, the exuberance of the characters shines through in some hilarious cameos. Sam, self-obsessed singer of the local band "Dogs in Space", gets his dinner brought to him by his anxious, middle-class Mum who asks the immortal question "Are you still with that girl—can she cook?"

A mixture of spontaneity and acute self-awareness infuses the film. For in a sense punk was the last of the great subcultures. It proved what all the sociologists had been saying about youth cultures for years but it also put them out of a job. Nobody needed an expert to analyse this most self-conscious and media-conscious of cults—it could speak for itself. In fact Lowenstein himself has described his film as a piece of oral history and the film's authenticity derives from getting the details absolutely right. It captures the messiness of the early punk scene where second-hand dresses were worn alongside plastic skirts, where disaffected kids and old dropouts came together in a way calculated to undermine any neat definition of subculture.

As the members of this shambolic community begin to drift apart, Sam and his girlfriend Anna drift into a smack habit. While Alex Cox's *Sid and Nancy* explored the terminal tedium of heroin addiction, its portrayal of the punk scene was little more than a cartoon of dead heads and dead ends. *Dogs in Space* on the other hand captures the vibrancy and sense of possibility of those times, so that when the tragic overdose occurs it seems even more of a waste. As Iggy Pop sings the sublime "Endless Sea", a small but precious era ends.

And lest we forget, it was not drugs that deadened the impetus of punk but its inevitable commercialisation. In the days when yuppy nightmares like *Bright Lights, Big City*, come two a penny, the true secret of teen-idol Michael J Fox's success is that while he snorts cocaine on the big screen he appears regularly on TV selling us a different kind of coke altogether.

MEDIATIONS

Once upon a time, the liveliest centre for television plays was the cumbrously titled department known as English Regions Drama, based at BBC Birmingham and founded by David Rose. Safely distant, as it seemed, from the hysteria of Television Centre's office politics, the cherishable careers of writers like David Rudkin, Alan Plater and Peter Terson were duly cherished, actors like David Threlfall and Toyah Willcox were discovered and young directors were tried out (the two best of the current generation, David Attwood and Tony Smith, both learned the business at Pebble Mill).

After a long period of retreat, the Birmingham drama unit aspires to seize the initiative again. The recently appointed head of the department, Mike Wearing, has accumulated an impressive track record of contemporary serials—*The History Man, Boys From The Black Stuff, Edge of Darkness*—not bad to be going on with. Now Pebble Mill's commitment to single drama is restated in a "campaign" (their word) to bring new writers into television.

The scheme comprises an invitation to previously unproduced playwrights to submit scripts timed at 15 minutes. No more than six speaking and six mute roles are permitted and two copies of the text (which will not be returned) are required. I have some objections to this plan. Fifteen minutes is a perfectly horrendous length to write—neither fish, fowl nor good red meat. Time was when well-paid script editors used to go out into the hedgerows and earn their money, instead of sifting the submissions of a self-selecting group. The £22,000 sponsorship provided by Barclays Bank is mysterious ("It's a community enterprise, not just London-based," a bank representative told me. "And it will reach groups of the audience that we couldn't reach any other way"). But initiative must be encouraged in the present climate. As long as they don't try to kid the winners (who will graduate to a video workshop) that a career as a television playwright is any longer possible.

Do gay men prefer the "Sunday Telegraph"? I ask because these days agencies only place their advertisements after exhaustive market research. And what must be the campest item currently available for purchase anywhere—"The Rudolph Valentino Ring"—has to my knowledge only been advertised in the colour magazine of said "Sunday Telegraph". "Now, for the first time," the ad reads, "the ring that he actually wore has been re-created from the original . . . attractively priced at £195. The ring of a legend. For the man of today."

W. Stephen Gilbert

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Theatre

Murder under the sun

Betty Caplan on the drama of colonialism.

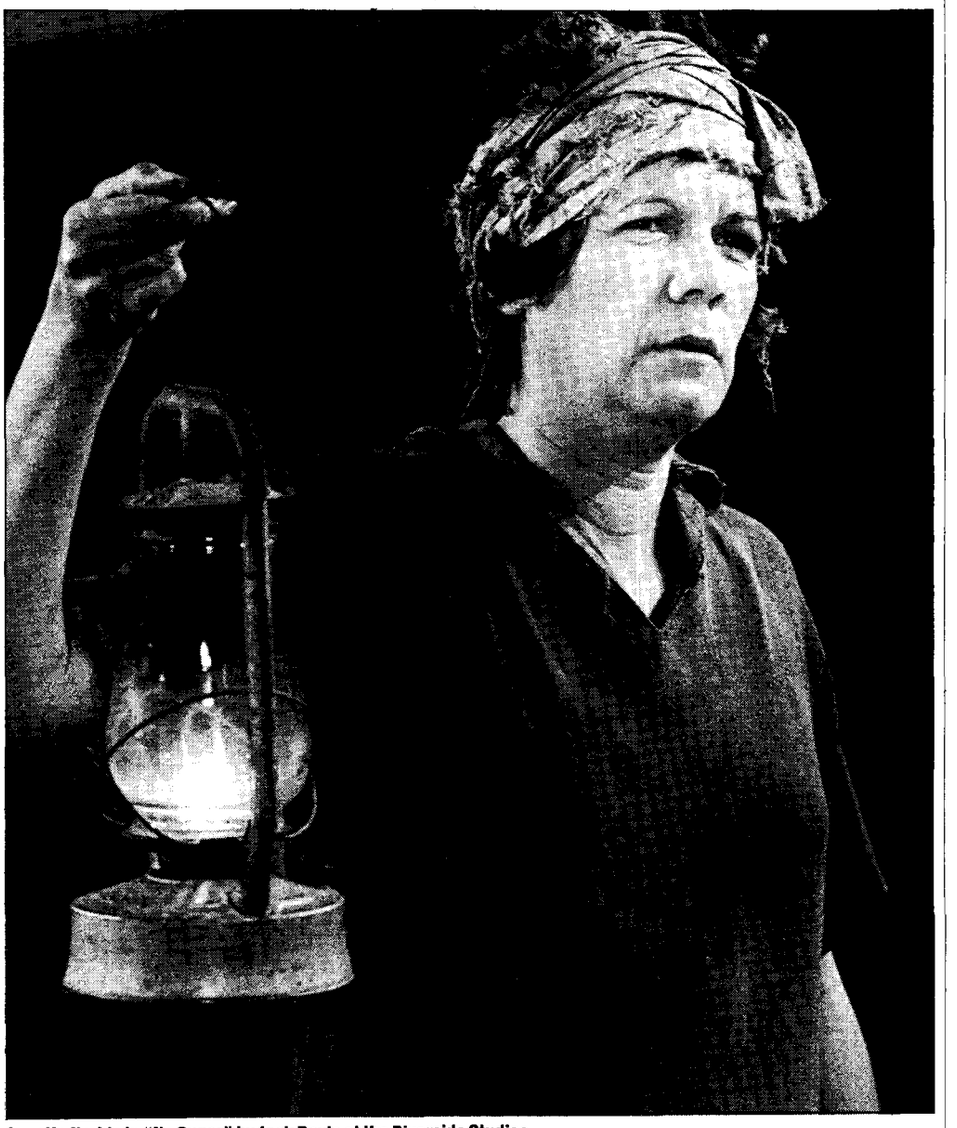
One thing the great colonial powers had in common was the propensity to wipe out any sense of individuality in their subject peoples. De-humanise the natives and it becomes easier to manipulate them for your own convenience. Acknowledge their history and culture, their attachment to place, and you're in trouble.

For the next few weeks, Riverside Studios has become a far-flung outpost of empire, with both the venue's theatre spaces being utilised to evoke the sand-strewn, desolate terrain of Western Australia. Jack Davis's **No Sugar** follows the fortunes of his own family from 1929-34, the height of the depression. On the pretext of an outbreak of scabies they, along with the entire aboriginal population of Northam, were "transferred" to Moore River (on arrival it was discovered that only four of the 81 deportees were infected). After a few months the community was released on condition they would never return to Northam.

The two-arena arrangement allows us to physically accompany the Marli Biyol troupe on their laborious journey to the Moore River settlement—another country to a people whose understanding of their land is reflected in a rich vocabulary with fine distinctions which elude translation. The paternalist attitudes expressed by A.O. Neville, Chief Protector of Aborigines at the time, and a key figure in the play, were common currency in a country which only recently abolished its white-only policy. Arguments raged over the need to protect aborigines against themselves, while at the same time surreptitious genocide was being carried out. One sure solution to a problem is to kill it stone dead.

These people remain very much alive, however, and Davis, who plays the role of the eccentric Billy in his own play, draws on an oral tradition to produce a kind of drama-documentary which is an extension of story-telling, dance and music-making. This is the kind of thing theatre stubbornly goes on doing better than cinema or TV—the immediate encounter with part of a people's history, performed in a way which lends itself to the sweeping panoramic view. Do not look for subtlety of style, though: the harsh light and wretched conditions which made even soap a luxury item militate against any form of embellishment. But the ongoing struggle between a people and its oppressors is vividly portrayed: in adversity they discover their true strength.

Various platforms constructed above the sandy base are used to represent the workings of the colonial administration. Neville's Chief Protector's office betrays the maze of prejudiced incomprehension which characterised white dealings with the aborigines, and loftier platforms still allow Neville to lecture us on behalf of the West Australian Historical Society—a neat way of imparting vital information. Whites move among the audience but significantly the aboriginals remain apart. Their response to subjugation is simply defiance.



Lynette Narkle in "No Sugar" by Jack Davis at the Riverside Studios

In another, different empire, Bernard-Marie Koltes proves to be more architect than engineer. His much-feted **Struggle of the Black Man and the Dogs** (Gate Theatre) has the potential for more than one good play. Unfortunately Koltes sets up dramatic situations only to dissipate them through his inability to make the characters engage with one another. Horn (Keith Hazemore) is the foreman of a French road project in West Africa; Cal his underling has murdered a black worker in a fit of pique. Albourg (Roy Lee), representing the family, has come to claim the body. Had Koltes been David Mamet, this would have sufficed for a tightly-knit, triangular puzzle. Instead, he introduces a woman, Leone (Josephine Welcome), who complicates matters unnecessarily and detracts from the play's real subject—the corrupting effects of neo-colonialism. Horn, Cal and Albourg play out the sordid power game writ large in the world outside. Jonathan Oliver's Cal, a jittery psychopath whose misdemeanour puts him totally in Horn's grip, seethes with repressed sexual energy. More sharply delineated than his dull-witted foreman, the two nevertheless fail to connect because of Koltes' speechifying tendencies—always the mark of an immature playwright. The only theme which does emerge strongly is the inevitable contempt for the native: Horn's solution to the problem of the missing body is to advise Cal to blow the face off any old black corpse and present that to the folks. After all, they're all alike, aren't they?

Koltes' wordy play is not helped by Michael Batz's loose direction and the actors' badly-paced performances. The Gate's tiny space may be a touch too claustrophobic even for this play, but more could have been done particularly with the lighting to create the required atmosphere of paranoid suspicion. Thanks to the Gate for enabling us to see important new continental work, but one is finally left wondering how on earth a play gets so far without anyone producing the editorial scissors.

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Television

Research and destroy

Marek Kohn on TV's post-Aids discovery of the medical detective story.

Jeff Goldblum obviously started something. His pathologically restless and driven performance as the medical researcher in *Life Story* was one of the keys to the success of the BBC's outstanding dramatisation of the DNA story. **Glory Enough For All** (Tuesday and Wednesday ITV 9-11.35pm), an Anglo-Canadian co-production which adapts the *Life Story* drama to the four-hour mini-series format, contains a similarly hulking portrayal of another Nobel prizewinner: Dr Frederick Banting. Here the drama of discovery has a double theme: the struggle to resolve a scientific problem and the subsequent struggle over who should get the credit. The glory in this case attended the discovery of insulin, which provided an effective treatment for diabetes. No longer did this disease mean an inexorable, wasting death. Banting's contribution to this advance was founded upon that thing most pleasing to scientific aesthetics: a simple, brilliant idea. It was based on the previous 30 years of physiological research, but it divined the nature of the obstacle that had blocked the efforts of Banting's predecessors.

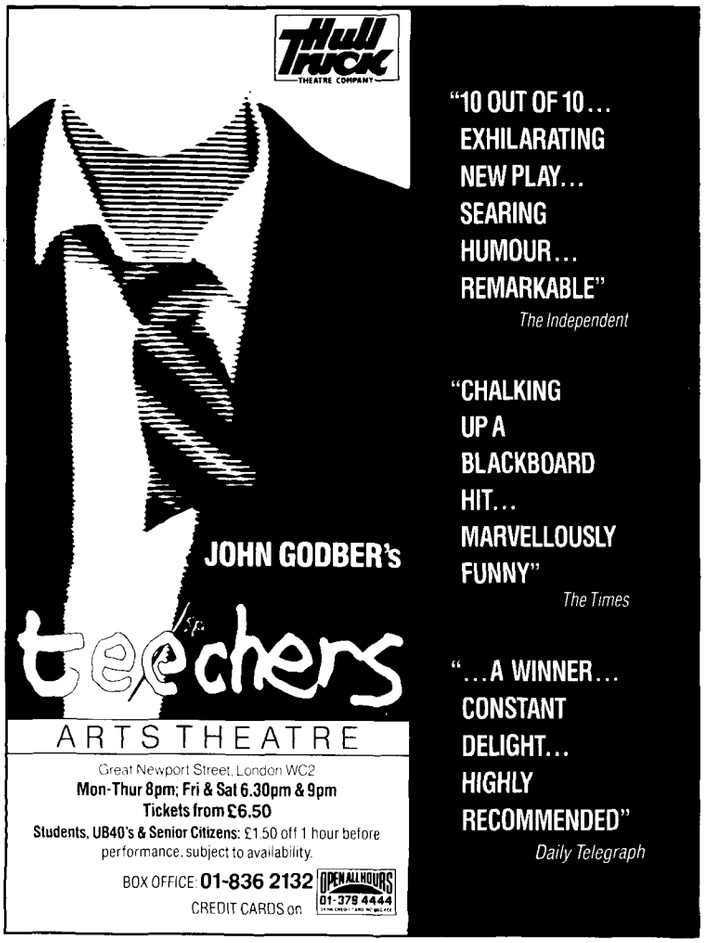
These earlier workers had realised that the islets of Langerhans, inside the pancreas, were implicated in diabetes. Unsuccessful attempts had been made to extract a substance from the pancreas which would reverse the effects of the disease in dogs. Banting's idea was that this substance was being destroyed by other pancreatic secretions. The answer was to tie off the pancreatic duct, which would cause the main part of the pancreas to atrophy, but would not destroy the islets.

He was right, but an awful lot of dogs died to prove it. *Glory Enough For All* shows him, with his young assistant Charles Best, struggling to conduct their experiments in the stifling heat of the ramshackle laboratory that passes for their research facility. Meanwhile J.J. Macleod, their superior, enjoys the comfort of his well-appointed office. Once the breakthrough is confirmed, it is Macleod who jointly receives the Nobel prize with Banting. There is no official recognition for the efforts of Charles Best and the biochemist James Collip, whose contribution was also vital.

The theme of acrimony between those engaged in the search for a cure for a deadly, wasting disease has obvious resonances today. But there is no simple, brilliant Aids idea; and, as yet, no cure. The dispute between Robert Gallo, of the US National Cancer Institute, and Luc Montagnier, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has been resolved, literally, by the rewriting of history. Part of the settlement involved the co-authorship by them of an official account of the discovery of HIV that resolved the claims of each side. National prestige and royalties from medical products were also involved: a far cry from the simple questions of plain decency that impinged upon the insulin honours.

Aids resonances in the search for insulin: Banting in "Glory Enough for All"

In fact, although *Glory Enough For All* is very modern in its focus on one man's ambition, it is a World War I drama continued by other means. Banting is first seen in a Flanders field hospital, and the brutal, dirty realities of that experience are echoed in the squalid lab to which he is confined. Banting, Best and their dogs are the bloody infantry of medicine.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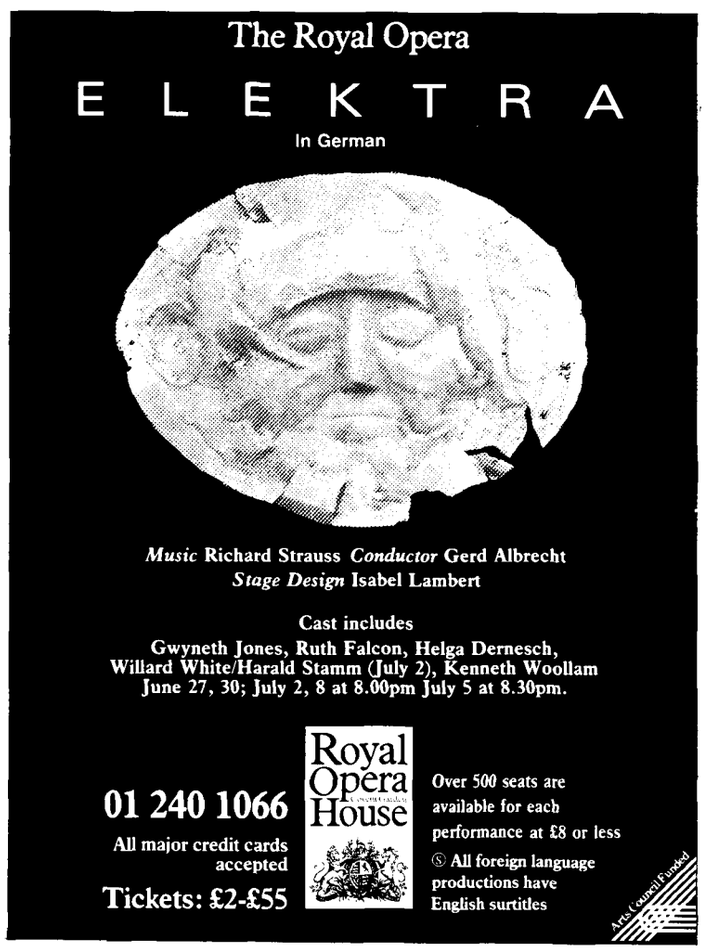
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MY BROS BOY LUKE IS LOVE-CRAZY

♥ We have had sex five times a night

♥ We were caught in car back seat

♥ He likes me naked in cowboy boots

BROS star Luke Goss parked his Jeep in a deserted moonlit park, switched off the headlamps and tenderly took his beautiful lover in his arms.

By BIZARRE'S RICK SKY

Lucky Luke ... "He has a wealth of sex experience"

Music

Pop babble on

Stuart Cosgrove on tabloid pop — and the beginnings of a musical backlash.

When Rupert Murdoch engineered the commercial success of the *Sun* and pursued a policy of news as nasty disinformation, it was never envisaged that his greatest area of success would be in pop music. Suddenly, the trials and tribulations of the pop world usurped politics as the reservoir of news. There was Boy George's heroin addicton, Elton John's alleged flirtation with rent-boys (which may yet end in litigation), and the case of Mel Appleby of Mel and Kim, whose fight against cancer was exposed in the most unseemly way across the front cover of the *News of the World*.

Tabloid pop began as an adjunct of rogue journalism but gradually established itself as a specific category within music itself. This week, three of the most visible exponents of tabloid pop have taken the American charts by storm. Rick Astley's "Together forever", Samantha Fox's typically flirtatious "Naughty girls" and George Michael's "One more try" are all in the US Top Ten. And news has reached America that Britain's slime press have put a price on George Michael's head. He is currently the most targeted star in town, so if you're short of a few thousand, dust down an old Frank Bough story and do not pass go.

But tabloid pop is not simply a category — it is a language. In the words of the irrepressible Boy George, the British pop process in the 1980s has instituted a form of music that is simply "*Titbits* on plastic". The best pop music is by its nature memorable frivolity, but tabloid pop is stripped of the dignity of memory and simply offers itself as a momentary headline.

The recent release of The Style Council's new LP, *Confessions of a pop group* (Polydor) is proof positive that Britain's left-leaning groups have at last grasped the nettle, and begun to use a counter-language which borrows and subverts the idioms of tabloid journalism. Like most of his generation, The Style Council's Paul Weller refuses to talk to Murdoch's tabloids. But three of his current songs—the recent single, "Life at the top people's health farm", the riotous "I was a dole dad's toyboy" and the title track of the album, "Confessions of a pop group"—twist the language of tabloid journalism and the absurd storylines of the popular press, and use them as the critical basis for a more positive pop.

Groups like The Style Council are beginning to use a counter-language which borrows and subverts the idioms of tabloid journalism

Confessions of a pop group is probably the most self-reflective LP around. Its commentary on tabloid populism shifts from the *Daily Mirror* to the music of Debussy, using ridiculous headlines and classical reprises to mock Murdoch and themselves. It's a new variation on the age-old technique of mixing high- and low-brow, in what amounts to a cover version of "Bingo with Beethoven".

If *Confessions of a pop group* were an isolated release, it could be filed in the *auteur* drawer, but several other records have a similar purpose. Paul Hardcastle, the east Londoner who tackled the news media's coverage of Vietnam in the irritatingly familiar hit "19", has recently released his second album, *No Winners*, (Chrysalis) and turned tabloid manners into a personal rage against the abuse of nuclear power.

Revenge is sweet—and sweeter still when it comes from the wicked tongue of tabloid pop's most famous victim, Boy George O'Dowd, the androgynous star who proved to the point of self-destruction that you can't use the media without getting used. After nearly two years of being hounded through a haze of heroin, dead friends, daily abuse and desperate homophobia, Boy George has turned tabloid prejudice into a pop testament.

His angry dance single, "No Clause 28", (Virgin) uses a frantic uptown tempo to pillory the daily press and the way it promotes divisive Thatcherism. It is a triumph of disco esperanto, taking the language of modern dance music and aligning it with sarcastic references to the political right, and the tabloid lust for babble on.

Boy George's welcome return to grace has coincided with the curious disappearance of another piece of anti-tabloid rhetoric, "Paperman". A standard stadium rock song by the Dire Straits' bassist, John Ilsley, it all but accuses Rupert Murdoch of trivialising Britain to the point of death. The record was scheduled for a single release but has been mysteriously bypassed and now resides in the obscurity of an unpublished album.

Pop's ability to launch a significant and meaningful counter-attack against the tabloids hinges on the needs and demands of the pop process, rather than the clarity of the music. A good single sells maybe 40,000 copies in total, the *Sun* sells over four million copies a day. On the surface it seems like a whisper and a scream.

But by a strange twist the tabloids need pop more than pop needs them. Most record company press departments have come to the bitter realisation that the major dailies are only interested in their acts at the point of fame. They rarely give coverage to new or unknown acts and are, therefore, of restricted use as vehicles for genuine promotion.

Most tabloid coverage of pop is either salacious, intrusive or simply concocted and is little more than a nuisance to musician and record company. With the exception of the purpose-built groups like Bros or Five Star who court tabloids, most pop stars avoid them with more energy than they would a sniffer dog.

Against this background of non-cooperation, the tabloids have turned to half-truths, kiss-and-tell exaggeration and downright lies in order to fulfil their pop quota. But they may soon be sparring with a formidable enemy. In the face of an ineffectual Press Council, there is a strong rumour circulating the music business, that several rich and vengeful pop stars have opened a joint libel account, and aim to pool their resources in a carefully chosen face-off with the *Sun*. The era of the "Supergroup" may have arrived in earnest. Gotcha.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

WANTED! CSV urgently need 8 volunteers to work with disabled and also dependent people in Hereford and Worcestershire. Families, children and individuals all need help on a one-to-one basis for 4-6 months. Hard and rewarding work, free accommodation away from your project, weekly allowance of £35 plus travelling expenses paid. Could YOU do it? Contact CSV at The Old Quilt Factory, Worcester, WR1 3QN, or ring 0905 726624.

HOUNSLOW SUMMER Playscheme catering for children and young people with disabilities, requires volunteers. The Scheme is open Monday to Friday 25th July to 19th August. If you've a little spare time, please contact Beverley on 01-577-5154.

VOLUNTEER CARE STAFF required. The Newham CRYPT provides accommodation for up to 4 physically disabled adults who are interested in the arts. People are needed to work as Voluntary Care Staff. Duties will include seeing to both the physical and emotional needs of the residents. Board and lodgings are supplied. Telephone Jonine on 01-519-5137.

KIDS FAMILY CENTRE needs Volunteers for their Summer Holiday Playsheme for children with special needs from 2nd to 26th August. Expenses paid. For more details please contact Ms Tessa Everett, KIDS Family Centre, 80 Waynflete Square, London, W10 6UD. Telephone: 01-960-6767.

LONDON VOLUNTARY Service Council. Research Assistant required to volunteer at least one day per week for our fundraising group, using directories and entering information onto a computer. Full training will be given, plus lunch money and travelling expenses to office currently near Euston Station. For further information, please telephone Roland Doven on 01 388 0241.

WESTMINSTER Bereavement Service is seeking volunteers residing in or near the boroygh of Westminster to offer counselling support to one or two bereaved people in their homes. Training and regular group supervision is provided. Next training course starts on Wednesday evening, October 19th and consists of two further Wednesday evenings: 9 and 30 November and also two Saturdays: 29 October and 19 November. No qualifications are required but must be genuine, sympathetic and committed. If interested, please ring Gill Dunbar or Kathy Yorke on 01-289 6597 as soon as possible.

ISLINGTON MENCAP need a person to share a house with eight others, 6 of whom have a learning disability. Tenants are expected to live communally, sharing the cooking, shopping, cleaning and other communal activities. Rent is £25 per week inclusive. Please contact Paul Davies (support worker) at 404 Camden Road, London, N7 OSJ, tel 607-8762, for further information.

RELEASE: The Legal and Emergency Drugs Agency is looking for volunteers to help in their reception. We require volunteers from June 27th 1988, for a period of up to six months, but for no less than two. Reception and some computer training is offered and expenses will be paid. If you are interested and would like to know more please ring Release: on 01-377-5905, Mon-Fri, 10-6.

help

The HELP programme is a 5 minute local programme appearing at 6.25 on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of next week's programmes.

HELP this week looks at how young people go about making music together, and asks those who do it for a living for their guidance. We also offer our new free booklet "Making Music" from: HELP (Making Music), PO Box 11, NW1 3HZ.

TUESDAY 28 JUNE – MAKING MUSIC 1

"When will I be famous?" Making music is not only about fame, it's about church hall gigs and enjoyment. We hear from Aswad and The Darts aout how they started and what advice they give to those who sing in the bath or practise in front of the mirror.

WEDNESDAY 29 JUNE – MAKING MUSIC 2

"I don't even know where middle C is". The Cold Cut Crew go in for scratching and sampling, and tonight we show you how. Plus the HELP rap from The Brutal Ladies. For more information ring 01 388 2388 after the programme.

THURSDAY 30 JUNE – MAKING MUSIC 3

Tonight's HELP looks at traditional ways of making music with the Musicians Union Rock Workshop. The Workshop consists of four seasoned rock musicians who have all played with name bands. They tour the country under the Musicians Union banner, helping aspiring musicians with their chosen instruments. Ring for more information on 01-388-2388.

HELP • THAMES TV • EMBER HOUSE • 164/166 DRUMMOND STREET LONDON • NW1 3HR • TELEPHONE: 01-387-9494

ANTI-WAR SOCIAL Worker/ Journalist needs urgent help for a long-term Peace Media campaign possible by-election expenses. The public's right to know the case against poverty producing armaments depends on more peace campaigning in the Press/ TV. Write to John Connell for more details at 12, Mearns Way, Bishopbrigs, Glasgow.

THE MAUDSLEY HOSPITAL needs volunteers to work with patients in a variety of ways, offering companionship to individuals, attending a social club, driving or advocacy. Hours to be as little as 2/3 a week. Travel expenses paid. For furhter information please get in touch with Mary Lawton or Una Lietch at The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5 8AZ, telephone: 01-703-6333.

MENCAP HOMES Foundation. We are looking for volunteers to befriend individual residents who are living in our home sited in Lambeth. We hope one-to-one relationships may develop to help broaden their interest and social activities. Please contact: E. Boyle for further information, Area Manager, Mencap Homes Foundation, 341 London Road, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 4BE or telephone 01-685-9958.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED. If you are fit, able to drive, have 2 to six months to spare and would like the experience of caring for a disabled person in their own accomodation, then I have a place for you. Volunteers receive £35 per week + free accommodation and good support. For more details contact Alan 01-736-8555 West London.

THINKING OF A CAREER IN Community Care? SHAD is in need of volunteers to work 4-6 months with severely disabled people living in their own homes. £37 p.w. allowance + free accommodation in South London. We offer good support and friendly surroundings; excellent work experience. Women and drivers are especially needed. Please contact Sue/Karen, SHAD, Wandsworth The Nightingale Centre, No.8, Balham Hill, London, SW12 or phone 01-675-6095.

BONDWAY NIGHTSHELTER, an emergency provision for homeless men, requires volunteers (aged 18-30) to work for approximately six months. An allowance and accommodation provided. We recruit throughout the year so welcome applications from those wishing to be considered at a later stage. For further details contact: Volunteer Co-Ordinator, P.O. Box 374, London, SW8 1SJ enclosing a S.A.E. (due to interview restrictions, applicants should be U.K. residents.

NATIONAL COUNCIL For Civil Liberties is looking for a Volunteer for 1 or half a day a week to help maintain and develop its press cuttings files on civil liberties issues. Please contact Chris Jones at NCCL, 21 Tabard St., London, SE1 4LA, tel: 403 3888.

CLAPHAM Community Project require volunteer legal advice workers, for their Tuesday evening drop in sessions (7-8pm). There is a receptionist, typing is undertaken by the Project, & an advice worker is in attendance at the sessions. Contact Peter Bird on 01-720-8731 or 01-622-2042.

PREPARATION for the Anti-Apartheid Movement's Nelson Mandela: Freedom at 70 campaign is reaching its last stages. Can you spare 1 hour or more to help in the AAM HQ? If so, please call Pat Taber on 01-388-2798. Travel expenses are met and all help is greatly valued.

EXCITING FULL-TIME Placements. The North London Independent Living Project now has vacancies for volunteers. If you can drive, like the idea of a semi-communal unstructured environment and are looking for the experience of being part of a progressive community project concerned with promoting independence and freedom for those people with disabilities then ring 01-959-0253 or write to: NLILP, 5, Ash Close, Edgware, Middx. Accommodation, expenses, etc provided. Join us in promoting social equality.

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Classified Advertising

Advertisements received by noon on Tuesday will normally be published the same week
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate. £11 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £9.50 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 45p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
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Correspondence should be addressed to
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Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Hazel Stevens (Classified Manager)
Carol Anne Brown (Sales Executive)
Chris Gallagher (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
Brian Cushion (Production)
Telephone: 01-739-1645
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Courses/Training

BIRKBECK COLLEGE
University of London
CENTRE FOR EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES
Part-time evening courses in
CRIMINOLOGY
The Centre offers an EXTRA-MURAL CERTIFICATE AND DIPLOMA in CRIMINOLOGY by examination or non-examination courses, one term, short or weekend seminars, covering a range of topics of interest to all concerned with issues of law and order.
Further details from Cheryl Croydon, Centre for Extra-Mural Studies, 26 Russell Square, London, WC1B 5DQ. (Tel: 01-636-8000 ext 3859.)

MA in Sociology and Social Policy
(Part-time Evening)
Through this course many people working in local government and related areas have already combined obtaining a further qualification with the chance to reflect on their professional practice. Admission (which is by interview) is open to graduates in appropriate disciplines, though other candidates may be considered.
The course takes two years and includes: Social Policy, Welfare and the British State; European Social Structures; Underdevelopment and the World System; Issues in Contemporary Social Policy and an option.
P·N·L
THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON
Further details from Roger Hallam (Course Tutor), Department of Sociology, Ladbroke House, Polytechnic of North London, 62-66 Highbury Grove, London N5 2AD. Tel: 01-607 2789 ext 5107.

EXPLORING PSYCHOTHERAPY:
A one year introduction:
Theoretical Seminars and Group Therapy
Thursday 6 - 10 pm starting in October 1988
Write: IPSS, 8 WILLOW ROAD, LONDON, NW3 for further details and application forms. (SAE please).

Media Appointments

NEWSTATESMAN
SOCIETY

Political and Cultural Editors
The New Statesman and Society has opportunities for two young journalists with editorial and sub-editing experience to work on the political and arts & media sections of the magazine. You must have an informed understanding of the subject area.
Please apply with CV and examples of your work to the Editor at the address below.

Junior Editorial Secretary
A good opportunity for a bright, adaptable person to take on this busy, varied post. You must be able to spell, have excellent keyboard skills and some wp experience. Send in your application, we need you now! Salary c £7,000.
Please apply in writing, including cv to, Gina Jennings, Personnel Manager:

New Statesman and Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ.

General Appointments

Community Service Supervisors
(£8,244 - £9,285 per annum)
required by OXFORDSHIRE PROBATION SERVICE in ABINGDON and BICESTER
Community Service Supervisors play a key role in finding work placements for offenders made subject to Community Service Orders by the courts, and ensuring that they perform suitable work under supervision. Tis is a demanding job requiring initiative, resilience and an interest in working with offenderrs in their local community. These posts may suit those wishing to prepare for social work training or mature applicants interested in working with offenders on a long term basis.
Applicants must hold a driving licence. A car allowance and expenses are payable, and car loan or car leasing arrangements are available in approved cases.
For an application form and job description contact:
The Administrative Section, Oxfordshire Probation Service, 43 Park End Street, Oxford, OX1 1JN. Tel: Oxford 815507
For informal discussion, please contact either: Paul Goodman, Senior Probation Officer, on Bicester 252443 OR Richard Aston, Community Service Organiser, on Abingdon 35619.
Closing date 7th July. Interviews will be held on 19th July 1988.
Oxfordshire Probation Service is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

Classified Advertisements
Telephone 01-739 1645

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LEARNING DISABILITIES SERVICE

Haringey is often in the news, much of which is critical and frequently inaccurate.

You would need to be closely involved in the working life of this diverse community, whether at the sharp end of service — delivery or managing a work force, to appreciate the true nature of this inner city type borough.

Our bustling multi-ethnic outer London population of approximately 200,000 people which stretches from the leafy lanes of Highgate to the thronging streets of Tottenham make for the social work challenges you've been searching out, particularly related to people with learning disabilities and their network.

Our new social education facility — Ermine Road Centre — is due to be operationalised just as the divisionalised Social Services Department is taking shape; this Centre signifies a major shift in the flexible planning, management and delivery of services to people with learning disabilities in Haringey. It is intended to offer educational, social and recreational opportunities; be part of a wider range of Day Services and adhere to the principles of normalisation.

We can afford to be proud of the range and diversity the above facilities could provide but we will still need your enthusiasm, innovation and commitment to influence policy, implement services and realise their full potential.

OFFICER IN CHARGE

£15,241-£15,417 PO2 (Ref: 500)

Needed is a good sense of office and staff management; staff supervision and training; experience of working in staff groups; capacity to work collaboratively and develop a shared perspective of Day Services; commitment to the principles of normalisation; sensitivity to client and carers' issues. CSS, DTM, CQSW or relevant qualification and experience; will be necessary for this post proven experience of equal opportunities staff management and providing a sensitive service to a multi-ethnic client group. Closing date July 8, 1988.

SENIOR INSTRUCTORS

£12,114-£12,867 or £13,224-£13,965 SO1/2 (Ref: 501)

And development of services, liaison with other community resources; and supervision of instructors. Experience of working with people with learning disabilities; proven ability to supervise staff, support and guide key workers; experience of introducing and managing change with staff and clients; and working with families with a disabled member; will be essential proven experience of equal opportunities staff management and providing a sensitive service to a multi-ethnic client group. Closing date July 22, 1988.

INSTRUCTORS

£9,780-£10,665 Scale 5 (Ref: 503)

Key worker basis; to facilitate, choice of facilities, plan activities and review needs and choices regularly.

You would need to have skills in liaising and consulting with families; awareness of clients personal care needs and respond sensitively to client group, knowledge of local facilities, ability to use these imaginatively and creatively to enable clients to develop individual potential will be important for successful applicants. Closing date: August 5, 1988.

CENTRE ASSISTANTS

£7,914-£8,466 Scale 3 (Ref: 504)

To assist in creating a caring environment, providing for adults with learning disabilities; to facilitate clients' full participation in decision making in the Centre and in their own lives; and to escort and drive clients to and from the Centre and elsewhere as necessary. Experience, knowledge of and sensitivity towards clients' needs will be essential. Closing date: August 5, 1988.

As this is an area of work where the Cypriot, Asian and Afro Caribbean communities are under represented, we particularly welcome applicants from these communities. Section 38 of the Race Relations Act 1976 applies.

For informal discussion please contact Val Teloka or Rosalind Greenwood on 01 881 3000 ext. 3370.

Application form and job description from Director of Social Services, 40 Cumberland Road, Wood Green, N22 4SG or telephone our 24 hour answering service on 01 881 4704 quoting the job title and relevant reference number.

"Haringey is working towards becoming an equal opportunities employer. Applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the post with equal opportunities for all, including women, black people, people from ethnic communities, lesbians and gays and people with disabilities, and regardless of marital status, age, religion, class and unrelated criminal conviction."

HARINGEY COUNCIL Jobs

Shelter

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR THE HOMELESS

HEAD OF TRAINING

Shelter is looking for a Training Manager, based at our London head office, to take charge of our small but busy training section. We train statutory and voluntary agencies countrywide to improve standards of housing advice, and policy and practice towards the homeless. This post will give you the rare chance to do this at a time of great change.

The successful applicant will have two years' experience of training in the voluntary or public sectors plus a record of managing others, budgeting and responding positively to the needs of minority groups. S/he also needs a good knowledge of current developments in housing, and housing advice, and a commitment to Shelter's work.

Starting salary: £13,350-£14,035 rising by annual increments to £14,786 (pay award pending)

For an application form and job description phone or write to: Ms Matty Ado, Shelter, 88 Old Street, London EC1V 9HU. ☎ 01 253 0202 ext 220.

Closing date: 4 July

Shelter is striving towards becoming an Equal Opportunities employer. We welcome applications from all sections of the community, regardless of race, sex, disability or sexual orientation. Staff must have a positive commitment to the implementation of Shelter's equal opportunities policies.

PSI

POLICY STUDIES INSTITUTE

PSI wishes to appoint

Two Researchers

to work with a Committee which is to study issues arising in the relations between local and central government. Candidates should have good academic qualifications and relevant experience in a social science and have shown aptitude for writing reports. The Committee is funded for three years in the first instance. The research appointments will be subject to a probationary period. Less than full-time working is a possibility. Start date as soon as possible. Closing date for applications: 8th July, 1988. Salaries in range £10,125 to £15,950 including London Allowance, according to age and experience. PSI is an equal opportunities employer.

Further particulars are available from: Elizabeth Worth, Policy Studies Institute, 100 Park Vilage East, London, NW1 3SR. Telephone: 01-387-2171.

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NEWSTATESMAN SOCIETY

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to join a small, energetic classified advertising team selling this exciting new magazine. The person we are looking for will ideally have some previous experience on a national magazine or newspaper selling direct to clients and agencies as well as on the telephone. A high level of motivation and a clean driving licence essential.

Salary will be commensurate with ability and experience – plus an excellent bonus scheme.

Apply in writing, including cv, to Gina Jennings, New Statesman and Society, at the address below.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

Subscription Clerk

required to assist in the running of a busy department. The ability to work with the minimum of supervision and to operate a computer, together with a good telephone manner is essential. Age 20 - 30, non-smoker preferred.

Salary £9,000 per annum.

Write to Gina Jennings, including your cv:

New Statesman and Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ

CHIEF EXECUTIVES

CHIEF ECONOMIC ADVISER

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT UNIT

PO(spl)A

£23,733-£25,578 pa incl.

We are seeking an imaginative individual to be responsible for the development, implementation and management of the Council's economic strategies.
The successful applicant must demonstrate:
Management experience, knowledge and understanding of the structural underpinning of economic development in inner cities. Commitment to equal opportunities policies, effective communication and marketing skills.
Interview date: week commencing 21st July 1988.
Please quote Ref: EDQ433.

Application forms from the Recruitment Office, Town Hall, Mare Street, London E8 1EA or telephone 01-986 5331 (24 hour answering service). Closing date for completed applications is 5 p.m. on the 8th July 1988. All applications for jobs are considered on merit, with equal opportunities for women, black and ethnic minorities, lesbians and gay men and people with disabilities. Job share applications are welcomed with or without a partner.

HACKNEY COUNCIL
Working for local people

CITY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION

Community Action Worker

C.U.S.U. is looking for a Community Action Worker to implement and co-ordinate its work with and in our local community. The successful candidate for this part-time post (44 weeks, 25 hours per week including 5 weeks' holiday) will be a self-motivating creative person with some experience of community work. The running of special projects throughout the year, e.g. a half-term playgroup, pensioners' party and sports for the mentally handicapped, is an integral part of the job which means a flexible approach to the working week must be taken from time to time.

Salary £5,439 including London Weighting, paid monthly.

Contact Sue Parsons on 01-250-0955 for a job description or write to CUSU, Northampton Square, London, EC1V OHB.

CUSU strives to be an Equal Opportunities Employer.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

Department of Sociology and MRC Medical Sociology Unit

RESEARCH FELLOW

A medical sociologist is required to join a team working on an ESRC funded project, 'A sociological study of the content of AIDS media messages and audience responses'. The post will involve using panel discussion techniques to elicit public understanding of AIDS and the influence of television, radio and newspaper coverage of AIDS. It is tenable for three years from 1 September 1988, on the 1A Research Fellow Scale subject to age, experience and qualifications. Further particulars are available from **Gill H D Sinclair, MRC Medical Sociology Unit, 6 Lilybank Gardens, Glasgow, G12 8QQ. (041) 357-3949.**

Closing date for applications: 9th July, 1988.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN

requires

DIRECTOR

for Princess Margaret House in Southampton, which provides accommodation for 65 residents and facilities for disabled women.

Duties include staff supervision and the administration, selection and admission of the residents and the promotion of their welfare.

This is a residential post and a two-bedroom self-contained flat is provided. Salary on scale between £6,179 and £7,579 per annum.

The successful applicant will be in sympathy with the Christian aims of the Association.

Please telephone for an application form 0865 726111 (24 hour answering service) quoting Ref: H44.

Closing date for applications: 1st July 1988.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Great Britain

requires a

FUNDRAISING/P.R. ENABLER

to work in partnership with local YWCAs in support of their work with young people and the local communities.

Enthusiasm and sensitivity will be the hallmark of the successful applicant for this challenging and exciting new matched funding initiative supported by B.P.

With an office in Oxford, the person appointed will be required to travel throughout the Association.

The appointment is for a fixed term of two years. Salary £14,000 per annum.

For application form and further details write to YWCA of Great Britain, Headquarters, 52 Cornmarket Street, Oxford, OX1 3EJ or telephone 0865 726111. Ref: Q2/NS. Closing date for applications: 8th July, 1988.

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Yeazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

New Statesman and Society

This tiny line could have been a job title. To find out how little it costs and just how effective our recruitment advertisements are telephone 01-739-1645 and ask for Hazel, Carol Anne, or Chris.

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Residential Child Care

Looking back at the problems Following up on the solutions

Before we can guide a troubled child towards a stable and successful adult life, we must examine the years leading up their time in care - assessing individual need and designing a treatment plan accordingly.

At the other end of the spectrum, whilst we are not afraid to rework old problems to reinforce a child's confidence in the progress he or she has made, we are looking to the future. When a still vulnerable adolescent goes out into an adult world, we are preparing to extend our support beyond the Residential Care period. By taking this wide view of Residential Child Care, it becomes clear that the years a child spends in care are relatively few. In Maidenhead you'll find high ideals allied to a very practical sense of urgency.

We have two units in Maidenhead. **Fratons,** provides twelve places for children aged 6/7 upwards, who are often in care for the first time - usually for a short-term residential period. Here you'll be involved in vital, early decisions, working with children and their families towards rehabilitation as the ideal - substitute family care as the only realistic alternative.

The children may be both vulnerable and potentially disruptive, so we try to establish a trusting, professional relationship, without over-emphasising one-to-one emotional ties.

Fratons is a well-established and well-resourced unit in a quiet, residential area. The team works closely with all those concerned in each child's case, we have strong links with the community and a tradition of flexible working that includes after care.

Wessex Way is a small, well appointed home for six young people aged 15-18, who are being prepared for life as young adults. Many of them will have been in care for some time and this adds to the normal stresses of adolescence and the excitement of setting out their own - with an occasionally tense atmosphere as a result.

As well as offering practical training and advice, we build confidence and encourage them to take responsibility for their own actions and decisions.

This calls for well-structured care and direction over a period varying between six months and two years, depending on the individual. After care is provided for all, and close links with local voluntary organisations ensures accommodation and support for young people ready to move on.

Deputy Officer-in-Charge

Wessex Way - £11,130 - £12,318 inclusive

You must be qualified with substantial child care experience, preferably with adolscents - although this is not essential. Sharing the aims, as well as the responsibility for running the unit, you will rapidly become involved as a leading member of the overall team.

Team Leaders

Wessex Way & Fratons - £10,116 - £11,943 inclusive

Although you won't have quite the authority - or indeed the experience - of the Deputy Officer-in-Charge, similar standards of committment and teamwork skills are essential, and you will be expected to 'act up' in his, or her, absence. You will be leading a small team of 2/3 Workers, so you must have considerable child care experience.

Applicants for the above posts should hold one of the following qualifications: CSS, CQSW, CRCCYP, SCRCCYP.

Senior Residential Child Care Officer

Fratons - £8,076 - £10,116 (£10,779 if qualified) inclusive.

Most of the team's work will be focused through you, so you must have 2 - 3 years' experience. If you are not already working towards your CSS, you must be prepared to qualify, with our full assistance. This is one of the more challenging areas of Residential Social Work, so there will be no supervisory duties to distract you from your main purpose - working closely with the families involved to achieve individual treatment goals.

Sleeping-in duties on a rota basis is required for all posts, with additional payments being made. Berkshire is firmly committed to training and career development for all residential staff. For the Deputy and Team Leader posts there is a general relocation expenses scheme and a mortgage subsidy may be available.

For an informal discussion and/or visit please contact:
For Fratons: Bill Thomas, Officer-in-Charge: Tel: Maidenhead (0628) 29472
For Wessex Way: Pat Lister, Officer-in-Charge: Tel: Maidenhead (0628) 24354
Application forms from the Personnel Section - Social Services, 4 Marlow Road, Maidenhead, Berks. SL6 7YR. Tel: Maidenhead (0628) 32444.
Closing date: 27 June 1988.

Royal County of BERKSHIRE

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENIOR LECTURER FOR COUNTY PROBATION SCHEME

£15,369 - £18,549, depending on qualifications and experience

Required from 1st September 1988 to share with a Senior Probation Officer the leadership of an educational programme run for people at risk of custody. You should have an ability to assess current educational performance, and to devise individualised schemes to improve it. Most of the teaching work would be in the field of social and life skills and basic education, but some other specialism would be desirable. You must be able to work effectively with disadvantaged and disaffected adult students. Experience in the F.E. sector is an almost essential requirement, and some experience of social work or probation would be an advantage.

Further particulars are available from the Principal, Stevenage College, Monkswood Way, Stevenage, Herts, SG1 1LA, to whom they should be returned by 8th July 1988.

STEVENAGE COLLEGE

Your passport to success

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Appointment of Director

The Court of Governors of the School has established a selection committee to make a recommendation for an appointment of Director of the School from 1 October 1990 on the retirement of Dr I G Patel.

It is expected that the person appointed will be in the office when the School celebrates its Centenary in 1995.

Further particulars of the appointment may be obtained from Dr Christine Challis, The Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, WC2A 2AE.

Anyone interested in being considered for appointment or wishing to recommend anyone for consideration is invited to communicate as soon as possible, but not later than the end of September, with the Chairman of the the Court of Governors at the School. Communications should be marked Private and Confidential.

INTERNATIONAL TRANSPORT WORKERS' FEDERATION

Assistants needed for interesting work connected with promoting the interests of seafarers worldwide. Experience of the maritime industry, trade unions and/or legal work and the ability to speak one or more languages (in addition to English) would be a considerable advantage.

Work will involve liaising with crew members and trade unions in different countries and use of computerised information systems/word processing. Salary and conditions dependent on experience.

Also needed **Secretary** with excellent shorthand/typing skills. Word-processing an advantage but training will be given.

The ITF is an equal opportunities employer.

Please write with your CV to the Administrative Secretary, ITF, 133-135, *Great Suffolk Street, London, SE1 1PD.*

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM AND SELLY OAK COLLEGES

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL POLICY AND SOCIAL WORK, UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL STUDIES, SELLY OAK COLLEGES

Joint Staff Development Consultant in Anti-Racist Social Work

A social worker is to be appointed for two years on a one-fifth time lecturer basis starting September 1988. This is a CCETSW sponsored action-research project. The post has two main aspects: staff development in anti-racist strategy and policy with the staff of the two institutions, and working with staff on developing ethnically relevant social work training.

Applications are invited from qualified social workers with current practice experience. Appointment to be on the Lecturer A or B scale (£9,260-£14,500 or £15,105-£19,310, pro rata). Secondment would be considered. Further particulars from: Assistant Registrar (Commerce), University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT, to whom applications should be returned by 30th June 1988, quoting reference C/1919. Informal enquiries welcomed by Lynne Muir (021-414 5715) or Grace Trenchard (021-472 4231).

An Equal Opportunities Employer.

THE IZAAK WALTON KILLAM

POSTDOCTORAL FELLOWSHIPS FOR 1989-90

Value

Fellowships valued at $26,000 (1988-89), plus travel allowances, are tenable for one year at Dalhousie University in most fields of study. Applications for extensions may be considered.

Qualifications

Applicants should have recently completed a Ph.D. degree at a recognized university, or expect to obtain a degree before taking up an award.

Application

Application forms may be obtained by writing to:

The Office of the Dean
Faculty of Graduate Studies
Dalhousie University
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 4H6

The closing date for receipt of applications is 15 December 1988.

ACTON/EALING VICTIM SUPPORT SCHEME

seeks a

PART-TIME

DEPUTY CO-ORDINATOR

SALARY: £4220 p.a. + L.W. **Hours: 18.5 p.w.**

Duties will include offering some emotional and practical support to victims of crime, supporting volunteers, plus administrative work - aptitude for figure work an advantage.

The scheme serves a multi-ethnic community and is an equal opportunities Voluntary Organisation.

Application forms and further information from: Mrs I. Leet, 4 Birkbeck Road, Acton, London, W3 6BE, tel: 01-992-5863.

Closing date for applications: 15th July 1988.

Now is the time to be unemployed!

Paid workers required

by Network Projects Ltd for a variety of Community Care projects based in Enfield and Haringey. Applicants must be over 18, unemployed for 12 months (6 months disabled) and interested in community work.

Exciting training is offered with new initiatives towards personally tailored training plans for each individual.

Telephone THE PERSONNEL DEPT ON 01-884-2017/8

Network Projects are an Equal Opportunities Employer

UNIVERSITY OF BRADFORD

LECTURESHIP IN APPLIED SOCIAL STUDIES

Applications are invited for this temporary appointment for nine months commencing 1 October 1988. Qualifications in the social sciences, and an enthusiasm to teach social and community work students are essential. Specialist knowledge in one or more of the following areas would be advantageous: organisational studies; organisations and social policy/social work; social theory and social welfare. Salary at an appropriate point in range £8,675-£11,680 pa.

Application forms and further particulars from the **Deputy Secretary (Ref No. TL/ASS/NST), University of Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD7 1DP. Tel: 0274 733466 ext 208.** An equal opportunity employer. Closing date: 15 July 1988.

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SCOTTISH TRAINING ADVISORY BOARD (STAS)

Training Officer (New Post)

Salary NJC AP5 £12,441 - £13,464

STAS has been established to supply and co-ordinate training for staff employoyed by a group of five charities providing services for people experiencing physical disabilities. We are seeking an enthusiastic, innovative training professional for this challenging post. Applicants may be educated to degree level or have a related professional qualification such as CQSW, CSS. In any event it is hoped that the person will have extensive knowledge and experience of social work and adult education in the care sector. The Training Officer will be responsible for identifying and developing programmes of training for care staff and management. This person will be expected to work with staff situated throughout Scotland and with academic establishments to develop appropriate training opportunities. The position is expected to eventually develop into the creation and management of a training unit with an information bank. Initially, the post will be a three-year appointment and will be based in Glasgow.

Car or car allowance provided.

5 weeks' annual leave plus statutory holidays.

Application form, job profile and pension scheme details available from:

Mr. R. Lacey, Scottish Branch, British Red Cross Society, 204 Bath Street, Glasgow. Closing date for applications: 11 July 1988.

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

seeks a part-time

ROAD SAFETY ASSISTANT

20 hrs per week, arranged to suit. Although this post involves some routine administration, it is not a secretarial role. You will be responsible for providing information, supporting community activism and helping to devise a publicity strategy. **Salary pro-rata c. £8,900.**

For a job description and an application form, please phone or send an sae. to: **Judy Skeats, Friends of the Earth, 26/28 Underwood Street, London, N1 7JQ. Tel: 01-490-1555.**

Closing date for the above post: 30th June 1988.

FoE has non-smoking offices.

FoE is striving to be an Equal Opportunities Employer

Classified Advertisements

Telephone 01-739 1645

THE HUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC

An Equal Opportunity Employer

Department of Geographical Sciences

PROJECT WORKER

(9 months from 1st August 1988

Applications are invited from well qualified graduates in Geography or other suitable Social Science disciplines for this fixed term post to assist in an extenally funded survey of black-owned businesses in Kirklees Metropolitan District.

Salary: Research B Scale - £10,070

Further particulars and application forms (please send SAE) may be obtained from the Personnel Department, The Polytechnic, Queensgate, Huddersfield, HD1 3HD and should be returned to that office not later than 1 July 1988.

sandwell

Metropolitan Borough Council

An Equal Opportunity Employer — at your service.

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

FOUR WELFARE RIGHTS OFFICERS

(Ref: SS 783)

GRADE: SO1/2 £11,322 to £13,173

A Welfare Rights Unit is soon to be established within Sandwell Social Services Department.

The Unit will comprise of four Welfare Rights Workers and whilst the Unit as a whole will come under the responsibility of the Community Development Officer, much of the workers time will be spent out in the four operational districts.

The Welfare Rights Workers would be involved in: the training of Social Services Staff in welfare benefits: providing back-up advice, help and information on welfare rights work to Departmental Staff; providing a specialist benefit input into case reviews for clients returning into the Community; running take-up campaigns within Social Services Establishments to ensure that clients are receiving their maximum entitlements. There will also be an opportunity to co-work cases and take part in advocacy on behalf of clients.

We are looking for staff who have an up-to-date working knowledge and experience of the benefits system, who have experience of staff training, debt counselling, money management, advocacy and representational work. Workers would be expected to work on their own initiative as well as work as a Team.

In order to make our services more relevant to the black community in Sandwell we hope that at least two of the four workers will be from the Afro-Caribbean and South Asian Community.

Requests for application forms and job description (quoting Ref.No.) should be made to: Director of Social Services, 12 Lombard Street, West Bromwich, West Midlands, B70 8RT.

Sandwell is an equal opportunity employer. A Union membership is in operation. (Canvassing of members of the Authority will disqualify).

Closing date: 8th July, 1988.

Advice Worker/Administrator

Versatile person sought to work with seven volunteer advisors in the operation of an independent advice centre on the Isle of Dogs.

The post is grade at scale 6/SO1, starting at £11,586 inclusive of London Weighting. Annual leave 25 working days + statutory days + ten training days.

Further details from Andy Newman, Island Advice Centre, c/o Island House, Roserton Street, London, E14 9PG. Telephone 01-987 3679.

The Island Advice Centre is an Equal Opportunities Employer, and is affiliated to the Federation of Independent Advice Centres, receiving financial support from the London Docklands Development Corporation, and the London Borough of Tower Hamlets.

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A COMMITMENT TO TRAINING

13 ADDITIONAL SOCIAL WORK POSTS TO MEET COMMUNITY NEED.

Salary (SW Bands I – III) scale rising to £13,596 p.a.

Newham, a small densely populated borough in the East End of London has one of the largest and most diverse ethnic minority communities in Britain.

We are determined to develop and improve community social work provision to respond to increasing demands made on the Social Services Department by the high birth-rate, a growing population of young parents and under-fives and increasing numbers of elderly people.

To meet this challenge Newham has just created 13 additional posts for qualified Social Workers. These posts are based within patch teams in 3 Area Offices located throughout the borough. Each team comprises of both social work and support staff as well as Home Care and under five specialists.

In addition to the salary for the post we can also offer, in return for your skills and expertise:

- A specialised induction programme.
- A high level of in-service training including programmes on Child Protection and Race Equality issues.
- Staff development packages tailored to individual needs.
- Regular supportive supervision.
- Opportunity for involvement in practice based groups determining development of services relevant to the community.
- Opportunity to develop family therapy skills through co-work with trained specialist staff.
- Assessment for progression to Band III after two years.
- Possibility of temporary Council accommodation.

Newham is committed to the development of anti-racist and anti-sexist policies and practice. Job sharers are well supported and because of the multi-cultural nature of our community, we would particularly welcome applications from Asian and African Caribbean people.

If you think you can respond to the challenge of working in Newham, we want to hear from you. For a job description and application form, please contact the Social Services Department, 99 The Grove, Stratford, London E15 1HR or telephone 01 519 2095 (24 hour answering service). Closing date: 1st July 1988.

Newham Council is committed to an equal opportunities policy. This means that the Council is committed to ensuring that no job applicant or employee will receive less favourable treatment on the grounds of race, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or is disadvantaged by condition of requirements which cannot be seen to be justifiable.
All jobs are open for job sharers, unless otherwise stated.

Newham
An Equal Opportunity Authority

INLAND REVENUE STAFF FEDERATION

a TUC-affiliated trade union with 53,000 members has a vacancy for an

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Salary on taking up duty will be by negotiation on the scale £14,163 - £22,631 including London Weighting; non-contributory pension; 30 days annual leave with other conditions of service close to those of the Civil Service.

The post is a very demanding one with a variety of responsibilities all of which will require either experience of union work or demonstrable sympathy towards trade union objectives. Knowledge of the Civil Service would be an asset. Assistant Secretaries work under the General Secretary's direction.

There is no application form, though fuller particulars of the responsibilities of the post are available on request.

Applications, preferably typed and giving a telephone number, to:

**TONY CHRISTOPHER,
GENERAL SECRETARY,
INLAND REVENUE STAFF FEDERATION
DOUGLAS HOUGHTON HOUSE, 231 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD,
LONDON, SW1V 1EH TELEPHONE: 01-834-8254**

in envelopes marked 'Application-Private'

The firm closing date is Thursday 14 July 1988. It may be necessary to arrange some preliminary interviews: subject to that, interviews will be on 24th August 1988.

THE NATIONAL DEAF CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

Assistant Health & Social Services Officer

**Salary on scale £12,822 - £14,949 p.a.
Inc. L.W. (review pending)**

To join our Health & Social Services Department in providing advice and information to parents of hearing impaired children mainly on welfare benefits and the Health Service. Priorities in the department include training of volunteers, development of courses, research into provision, and advocacy for families.

Applicants should have a strong commitment to working for and with parents. Experience in the Health Service, social work or audiology would all be relevant. A knowledge of welfare rights, counselling skills and an ability to relate to deaf and hearing people would be valuable.

This is a non-smoking office.

The NDCS is aiming to be an Equal Opportunities Employer.

Closing date for applications: 11 July 1988.

Further details from:

**The Director, The National Deaf Children's Society,
45 Hereford Road, London, W2 5AH. Tel: 01-229 9272/3/4.
VISTEL: 01-229 1891.**

We help the one in a thousand

THE NATIONAL DEAF CHILDREN'S SOCIETY
45 Hereford Road · London · W2 5AH Telephone 01-229-9272 (3 lines)

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SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

SOCIAL WORKERS

Salary up to £13,596 inc p.a.

In Richmond we have interesting new opportunities in the further development of our services. If you are committed to making care in the community a real choice then one of the following posts will be for you.

Services for Elderly People

If you have a high commitment to working with elderly people alongside colleagues in Home Care, Day Care and Health Services then this post is for you.
For further information contact Bob Chard – 01 891 7644

Ref No: SS/E/566

Mental Health (18 hours per week)

The objective of this post is to facilitate the transfer of patients from Long Grove Hospital to the Community. It will involve assessment work, care planning and being part of the team offering community support.
For further information contact Dave Booker – 01 894 5544

Ref No: SS/S/567

Intake Social Work

Are your skills in assessment and short term work? If so and you want to work in a locally based team where the emphasis is on a prompt and thorough response then . . .
For further information contact Jim Rogan – 01 894 5544

Ref No: SS/I/568

Children and Families

Does child care excite you? Can you cope with the legislation? If the answer is yes then we would like to hear from you. We can offer you a stimulating work place.
For further information contact Jim Chamberlain – 01 940 9575

Ref No: SS/C/569

Services for People with Disabilities

Did you welcome the 1986 Act? If so we have something in common. This post has been created to enable the Department to meet the requirements of assessment and individual care planning for young people with disabilities. You will be a vital part of a multi-disciplinary team ensuring that words are put into action.
For further information contact Dave Booker – 01 894 5544

Ref No: SS/S/570

Respite Care (18 hours per week)

Could you develop a local scheme for flexible respite care for children and young people with physical disability or learning difficulties? You would have the task of recruiting and supporting carers. Experience in family finding or working with disabilities essential, as are organisational skills. For this post any relevant qualification will be considered.
For further information contact Sue Conn or Dave Booker – 01 894 5544

Ref No: SS/S/571

All the above posts demand flexibility, commitment and a qualification. In return we offer supportive and experienced colleagues, regular supervision, controlled case loads and an essential car user allowance. Applications from persons who can offer part time hours welcome.

Form and job description from Director of Social Services, 6th Floor, Regal House, London Road, Twickenham, TW1 3QB. Phone 01-891 7635, returnable by 1st July 1988
Please quote reference number on application form.

LONDON BOROUGH OF RICHMOND UPON THAMES

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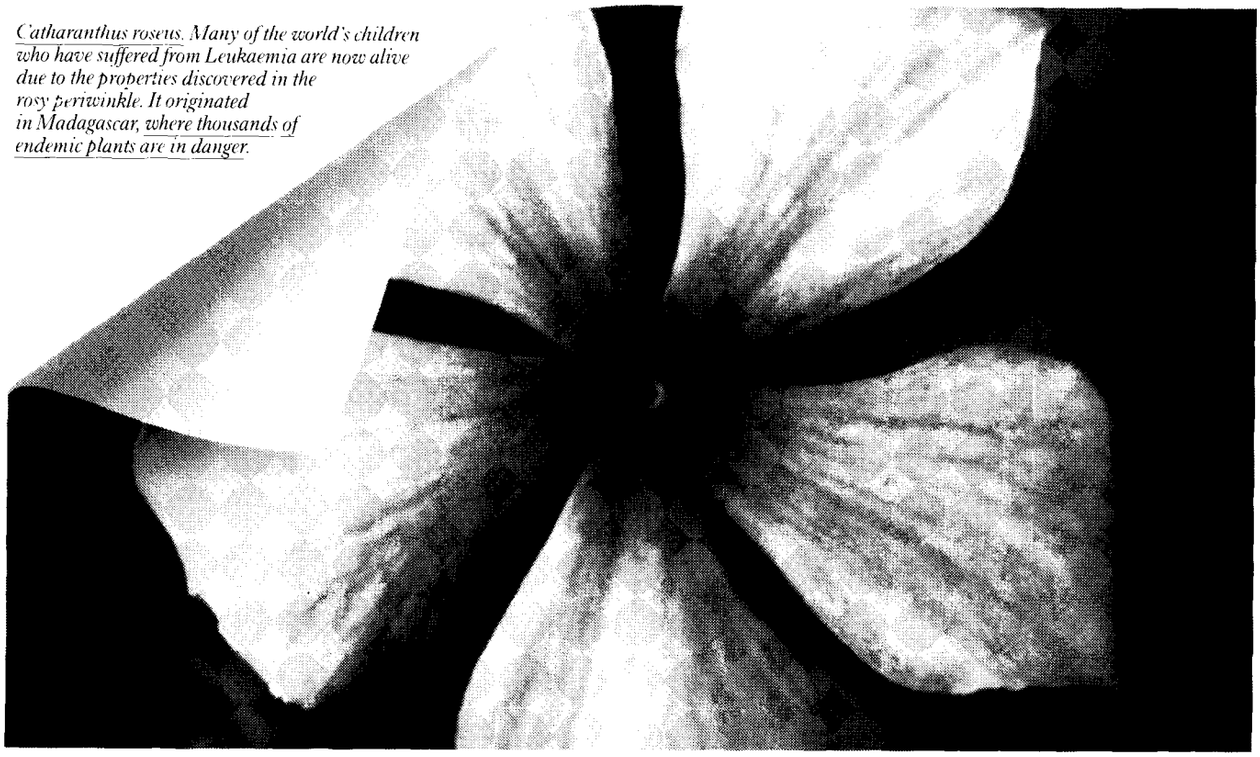

Catharanthus roseus. Many of the world's children who have suffered from Leukaemia are now alive due to the properties discovered in the rosy periwinkle. It originated in Madagascar, where thousands of endemic plants are in danger.

Plants have fed the world and cured its ills since life began. Now we're destroying their principal habitat at the rate of 50 acres every minute.

We live on this planet by courtesy of the earth's green cover. Plants protect fragile soils from erosion, regulate the atmosphere, maintain water supplies for agriculture and prevent formation of deserts. Without plants man could not survive.

Yet, knowing this, we are destroying our own life-support system at such an alarming rate that it has already become a crisis – a crisis for ourselves and an even bigger one for our children.

The figures alone should tell the story – we destroy a tropical rain forest three times the size of Switzerland every year; within 25 years only fragments of the vast Malaysian and Indonesian forests will remain.

What we are destroying

Much of the food, medicines and materials we use every day of our lives is derived from the wild species which grow in the tropics. Yet only a tiny fraction of the world's flowering plants have been studied for possible use. Horrifyingly, some 25,000 of all flowering species are on the verge of extinction.

Once the plants go, they are gone forever. Once the forests go only wastelands remain.

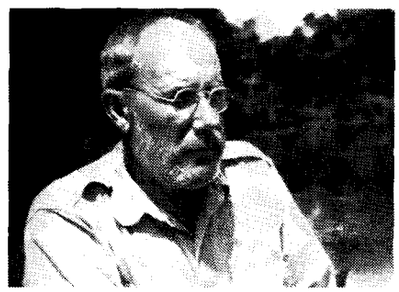

Photo: Courtesy of Richard Evans Schultes

Dr. Richard Evans Schultes, director of the Botanical Museum at Harvard University, has spent 13 years in the Amazon jungle collecting the 'magic' plants of myth and legend and making them available to Western medicine and science. "The drugs of the future," he says, grow in the primeval jungle."

Who is the villain?

There is no villain – except ignorance and short-sightedness. The desperately poor people who live in the forests have to clear areas for crops and fuel, but they are doing this in such a way that they are destroying their very livelihood.

Add to this the way in which the heart is being ripped out of the forests to meet the demand for tropical timbers and we have a recipe for disaster.

What can be done about it?

The problem seems so vast that there is a tendency to shrug and say "What can I do?" But there is an answer.

The WWF Plant Conservation Programme

The World Conservation Strategy, published in 1980, is a programme for conserving the world's natural resources whilst managing them for human needs. A practical, international plant conservation programme has been prepared based on WCS principles and is now well under way all around the world.

You can become part of it

The WWF Plant Conservation Programme is a plan for survival which you can help make a reality. Join the World Wide Fund for Nature now. We need your voice and your financial support.

Write for further information to: World Wide Fund for Nature UK, Panda House, Weyside Park, Godalming, Surrey GU7 1XR.

Save the plants that save us.

WWF World Wide Fund For Nature

Advertisement prepared as a public service by Ogilvy & Mather.

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Agenda

SOCIAL ECOLOGY GROUPS everywhere - start your own - internationalist, decentralist, holistic, experimental. By-pass Westminster and Whitehall. Contact Peter Cadogan, 3 Hinchinbrook House, Greville Road, London, NW6. Tel: 01-328-3709. Send stamps.

WED 29 JUNE

BRITISH FRIENDS OF PEACE now announce a meeting to be held by the well-known Palestinian Hanna Siniora, editor of Al-Fajr, East Jerusalem Palestinian daily. To be held at Yakar, 2 Egerton Gardens, NW4 at 8pm. Entrance fee £3, Members £2, Unwaged £1.

INTRODUCTION TO MARITAL PSYCHOTHERAPY

A one-year evening course of theoretical and clinical seminars. Further details from:

Benita Dyal, Tavistock Institute of Marital Studies, 120 Belsize Lane, London, NW3 5BA

Telephone: 01-435-7111

THE HEN HOUSE

Luxury women's country club. Come any time for short or long summer breaks or for special events including Massage and Body Week, Retreat Week, Walks and Picnics, Assertiveness, Growing Old Disgracefully, The Psychology of Gender, Women Writers, Novel Writing and a Music Week.

Hawersby Hall, North Thorseby, Lincs, DN36 5QL.
Telephone: 0472 840278

Meetings

THEOSOPHY explains reincarnation, karma, God, man and nature. Talks, informal meetings Sun 8pm. SAE for free literature, book list. ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W2.

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928-2252. Olivier (open stage) THE SHAUGHRAUN by Dion Boucicault, 'TIS A PITY SHE'S A WHORE, THE SMALL FAMILY BUSINESS Lyttleton (proscenium stage) THE CHANGELING, WAITING FOR GODOT, CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF. Cottesloe (small stage) STRANGENESS OF OTHERS. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928-2256.

Conferences

Gender and the Voluntary Sector

8 July 1988

Day conference: details from Pat Marsden, Association of Researchers in Voluntary Action and Community Involvement, Unit 15, Trade Centre, Brook St, Wivenhoe, Essex CO7 9DP

(0206 22 4281)

Holidays/Travel

CUBA SPECIAL Hotel 2 weeks half-board. August/September £699. Heathrow departure. Ashley Holidays 0709 544083.

DISCOUNTED FLIGHTS Italy, France, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria. Yugo. Charter/Schedule. AIRFORCE. 01-506-2233. ATOL 1817.

JOURNEY LATIN America. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks, JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. 01-747-3108.

OUTER HEBRIDES. Sleeps 4/6. £100 per week from September. 01-506-0061.

Personal

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Historic New Societies £25 for 52 or £370 for 730 o.n.o.

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eves. or weekends

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PROBLEM SOLVING THERAPY. Brief and efficient. 01-328 0472

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK Service: Social-Economic History; World Politics. State wants. 01-876-7254. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High Street, SW13 9LR.

Publications

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242-5822.

AUTHORS INVITED submit manuscripts all types (including poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell, Dept 551, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Estab 1898) (0271) 62557.

Heartsearch

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London, W8. Phone: 01-938-1011.

BRISTOL/BATH. Lively, 50ish woman, warm nature, many cultural/spiritual interests, creatively self-employed, seeks company of congenial, stable, solvent non-smoking man to share leisure, love, laughter and the occasional solemnity. Box (24) 010.

ENRICH YOUR Social Life! Designed for the discerning and sophisticated, Savoir Vivre provides more interesting introductions. Send SAE to: Savoir Vivre, Ref: NS L, Tynron, Thornhill, DG3 4LG or tel 084 82 611 anytime.

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

OPTIMIST? Tall, lean, affectionate designer, wide interests, pro-feminist, uncompetitive, hopes to share London pursuits, arts, sciences, veggy cooking, sunny holidays and loving partnership with a warm, witty, Green, equally optimistic fortyish female. Box (25) 017.

NEW STATESMAN WOMAN, unencumbered, adventurous, strong and healthy, around 60, grown-up usually, seeks similar New Society man to share peaceful home in France and research relationship based based on reason - not romanticism, interdependency not rivalry, division of labour, not role-playing, and hope not fear. Box (25) 018.

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON "The Mensa of Introduction Agencies" (The Independent). Tel: 01-937-8880 or 01-938-2151.

A LOVELY LADY, unusual, cosmopolitan, intell., cultured, tall, attractive, sensitive, with a lot to offer is looking for a male companion (50s). Curious? Interested? Then please write to Box (25) 019.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL MAN, 59. Seeks warm-natured, non-smoking woman - interested in the Arts - slim to medium build. London or London accessible. Box (25) 020.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 41, Arts graduate with one child, enjoys home, classical music, countryside, books, has work interests in publishing and the caring professions, wishes to meet compatible man for friendship/marriage. Currently located South Bedforshire. Write to Box (25) 021.

SENSITIVE, caring, thoughtful man, 45, wide interests including music, travel, films, cooking wants to meet interesting amusing female for fulfilling relatinship. London area. Please write to Box (25) 022.

WARM, WITTY, FIT, friendly socialist male enjoys classical, jazz, rock 'n' roll, dancing, walking seeks possibly compatible female (maybe 35 to 45). Box (25) 023.

TALL, thoughtful, male arts graduate (26), seeks female with whom to share his passion for theatre. London area. Genuine replies please. Box (25) 024.

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON

THE THINKING PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY

'A sympathetic and successful agency' — TIME OUT

FOR A FRIENDLY CONSULTATION RING
01-937 8880 / 01-938 2151
ASK ABOUT OUR CURRENT SOCIAL EVENTS

New Statesman and Society

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THE DIGGER

In his first gardening column, Michael Leapman owns up to using chemical pesticides. Shame on him.

It is a perverse time of year to initiate a gardening column, but then magazine relaunches are seldom timed to fit the horticultural calendar. If your autumn vegetables and flowers are not already sown and established there is not much I can do for you, although there still may be time (just) for new or ill-organised gardeners to rush to the market and buy plants to fill the spaces they have managed to liberate from weeds.

Be careful, though. By now many plants will have been in their pots too long. If they look straggly or sick, do not waste your money. And vow to do it properly next year. While not a purist in most respects, I do think it a bit of a cheat to buy stock that someone else has nurtured through its first formative weeks of life. From a practical standpoint it costs a lot more than growing from seed and you get a narrower choice of varieties.

Take tomatoes. Most young plants on sale in early summer are the standard sorts like Moneymaker and Amateur, or occasionally the fashionable plumper ones—Marmande or Big Boy. These are reliable but gastronomically unadventurous. (Marmande used to have a delicious Mediterranean tang but that seems to have been bred out of it for the sake of a better yield in our chillier climate.)

This year for the first time I am trying St Pierre, of medium size and reputed to be strong on flavour, plus an old favourite, Gardener's Delight. It is not much bigger than a cherry, miraculously sweet and marvellous in salads. In terms of weight, it yields poorly compared with the bigger-fruited varieties, but the taste makes it worth it. One year I tried an F1 hybrid said to have been bred from Gardener's Delight; the fruit were the same size and the yield much better, the flavour did not compare.

The tomatoes enjoyed the damp weather in May and early June and they seem more advanced than usual, as is most of the other stuff on my allotment, sited outside the walls of Brixton prison. I was picking my first tender broad beans before the end of May, something I don't remember having managed before. I sowed them last October: experts say you should wait until November, but I like to get some useful growth in before the really cold weather starts. In the previous two years most failed to survive the harsh winters and I had to replace them in the spring. This year I protected them with sprigs of foliage and in any case the winter was much milder.

One advantage of sowing broad beans in the autumn is that they are less attractive to blackfly. But the pesky aphids, not to be outsmarted, have established themselves instead on my globe artichokes. I sowed these last spring and they too overwintered well: so far, though, only two of the six have fruited, with about five artichokes on each. I know I'll offend the organic food lobby by admitting to keeping the blackfly at bay with pesticides—and I might as well reveal the whole truth here by confessing that I also use chemical fertilisers, mainly Growmore, to supplement the bags of composted manure I buy from the garden centre.

I know chemicals are supposed to be bad for you but I don't expect blackfly do you much good, either. Certainly my neighbouring plotholders would not appreciate my letting the pests multiply unchecked, however sound the ideological argument. I can only report that after 13 years of eating my poisonous produce, the family feel fine.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward introduces the country column which is radically different. It's about the city, too.

The urban fringe, that vast ragged ring, some of it actually green belt, has a bad reputation in the ideology of planners, conservationists and snobs. The distaste that is felt for the area beyond the city limits, but which isn't quite country, has its origins in psychology and aesthetics rather than in land use analysis. We acquire in childhood the perception that town is town and country is country and that the two are distinct. We carry into adult life this purified image of desirably separate places, even though, in demographic fact, most of us, here or in the United States, actually live in suburbs.

But we express our disapproval of the space which is neither city nor country nor even suburb, not in terms of childhood certainties, but in that of wasteful land use. For the planner Graham Moss, in his book on *Britain's Wasting Acres*, the urban fringe is "that chaotic mixture of rural and urban land uses in mutual conflict". For the geographer Alice Coleman, it is "an irrational land-use pattern which it was hoped would disappear after the advent of planning" but which instead "has increased".

I want to use this column to explore the present and future of Britain's urban fringe, formerly known as the countryside. But I also want to look at those huge areas of life, whether they are geographically in the fringe or in an equally unreal category, the alleged inner city, where what is variously called the black economy, the informal economy, or doing your own thing, is the most important way of sustaining convivial life.

The urban fringe is perceived as a deplorable problem, but if it has increased, it must be useful for someone. And of course it is: there is a big range of not particularly profitable, but inevitable, activities that take up a lot of space but aren't lucrative enough to pay either urban or agricultural rents. Car-breaking yards are an example. If you citizens depend on cars, they must have a penultimate resting place once you have busted or rusted them into the ground.

"Horsiculture" is another, and a growth industry too. If your children prefer riding to driving, the beasts have to be stabled and grazed. And the same goes for kennels, catteries, places where earth-moving equipment rests between jobs, or where concrete blocks are drying in the sun.

But the really big joke about the derogatory talk about the urban fringe is that it is less a land-use category than a social fact. Why do we obscure observable truths with sentimental myths and deny that the greater part of England and much of Scotland and Wales belongs to a wholly urbanised culture, or that the children of Shetland, St Ives or Anglesey follow the same fashions, respond to the same music and absorb the same half-truths as those of any British city? Their parents commute to work over what are to me unbelievable distances, but not necessarily to big urban centres: they might be driving, as they do a mile from the remote spot where I write, to a high-tech factory based on a former watermill in Suffolk.

The object of capital is to do without labour, and thanks to almost 50 years of generous subsidy, the primary rural industry, agriculture, has ensured that farm workers are a minute proportion of the rural population, as well as being the lowest paid. Unlike their employers, they've been left out of the huge benefits that accrue to their neighbours who happen to live in the country (the old-fashioned name for our all-but-universal urban fringe).

Another ex-urban East Anglian writer, Fraser Harrison, coined the useful phrase "a corrupt grief" for the habit of lamenting that simple past from which everyone actually involved thankfully escaped. There is every reason for recording and conserving the rural past and for telling the truth about it. There is no reason at all for deploring the belated invasion of rural Britain by access to metropolitan culture. Quite the contrary, since the curtailment of public transport and the fact that many services have been trimmed to serve the mobile majority, has left some rural households more isolated than at any time in the last 60 years.

But the worst aspect of that corrupting grief is the notion that the view will be desecrated by the obscene sight of another human habitation. Pull up the ladder, Jack. We're already aboard.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3031 Set by E O Parrott
According to Nicholas Ridley, the Cabinet room is a solemn place. A pity. Let's give them a few clues to brighten up their days with an account of a cabinet meeting as depicted by Wodehouse, Sharpe, Jerome or any humorist you can think of. Not more than 160 words. To be in by 6 July.

No 3028 Set by Margaret Rogers
Poems to be included in the sequel to Kenneth Baker's *English History in Modern Verse*.

IF THE CAP FITS

No 73
The world holds its breath while Mrs T (resplendent in turquoise) enters into animated discussion with Canadian PM Brian Mulroney (in grey) on the attractions of formalising the system of exchange rate bands. Tell us what you think the mountie (in red) is thinking, or alternatively what either of the PMs are saying on a postcard. By Monday 4 July. Ten pounds for the lucky winner.

No 71: Winner
Major Ronald Ferguson: "No Ma'am, I had to give up riding because of trouble with tabloids." *(Nick Thomas, Bournemouth.)*

Report by Lord Lucan
Unbelievable! Seems to me you people are a lot of ruddy lefties. Never seen such a lot of mud-slinging in m'life. She's a Wonderful Woman y'know, no nonsense, just what the country needs. Could fry an egg on a brick down here here at the mo. You couldn't send me my topee from the blue wardrobe in my old room by the landing could you, mater? Awf'ly grateful. Better award the prizes I suppose. Ten pounds for the winners and three extra for Kay Bleery — we'll make a good Tory of you yet, m'dear. *Hasta la vista.*

No scream or chair-climbed scene.
The big mouse Argentine
Met iron in her mien.
Sink the Belgrano!

A bosom ringed with steel
That rang and did not feel
The small shot of Dalyell.
Sink the Belgrano!

While to her Sir John Nott
Brought timely coffee hot;
She wavers not a jot.
Sink the Belgrano!

George Moor

Down by the salley gardens the people used to meet
And moan about the Government in days of summer heat.
While squandering their Giro cheques on putting greens and bowls—
And this when I could never find a place to park the Rolls.

I told the Borough engineer exactly how I felt,
And bribed the man to shut his mouth about the damn Green Belt.
Down by the salley car-park, no people meet at all,
Except at night, to write obscene graffiti on the wall.

Alison Prince

Oh, North is North and South is South and never the twain shall meet
'Twixt Rich and Poor is a mighty Door and the key's in Downing Street
The Rich will buy the best, my son, and the Poor must get what they can
'Tis political sense to give tax preference to the really wealthy man
For he will make England great, my son, that is our only goal
And the money we've spent on the City gent we can save on the man on the dole
The Poor must look after themselves, my son, it isn't the job of the State
And they can get food (if he's in the mood) from the scraps on the Rich man's plate
Oh North is North and South is South and never the twain shall meet
Till the North goes down to London Town to join the rich elite
Then there'll be neither North nor South: in London we'll all be
Till a future date when it can't stand the weight and we slide with a splash to the sea

Kay Bleery

Maggie was in Downing Street, and she was middling old.
Her hand was all a-twisted, and she was wintry cold.
Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass,
Making up her mind to face the cruel looking-glass.

Maggie was in Downing Street, plotting against the poor.
Prior, Pym and Stevas came a-scratching at the door,
Singing "Backwards and forwards and sideways you may pass,
But we will all surround you till you face the looking-glass."

Maggie was in Downing Street, telling a Westland tale.
In came Leon Brittan, so bitter and so pale,
Singing "Back, fore and sideways go the lies that you have spoken,
But I will stand behind you till the looking-glass is broken."

Maggie was in Downing Street, composing her epistle.
In came good St Francis with his gown and rope and missal,
Singing "Back, fore and sideways you may quote me as you pass,
But I will haunt you till you face the cruel looking-glass."

Gerard Benson

A Greenham Woman Sends a Postcard Home
Earsplitting zips undo the sky
daily; dragonflies survey us beadily.

We have knitted a perimeter scarf,
appliqued with webs and baby bunting.

(Domestic values will win out in the end:
remember these are the Home Counties.)

We are kept entertained: floodlights play all night for our benefit.

And the refuse service is excellent: they cart our homes away twice weekly.

But they don't trust us: they're afraid we might be capable of violence.

Peter Norman

There's a deadly hush in the house tonight.
They're out for the count –
May the right ones win!
Will they, won't they bring back the rope
As a cure for murder, that deadly sin?
It brought some Members
(Just like the Lords
Who were fetched from the backwoods
A few days before)
Into the lobby – the Ayes of course.
But they were defeated.
And what is more,
By a bigger majority than before.
Eighteen times they've wanted the drop,
But the rope it was that got the chop.

M Haynes

Some deal in propaganda,
And some in journalese,
While others prove they're grander
By crawling on their knees;
But of all the crooks and bankers
Who in this land exist,
There's none quite like the wankers
Who make the honours list.

They're knighted and they're lorded
For ways in which they serve;
The reason they're rewarded?
They've got a bloody nerve.
Their place in English history
Is free of doubt and sure;
But what remains a mystery
Is why we love manure.

Naomi Marks

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CHESS

Although nobody would pretend that it was the real objective behind the promotion of the World Cup, it was urged in its favour that it would re-awaken the enthusiasm of those who had lost interest in the world championship. In other words, it would give Spassky, chief sloth amongst the lotus-eaters, something to play for. Johann Hjartarson, the young Icelander who removed Korchnoi from the world championship process, might object that there is a lot to be said for letting old maestros quietly fade away. For so it came to pass when Boris entered the *grand prix* lists in the Belfort first round.

Spassky-Hjartarson, Belfort World Cup 1988. Close Sicilian.
1. e4 c5 2. Nc3 Nc6 3. g3 g6 4. Bg2 Bg7 5. d3 e6 6. Be3 Nd4 7. Nce2 b6?! Possibly playable, but certainly provocative. **8. Bxd4! cxd4 9. e5 Rb8 10. f4 f6 11. Nf3 fxe5 12. fxe5 Qc7 13. Nexd4 Bxe5 14. Qe2 Bxd4** This is the last piece Black wants to trade, but if 14...Bg7 15. Nb5 is embarrassing. **15. Nxd4 Qc5 16. Nb3 Qg5 17. 0–0 Ne7 18. Rae1 Rf8** It is an indication of Black's problems that 18...Nf5? loses at once to 19. Qe5. **19. Nd2 Rxf1+ 20. Rxf1 Nf5 21. Nc4** Not allowing ...Qe3+. **Ke7 22. g4 b5** 22...Nd4 and 22...Nh4 also lose instantly to 23. Qf2. But Hjartarson could have tried 22...Nd6 23. Qf2 Bb7, though no doubt Spassky would have secured access to f6 with 24. h4!. **23. gxf5 bxc4 24. Qe5 1–0.**

What an up-beat label *grand prix* is—suggesting a sort of portable, globe-trotting (well, actually, Europe-trotting in the case of the chess version) excitement, the movable feast of sport. And that, of course, is the primary aim: to secure sporting status and the financial rewards that go with it.

But can chess be classed as a sport? Traditionally the British have thought it wasn't sweaty enough, but other cultures, not so wedded to this mental/physical dualism, are quite ready to consider chess masters as candidates for "sportsman of the year" awards. Anomalies such as this are debated in the first section of Jim Plaskett's *Playing to Win*, published this week by Batsford. The title is, I think, to be taken as a personal credo rather than a description of contents, since what you will find inside is an essay on the sporting status of chess followed by 15 deeply annotated games.

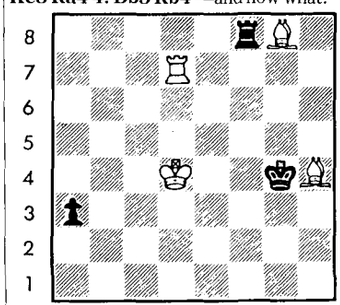
Plaskett's essay is a good read, though it contrives to undermine its own conclusion ("...in every other respect chess, to me, looks and feels like a sport...") with queasy reservations about the role of opening preparation. How about this analogy, Jim: do the hours spent on the practice-ground prevent golf from being a sport?

Whether they are to be ranked as sport or not, Plaskett's games are usually entertaining. Here is one, too recent to be included in the book, that merited a Best Game award:

Plaskett-Forgarasi(Hungary), Oakham International 1988.
1. c4 e6 2. Nf3 d5 3. b3 c5 4. e3 Nf6 5. Bb2 Be7 6. g3 Nc6 7. Bg2 0-0 8. 0-0 b6 9. Qe2 Ba6 10. d3 Qc7 11. Nc3 Rac8 12. Rac1 Rfd8 13. Rfd1 Qb8 14. h4 h6 Does White's opening strike you as insipid? Consider that Plaskett plays this sort of line because it retains tension, avoids exchanges... **15. Nb1 Nd7?** ...and may also induce carelessness. I think 15...d4 was the most powerful antidote to the Bb2. **16. Nh2 Bf6 17. cxd5 exd5** Here we see Black's tactic: 18. Bxd5 Bxb2 19. Qxb2 Nde5. Unfortunately there is a large hole in this small point. **18. Nc3! d4 19. Nd5 Be5 20. f4 Bd6 21. Ng4 h5 22. Nf2 dxe3 23. Ne4** White's minor pieces are now all so beautifully posted—they seem to have a much better sense of direction than Black's. **Nd4 24. Qxh5 e2 25. Ng5!** White can afford to be lavish. **exd1=Q+ 26. Rxd1 Nf8 27. Nf6+! 1–0.** It's mate by 27...gxf6 28. Qxf7+ Kh8 29. Qxf6+ Kg8 30. Bd5+ Nde6 31. Qg7.

Last week's diagram:
(r2qk2r/2nb1pbp/p2p1np1/NppP2B1/4P3/2N2Q2/PP3PPP/R3KB1R) from **Sadler-Stratil, Oakham 1988.** The finish was **1. e5 dxe5 2. Nb7! Qe7** Or 2...Qb8 3. Bxf6 and wins a piece. **3. d6 Qe6 4. Bxf6 Bxf6 5. Nxc5 1–0.**

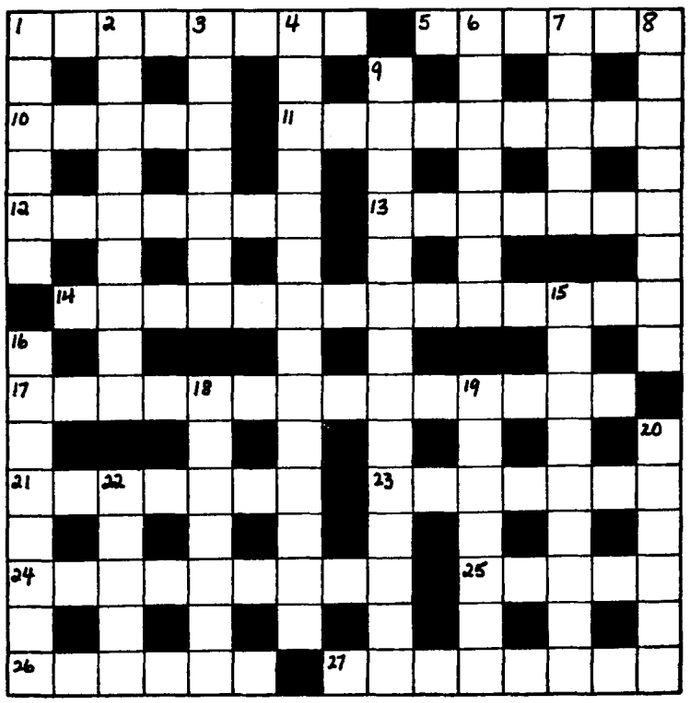
Problem
In this study (**Petrov**, 1959) it is clear that in order to win White needs to preserve his Bishops. This suggests the introductory play **1. Rd8! a2! 2. Bxa2 Rf4+ 3. Ke3 Ra4 4. Bb3 Rb4** —and now what?



George Botterill

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

Prizes: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to New Statesman and Society, Foundation House, Perserverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by first post 4 July.



Name _____

Address _____

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Crossword 1599

ACROSS

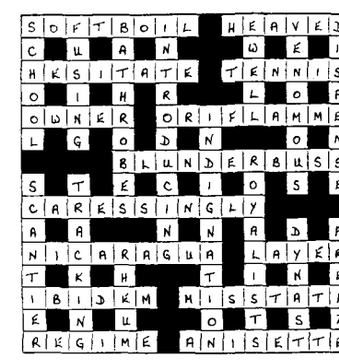
1. Put in a fellow and cut off (8)
5. Approach and perform without society's backing (6)
10. Got coal back to provide material (5)
11. Improperly raise cost to drive out (9)
12. Young animal we blame wrongly (7)
13. Used for making clothes so not quite superfluous (7)
14. Note which makes me tremble after death beside the motorway. (14)
17. Papa might mix with the company to make it pithy (14)
21. Trooped about as menace to the enemy (7)
23. Objectionable people who are animals on the river (7)
24. Language which requires means of discipline about one of its features (9)
25. Female who loses her heart in a French town (5)
26. Relaxing, for example, about something wrong (6)
27. The killer discovers the fools at home (8)

DOWN

1. Doctor enters a recently arrived boy (6)
2. Uncle proved one to be different (9)
3. Instrument which makes a tiny fellow almost take fright (7)
4. He sorts things out by putting money in front of one's nose after talks have started (14)
6. Copper about to dislike a splendid habitation (7)
7. In this door I elected to put a window (5)
8. After rate changes certain to be valuables (8)
9. Permanent rules which place one rank before others? (8,6)
15. Loves ices to be given free but is unable to say so (9)
16. Word from a piece of writing at the bottom of the page (8)
18. Done how badly as a dance (7)
19. Feeler put out before a girl comes up (7)
20. The king enters as a writer, it being James's character (6)
22. Phones and gets the engaged signals? (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1597



Prizewinners to 1597

Julian Skinner (Chester)
Mr C. A. Hartridge (Cambridge)
D. L. L. Clarke (Oxford)

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Diana Eden speaks out against the way our prurient press damages professional lives

I confess, and the admission is a source of neither pride nor shame, that until these past few weeks I have nurtured a life-long, passionate lack of interest in the world of sport. Such was the constancy of my indifference that I could scarce distinguish a polo field from, shall we say, the back room of a sports club, or a cricket pitch from a provincial hotel lawn.

I am, therefore, suitably indebted to our selfless, educative, moral-watchdogged press for their recently-mounted mission to explain. True, I remain no wiser about the fundamental, leave alone the finer, points of play regarding equestrian or flannelled foolery. But it is no small advance that I can now authoritatively, er, toss off, the names of both a sacked cricket captain and a silver-templed toff, who still (but only by dint of his own casting vote) manages Charles Windsor's pukka chukka chums.

Now, what has caused these flickering shafts of light to illuminate my dank and darkened ignorance? The dawn of enlightenment is solely due, of course, to the fact that almost every paper in the land has conspired to slake my insatiable appetite for the sort of good old-fashioned scandal pie that, once, only the sleazy Sundays used to bake.

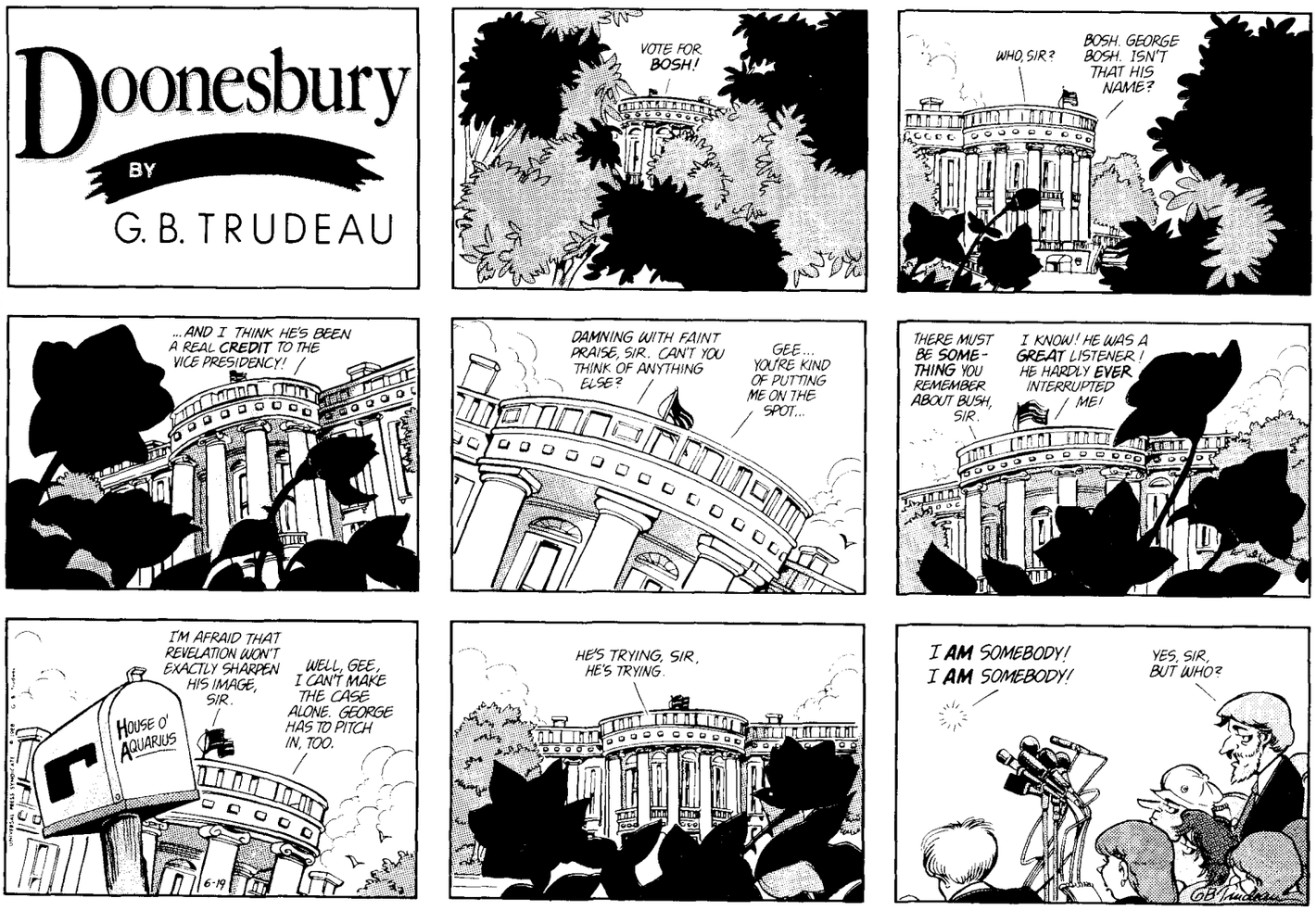
Like yourself (and think long, deep and hard before bellowing forth your howl of contradictory outrage) I am an avid enthusiast of this country's most popular pursuit—the drooling dissection of other people's peccadilloes.

Governments may tumble; aircraft, pounds and hemlines fall; but there is nothing like a glimpse of that four-lettered favourite ROMP amidst a headline when it comes to spurring us towards a financial transaction at a newsstand. Whatever our sophistications of technology and culture, in our attitude to sex we are barely an emergent nation. We may all do it—but it's rude. And at a hint of *illicit* hanky-panky we converge like spectators at a crash, agog with fascination, white-lipped with relief. There—but for the grace of god—go the skeletons in our cupboards.

All this would matter little, were it not that our prurient press has power. Did not the TCCB obediently bend its knee before it, service those aroused and throbbing organs and submit to post-orgasmic correction? Gatting was de-captainised, not because of bullish argy-bargies with umpires on the field (*that*, it seems, is cricket) but—incredibly—because of unsubstantiated allegations that, in a hotel room late at night, he may (or, indeed, may not) have bowled a maiden over.

It cannot be beyond the wit of some canny legal wordsmith to devise a contract of employment which ensures against future fiascos such as this. Whatever the occupation—politician, parlour maid or poulterer—and whether single, married, gay or divorced, all could sign a statement reserving their basic human right to consort, at close of play, with young men, old women, middle-aged trans-sexuals or—should the fancy take them—consenting kangaroos.

What a sterling service this document would perform. With the *professional* lives of the hapless subjects of exposure thus secured, I could indulge my daily salivations conscience-free, easy in the knowledge that the drivel I devoured merely left the trifling matter of *private* lives in shreds.


Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
VOTE FOR BOSH!
WHO, SIR?
BOSH, GEORGE BOSH. ISN'T THAT HIS NAME?
...AND I THINK HE'S BEEN A REAL CREDIT TO THE VICE PRESIDENCY!
DAMNING WITH FAINT PRAISE, SIR. CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE?
GEE... YOU'RE KIND OF PUTTING ME ON THE SPOT...
THERE MUST BE SOME-THING YOU REMEMBER ABOUT BUSH, SIR.
I KNOW! HE WAS A GREAT LISTENER! HE HARDLY EVER INTERRUPTED ME!
I'M AFRAID THAT REVELATION WON'T EXACTLY SHARPEN HIS IMAGE, SIR.
WELL, GEE, I CAN'T MAKE THE CASE ALONE. GEORGE HAS TO PITCH IN, TOO.
HOUSE O' AQUARIUS
HE'S TRYING, SIR, HE'S TRYING.
I AM SOMEBODY! I AM SOMEBODY!
YES, SIR, BUT WHO?

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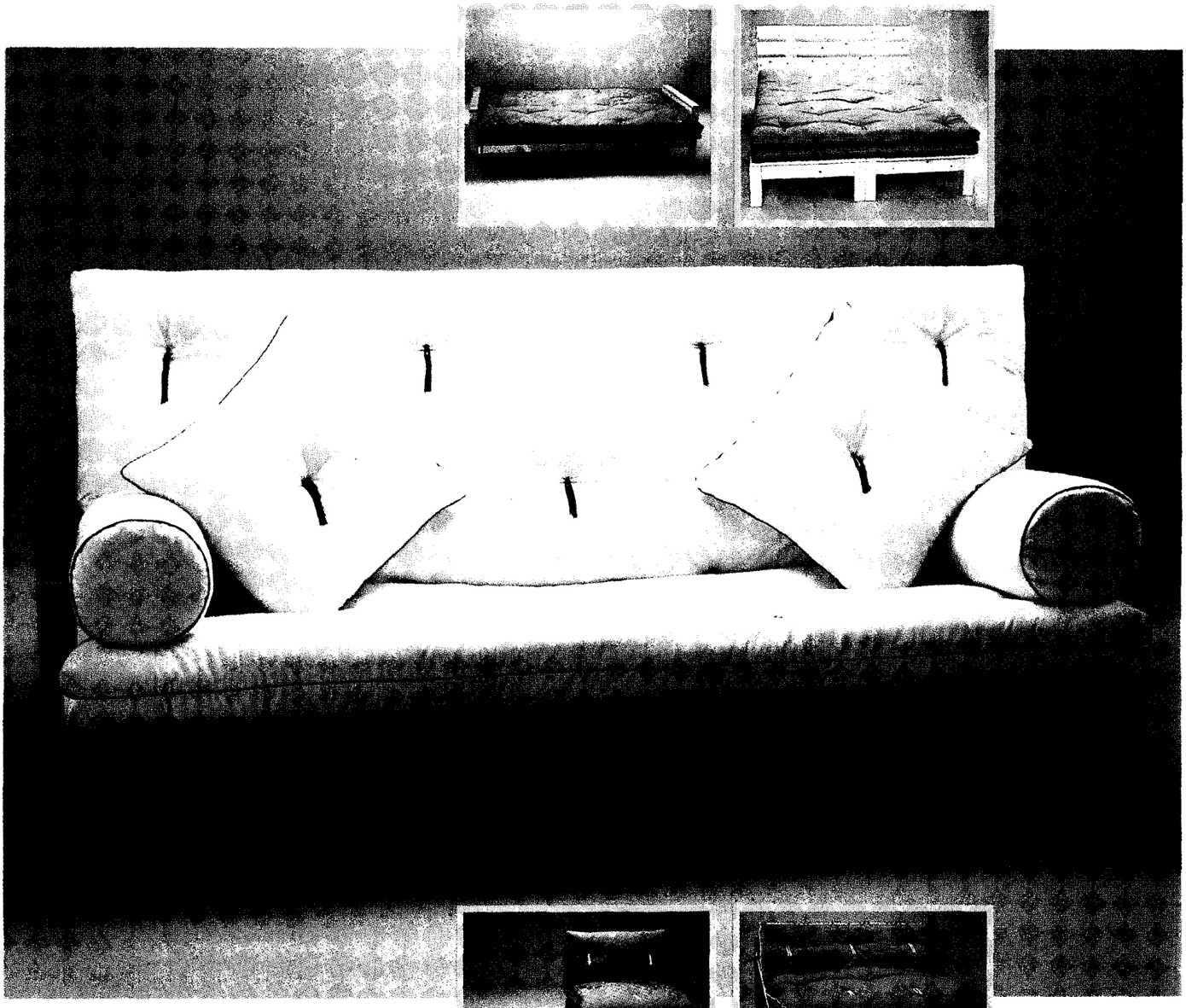
Big Sandy, Texas

North American
Our foam-core futons are designed for exclusive use with this extrawide sofabed. The North American is a twenty-minute self-assembly birch or maple hardwood base, and is available in black or natural.

Mark Ten
Our 'tablebed' comprises three separate pine base units which combine to form either a sofa with two side-tables, or a fullsize bed with headboard.



Mark Two
In converting this three-piece pine base the top section of the sofa forms the second main section of the bed base, and the backrest is fitted to make the full 6'6"bedbase.

Mark Five
This hinged, three-piece pine base unfolds in two places to lie flat, once the ropes holding the backrest upright are released.

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Futon Centre

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